

CONSUL BOOKS • SPY TRIAL SPECIAL

Red Spy Trial—the frightening truth

THE WAR WITHIN

by Comer Clarke (author of "Eichmann, The Savage Truth")



The thrilling story—never before told of the
Red Spy Net covering Britain and the West.

ILLUSTRATED DOCUMENTED 3/6

THE WAR WITHIN

London, March 22, 1961:

The Lord Chief Justice, Lord Parker, looked gravely at the three men and two women spies who stood before him at the Old Bailey, the world's most famous criminal Court, and passed upon them sentences totalling 95 years. He said: "You have been found guilty . . . on the clearest possible evidence. You must each of you know full well the gravity of the offence and, for peace time, this must be one of the most disgraceful cases that has come before the courts."

London, March 23, 1961:

The Prime Minister, Mr Harold Macmillan announced in the Houses of Parliament a wide overhaul of the State security system following the spy trial disclosures. He said: "An event of this kind is a terrible blow. Having learned in the last two or three years the extraordinary degree to which espionage goes on in every country — where you cannot speak, not only in the house but also in the open air — the problems that are set to counter espionage are of a greater degree than ever in the past."

To my sons, Stuart (7) and Quenton (3), who,
I trust, will be allowed to grow up under the
blessing of true freedom of mind and spirit.

The War Within

COMER CLARKE

WORLD DISTRIBUTORS LONDON

*This CONSUL edition, complete and unabridged,
published in England, 1961, by*
WORLD DISTRIBUTORS (MANCHESTER) LTD.
36 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

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Printed in Great Britain by
Withy Grove Press, Manchester.

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CHAPTER ONE

NETWORK OF TREACHERY

THE Red Army Lieutenant Colonel who had for nearly six years posed in Britain and ten other countries as juke-box director Gordon Arnold Lonsdale, walked unemotionally down the steps from the dock of the Old Bailey, the world's most famous criminal court, to the cells below.

The masquerade was over. The tricky tightrope had snapped, and now he was descending, after the years of treachery and deceit, to where he had always belonged. Not in the limelight, not under the scrutiny of the public. But underground. And this time to pay the price for it all.

Behind him walked the Americans, Morris Cohen and his wife Lona, life-long Communists, who, as Peter and Joyce Kroger had, too, lived those years in falsehood. Now that the conspiracy had been proved the Russian spy-master could afford to pull his ruggedly handsome face into a tight smile of friendship and encouragement.

And behind them, bitter at the Red Ring for which they had worked, came The Dupes. The man, Henry Frederick Houghton, the Admiralty secrets filing officer, and the woman, Ethel Elizabeth Gee, the secrets filing clerk, both of whom had betrayed their country and the West. Beads of perspiration glistened on Houghton's forehead. Ethel Gee trembled and was pale.

For the Russian the sentence was 25 years' imprisonment, for the Cohens it was 20 years' each, for perspiring Houghton and trembling Miss Gee 15 years' each.

For the five men and women at their ages it was jail for nearly the rest of their lives. The Russian who had flushed when he heard the penalty was now pale. Morris Cohen, who had staggered forward at his sentence, reached out a hand to his wife of 20 years and momentarily touched her sleeve, before he was pinioned by warders. The most dangerous single Red spy ring in the West had been smashed.

Yet the Red Army Lieutenant Colonel, alias Lonsdale, of the

Glavnoye Razvedyvatelnoye Upravlenie (Chief Intelligence Administration) of the Soviet Army, could afford that thin smile. And the men of MI5, Britain's anti-espionage organisation and the men of Scotland Yard's Special Branch who assisted them, knew that it was only a small, though none-the-less commendable, victory.

For they know, as the Lieutenant Colonel knows, that they had punctured only a small part of the vast Soviet Secret Service net, known to its servants as the Apparatus, which today straddles nearly every sphere of life and activity in Britain—and nearly every other country of the world.

Yet there was at the trial much that was not told because it was not relevant to prove the guilt of the five accused. But now with the help of many concerned in the case, the evidence of people with whom the spies mixed in their years of treachery, letters from the spies themselves, contacts close to the Foreign Office and Scotland Yard in Britain, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation in America, and with the aid of scores of people, several of them former Communists, who have intimate knowledge of the Soviet spy system, I can tell the complete story for the first time.

It is a story which, in its astonishing revelations, exposes the whole amazing pattern of the enormous Soviet intelligence network at work in Britain and the West.

The details may come as a terrible warning to those concerned with the secrets of the West, for fully revealed is the relentless ruthlessness and ingenuity of the Russian spy organisation in action.

It is to be hoped that the details will come too, as a grave warning of the incredible, indeed, frightening skill which the Soviet exercises to enmesh Western nationals into its net of treachery.

Despite the catching of the Red ring, in Britain at this moment there are believed to be at work at least 1,000 agents of Soviet Russia. The bosses of the rings are mainly Russian, but working with them, sometimes in the agony of blackmail, are hundreds of Britons.

The untold story of the ring headed by the Red Army Lieutenant Colonel throws some astonishing new light on the number of these agents and also their work and methods of recruitment. Until these methods and activities are understood much of Russia's policy seems baffling. But it explains some of the reasons which have enabled Russia, once one of the world's most back-

ward nations, to make such gigantic advances since the great Red Revolution. They have been advances which from an inferior position, have today enabled her to overtake the West in several military, scientific and other fields.

It has been an achievement brought about to an enormous degree by the huge vacuum machine of agents and informers in every military, scientific, economic and political field whose job is to send every piece of new information back to Moscow.

In the case of the Russian Lieutenant Colonel, the Cohens, Houghton and Gee, the secrets which were principally required—and which were partly supplied—were naval and nuclear and among the most important in the West. These were the secrets of Britain's first nuclear-powered submarine, *Dreadnought*, now nearing completion.

The *Dreadnought* submarine encompasses many secrets of submarines now being built in the West, particularly America, and many secrets of the American craft already in service.

And Russia realises with simple clarity that, with the nuclear war-heads of the two opposing sections of the world zeroed on land on the other's key cities and targets and with the effectiveness of aircraft interception, the Polaris rocket carrying nuclear submarine provides the last effective deterrent. For the nuclear submarine, constantly moving in secret through vast areas of ocean and always ready to launch its atomic weapons, is the only weapon not immediately destructible and against which there is no defence by any nation who wishes to strike first. Britain leads in the West in many aspects of nuclear submarine research—and detection—while Russia lags far behind.

How the details supplied slotted in with those already possessed by Moscow is known only to the Russians themselves. And the reason the Red Lieutenant Colonel can afford to smile and Britain's security service had to temper its satisfaction, is that the construction of the separate cells and rings supplying Russia is such that the several leaders and "Resident Directors" of the "Apparatus" remain undiscovered and active. For each cell and unit is controlled directly from Moscow. They are not interlinked, so the discovery of one cell cannot, except in a few cases, lead to the discovery of others.

There are very few "middlemen". Moscow insists on direct dealing so that firm control can be exercised over every movement. The discovery of one cell leads only to Moscow, known to agents as "The Centre" of "the Apparatus" and out of reach.

And MI5 men grimly noted that, after the arrest of the five Dreadnought spies, the Russian spy headquarters continued to broadcast on the discovered wavelength warning other spies in Britain not to transmit because the code had been broken and that "new codes and instructions" would reach them. The door to further discoveries was shut.

Even the heads of rings and trusted servants like the Cohens had only rare contact with a few other senior agents in Britain. And the Red Lieutenant Colonel didn't talk when he was caught because it would have been more than his life will be worth when he returns to Russia after serving his sentence. The Cohens didn't talk because they are sincere Communists and Believers in the eventual victory of the Communist State. And Frederick Houghton and Ethel Gee, the small-fry enmeshed to do the dirty work, were never allowed to know and, therefore, couldn't disclose anything of vital importance.

Two separate Russian espionage organisations are today in full action in Britain. What are they and how do they work?

The GRU, the Glavnoye Razvedyvatel'noye Upravlenie (the Chief Intelligence Administration), for which the Lieutenant Colonel worked and for which many other agents still work in Britain, is the Fourth Department of the Red Army General Staff. Because the Red Army is the biggest armed force of the Soviet Union it heads *all* military espionage including naval. Its existence is no secret at all to the Western Security services for the men from the GRU were the representatives officially designated to meet high Western intelligence officers during the war.

It is an organisation divided into departments which, in turn, are divided into sections. The Russian and the Cohens, and, unknowingly, Houghton and Gee, belonged to the GRU's Number One Department, which concentrates solely on espionage, Number Four Section, the task of which is "the discovery of intelligence material abroad, especially that of new weapons," sub-section Britain.

It is a section to which a number of nuclear scientist spies, dedicated Communists, who became infamous in Britain, belonged: Klaus Fuchs, Alan Nunn May, Bruno Pontecorvo, who together, gave Russia most of the secrets of the West's atomic bomb.

The Rosenbergs belonged to the American section and the Cohens were, while living in America, fellow spies with the Ros-

enbergs who were executed in the electric chair for the enormity of their betrayals.

In Britain, as in other countries, the G R U has its representatives, like the Lieutenant Colonel and the Cohens, under cover and kept quite apart for security reasons from any contact with any known Russian. But it also has scores of representatives on the staffs of Russian and Eastern bloc embassies, consulates, trade missions and international missions, like U N O delegations, which are covered by diplomatic immunity.

The embassy Military Attaché is usually the senior G R U man, but in some cases he is a humble doorman, a chauffeur, or an accountant or a porter. If he is an embassy, consul or trade mission man he has, however humble his cover job, his own cash resources running into thousands of pounds, his own staff, codes for messages, and own quarters into which even the ambassador, consul, or chief of mission is forbidden to enter. He is independent of them and he is present on their staff merely because it is convenient. He is controlled direct from Moscow.

His communications usually go back in the Diplomatic Bag which is immune to search. But, should anything go astray, a series of codes are used.

The name applied to Britain at the beginning of the year in a code which has been discovered was "Bolivia". America was referred to as "Denmark" and Bolivia referred to as "Malaya". With further code names to cover important facts, the contents of a communication are almost incomprehensible unless the code is known. And for security reasons the codes are changed every few months.

Western-born nationals serving in the G R U are tried Communists, although to evade suspicion, not usually open members of the Communist Party.

And if in Britain the general pattern is followed, as there is no reason to doubt it is, at least one member of the staff of the Soviet news-agency Tass, with all his opportunities for travel and observation, is a G R U man, a serving officer of the Red Army in plain clothes.

The other espionage service in Britain and the West is the K G B (Komitat Gosudarstvennoi Bezopasnosti, the Committee for State Security) concentrating on the discovery of secret agreements, political and economic plans, new industrial processes and the encouragement of strikes and industrial and political unrest.

The K G B , however, is the mainly political secret service of the USSR, and exercises screening authority over the G R U , a fact which the G R U resents and which has led to several clashes between the leaders of the two organisations. The K G B in Britain and the West is directly controlled from the marble-fronted headquarters in Kalyayev Place, Moscow.

Often the duties of the two organisations overlap and members of one organisation are encouraged to spy upon and report upon the members and activities of the other. But unlike the G R U , the K G B also operates extensively inside the Soviet Union and its satellites in fulfilment of its first stated purpose of "fighting counter-revolution".

The result of the work of both these agencies, and others which do not concern us in this examination, goes straight to the State Security Committee, set up in 1954 for the "co-ordination of intelligence and counter-intelligence activities." In turn this agency is attached to the USSR Council of Ministers.

No other structure could emphasise more strongly the paramount importance attached by the Russian leaders to espionage, the immensely important part it plays in Russian policies and the direct control exercised by the highest authorities of the Russian Government itself.

How do the Red agents get the results of their work out of Britain? For the spies attached to the embassies and trade missions it is easy—the diplomatic bag. But an undercover agent with apparently no connection with the embassy, or, indeed, Russia, is forbidden for security reasons from having any form of contact, to pass information, with any Eastern bloc official representative.

There are several alternatives. The most frequently used method is the ordinary mails by the use of a tiny glass microdot. The microdot is, in fact, a photograph of an object, a document or written message, reduced to the size of a pinhead or the size of a full-stop on this page. It is frequently stuck under the postage stamp of an ordinary-looking letter addressed to an ordinary person at an ordinary private address in Eastern Europe. But there the microdot photograph is then enlarged back to its former size—or larger, if necessary—and read.

More frequently now, letters are addressed to people called "Postboxes", that is, Red mail contact agents, in Western countries and then passed on from there.

A second way is the passing of the information in code to a

member of a ship's crew or an aircrew returning to the East. There are, in fact, three weekly flights direct to Moscow from London and more frequent flights to the Eastern satellite countries. Then there is a constant flow of Eastern ships calling at various ports in Britain.

In the case of urgent information, the quickest and surest way is one of the methods used by the Red Army spy-master and the Cohens. Their information, obtained by Houghton and Gee, was flashed within a few hours at 250 words a minute by short-wave transmitter on a frequency of 17080 kilocycles all the 1,740 miles to the skyscraper headquarters with the aerial on top of the Soviet secret service in Dzirzhinsky Street, Moscow. The fast transmissions in coded morse were made possible by an automatic keying device attached to the transmitter. This meant that the transmitter was rarely on the air long enough for the transmission to be picked up. It was also cunningly located to minimise tracing in an area of high experimental radio activity, a disturbing pointer to the extent of Red penetration because it was supposed only to have been known to North Atlantic Treaty Organisation chiefs.

Yet even the estimate of more than a thousand Red agents in Britain at the present time is thought in some circles to be too modest.

A Russian named Ivor Gouzenko is not so modest and Ivor Gouzenko ought to know. He was a member of the G R U secret service operating in Canada and was one of the few members ever to desert. He was trained at the Military Intelligence School in Moscow and in 1943, while the war was on, he was sent to Canada to spy under the cover job of cipher clerk in the Military Attaché's office in Ottawa.

But 26-year-old Gouzenko and his wife Ann, committed a grave error. They fell in love with the Western way of life. Return, after two years' service, to Russia was more than they could face. But Ivor Gouzenko was prepared to pay for the privilege of staying in the West. On September 5, 1945 he walked out of the office of the Military Attach-, Nikolai Zabotin, also a G R U man, with a briefcase of papers proving the G R U's spying activities in Canada, particularly in connection with the atomic bomb, and also showing the closest undercover links between the embassy, the G R U and Fred Rose, the Canadian Communist Party Leader, and other members to obtain these and other secrets.

Gouzenko has revealed that, even while allies during the war, "There were thousands (of agents) in Great Britain and many more thousands spread elsewhere throughout the world." There were also, he testified, "thousands, yes thousands" of other agents in the United States. Since then of course, America, Britain and other Western countries have become more important targets in Soviet eyes.

Gouzenko's evidence enabled the blasting from the inside—a very rare occurrence—of the Russian spy organisation in Canada. Then the leading security chiefs of the West suddenly realised the shattering truth. This was that while the Western Nations had been fighting with Russia against the common enemy, Germany, the Russians had been using the warm climate of Allied friendship to pursue the long-term, unwavering aim of Communism: eventual world domination. While the West fixed its sights on beating the Germans and the Axis and the prevention of world domination by them, Russia was already thinking ahead and working for just that victory for herself.

Membership of Communist Parties grew throughout the Western world, spurred by the truly heroic fight of the Russian people against the German attack, unequalled before in the history of war in might and savagery.

Agents and informers were carefully selected from the new Western world recruits to Communism. Referring to his experience in the Military Attaché's Office in Ottawa, Gouzenko says: "Odds and ends of information kept pouring in from thousands of agents. The amount of material of all kinds was fantastic ..."

And as the war ended and the immediate enemy was beaten "The Apparatus" in Moscow turned its full attention to the world aim. With the Western Allies now as the main opposition, Moscow sent into Britain and other countries thousands of agents of the G R U and the K G B.

It is significant that while the staff of the British embassy in Moscow manages with only 62 people, the staff of the Russian embassy in London numbers nearly 200. In addition, concentrated in London, are the swollen staffs of half a dozen Eastern bloc countries—those of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria and Albania. And linked with them, aiding and helping, are key members of the British Communist Party and other devoted Communists who, for reasons of security, are not open Party members.

It is certain that a key member of the British Communist Party is attached to the G R U for the sole purpose of suggesting and vetting British Communists reliable enough to be approached to join Red rings. We shall later see, too, how British Communists in trade unions and professional associations, particularly in the world of science, spy out people whom they think, for money or for ideological reasons, can be induced to work for Russia and world Communism.

The clearly understood duty of Communists of all nationalities, whether British, American, French, Belgium, Swedish, German, Canadian, Danish or Dutch, was simply defined by Josef Stalin, who established the main foundations of Russia's modern-day espionage system. Like other principles of Soviet faith it has not been altered. Stalin, in fact, spoke the most significant words, as far as the true loyalties of a Communist is concerned, ever uttered and they help to explain the amazing success of the Russian secret service which has vaulted the USSR into the top echelon of world power.

Stalin said in 1927:

"Strengthening the USSR, increasing its power, ensuring its victory in all spheres and in every sector of the struggle, coincides fully and inseparably with the interests of the toilers of the world in their struggle against the exploiters. Assistance to the USSR, its defence, and co-operation in bringing about its victory over all its enemies must therefore determine the actions of every revolutionary organisation of the proletariat (the ordinary people) and of every genuine revolutionary."

Again later, he said:

"There must be no doubt that the revolution in the USSR not only has obligations with respect to the proletariat of all lands and is fulfilling them, but the proletariats of all lands have some sufficiently serious obligations with respect to the proletariat dictatorship of the USSR."

As recently as 1948 the grim-faced Russian leader Vychinsky wrote:

"A real internationalist is one who brings his sympathy and

recognition up to the point of practical and maximal help to the USSR in support and defence of the USSR by every means and in every possible form. Actual co-operation with the USSR, the readiness of the workers of any country to subject all their aims to the basic problem of strengthening the USSR in its struggle, that is the manifestation of revolutionary proletarian internationalism on the part of the workmen in foreign lands. As the Socialist motherland of the world proletariat IT IS THE HOLY DUTY OF EVERY HONEST MAN EVERYWHERE."

There can be little doubt about the meaning of those words. They say quite clearly that the nation to be served by a foreign Communist is not the country of his nationality but Russia.

Any person who has watched the abject writhings of the British Communist Party in following the official Moscow line before, during and after the war to the present day has no cause to doubt the acceptance by British Communist leaders of those words.

The almost inexplicable about-turns and shifts of policy at home and abroad are on the direct orders of Moscow, even though those orders might be at odds with home feeling and conditions. Every key Communist is, therefore, subservient to Moscow. Communism is Russia, Russia is Communism. Treachery, betrayal and treason is therefore, to quote Vychinsky, a "holy duty". Indeed Marx laid it down that Communists should always be prepared to "employ trickery, law-breaking, deceit, and, the withholding and concealing of the truth" as a means to the end.

It is significant that alongside the stepping up of the Red spy assault upon Britain, the British Communist Party, like other Western Communist Parties, has recently made strenuous efforts to improve recruitment. And it is significant that, as a result of those efforts, the British Party reported at its annual congress in London in April, 1961, that there had been during the year a "substantial growth" in membership. The executive committee reported it was in the middle of one of the most successful recruiting drives for many years. There had been, it was said, "considerable advances" in recruitment among students—the men and women who will soon be occupying positions of importance in the nation's life.

Russia therefore has, then, ready-made informers and agents available on a greater scale than any other country. Those helpers

are for ideological reasons, willing tools. Added to those throughout the world are thousands of others who are informers for money or, as in the case of some former Eastern nationals, helpers because of threats held over the heads of relatives still behind the Iron Curtain.

Usually a Russian, like the Red Army spy who ended his career at the Old Bailey, heads a particular spy ring. As in his case, working with him are usually two Western pro-communists. The Americans, the Cohens, were actually transported round the world to Britain from America at Russia's command. They acted as the bankers and communications experts. Then there are the "sources"—in their case Houghton and Gee, each operating for different reasons. We shall see later the manner in which they were both tricked to work for Moscow.

Passports for the travels of members of the ring present no problem for in Moscow there exists another organisation attached to the spy service—the Pass-Apparat. This organisation manufactures phoney passports and false papers, with exact copies of stamps and signatures, of every country in the world. In addition there are still available for use the passports of many Britons killed while fighting for the Communists in the Spanish Civil War but whose positive deaths have never been recorded in this country.

It is reliably estimated that Soviet Russia spends £60 million a year on espionage.

David J. Dallin, an authoritative American researcher, a student all his adult life of Russia, and who has written several objective and deeply studious general works on the Soviet system, has this to say:

"Never in history has there been a Government which has placed greater faith in and greater emphasis on political reconnaissance, and never has there existed such an insatiable and formidable quest for information from other countries. The phenomenon is rooted in the Soviet belief in the imminence, despite breathing spells of peaceful co-existence, of great international conflicts."

David Floyd, the London *Daily Telegraph's* highly authoritative writer on Soviet affairs, wrote on February 23, 1956:

"Just as all information in the Soviet Union is secret, so

every scrap of information about the capitalist world is worth gathering.

"Military information doubtless has first priority. But industrial intelligence has occupied, and no doubt still occupies, a very important place in the plans of people whose main objective is to overtake the industrial potential of the Western Powers....

"The strict sense of discipline and conspiracy instilled into all Communists make them natural spies.... But the greatest single advantage that Soviet espionage enjoys is the existence throughout the world of Communist Parties owing their first allegiance to Russia. It is this that makes Soviet spying doubly dangerous (to the West) and it is to this that it owes its greatest victories. It is not simply that Communist Parties themselves necessarily engage in spying. They have done so at various times.... But their main contribution is to provide the intelligence services with a first-class recruiting ground....

"The 'wholesale treason' that was going on in Europe between the wars ... will no doubt be repeated on an even larger scale. Since the war Soviet intelligence has been reorganised and expanded. It has acquired new allies in Eastern Europe. In the place of one Communist embassy in Western capitals before the war there are now five or six. For every pre-war "friendship society" there are now a dozen."

The fact is that Mr Floyd's prophecy that the "wholesale treason" in Europe between the wars will be repeated on an "even greater scale" has now come to pass.

One expert estimate is that, in all, the Soviet spy system throughout the world has no less than a quarter of a million full-time agents.

Poland and Czechoslovakia are both particularly active in aiding the great Communist net in Britain.

I first became seriously interested in the enormous ramifications of Soviet Intelligence in 1954 when I investigated for the great Liberal newspaper the *News Chronicle*, the extraordinary story of the Polish merchant ship *Jaroslav Dabrowski*. It was proved beyond all doubt that not only are Communist ships used for carrying secrets, but that they are also used to secretly transport human bodies.

Attention was first focused on the *Jaroslav Dabrowski* when a young Polish stowaway Antoni Klimowicz, tried to escape to freedom when the ship docked in London. He tried to seek political asylum in Britain.

Haggard and weak from exhaustion, Klimowicz was found by British dockers hiding among the crates and wood shaving of No. 5 hold.

"He could speak no English," one of the dockers told me, "but we understood him to ask for English Police'. We laid him on the scaleboard used to haul up cargo and he was hoisted on to the deck. He was terribly weak."

But at that moment members of the crew spotted him. A group grabbed him and dragged him, screaming, to the crew's quarters. Dockers informed the police and immigration officials went aboard. A young man was produced who said he was Antoni Klimowicz and who said he had changed his mind about seeking asylum. Not having seen the man discovered in the hold in the first place, the police did not know whether the man speaking was the actual stowaway or not.

A search was made of the ship, but no haggard stowaway was found. After 24 desperate hours and despite legal action by Polish emigres in London and attempts to board the ship by force, the *Jaroslav Dabrowski* sailed with Klimowicz still on board. But, on instructions of the Home Secretary, a police launch intercepted her at 2 a.m. in the Thames and took the real Klimowicz off. He was eventually granted asylum.

But as I stood earlier on the rain-washed wharf by London's river and watched the drama and later went on board and talked to the Captain, another thing became clear. There was someone else on board whom the Polish Communist captain and the political agent, who gave the orders, did not want the British police to discover.

Also on board, smuggled below in secret, was Dr. Joseph Cort, a lecturer at Birmingham University. He was an American citizen, who had been ordered to be expelled from Britain to the United States where he was due to face a security probe. Rather than go back, he contacted the Communist underground in Britain—and was smuggled aboard the *Jaroslav Dabrowski*.

And rather than risk the discovery of the valuable scientist, Dr. Cort, the ship's real master, the G R U representative aboard, in direct communication with Warsaw, released the comparatively unimportant stowaway Klimowicz before the fullscale

search was carried out. Eighty police boarded the vessel in the Thames and took him off—while the crew poured hot water over the launch and threw cargo at the police.

Two years earlier the *Jaroslav Dabrowski* secretly took away Russian diplomat Pavel Kuznetsov, the London Embassy's second secretary, who is believed to have procured the treachery of William Marshall, a British Diplomatic Service radio operator. And while Houghton and Gee were handing over their secrets to the Red Lieutenant Colonel the day they were caught, the 3,219-ton *Jaroslav Dabrowski* was tied up at Mark Brown's wharf beside Tower Bridge.

Again, while working in Germany and Austria, for a book, "Eichmann the Savage Truth" (Consul Books)¹ published last year, I questioned scores of members of the German Abwehr, the Nazi intelligence service.

This intelligence service had, more than any other in the world, experience of combatting the vast Soviet spy ring system in Nazi Germany and occupied Europe and they clearly explained to me many of its activities, methods and operations. Its fantastically successful operation in the Nazi Police State, in a country swarming with Gestapo and SS, was a major achievement. The activities of Rota Kapelle, (The "Red Choir") with members in the highest places of the Nazi Fascist regime, including a representative in Hitler's own chancellory, enabled the Russians to learn minute details of German plans. Sometimes Moscow would know details of divisions and of their commanders destined for the Eastern Front before those divisions actually entrained in France.

Again, it was a Red agent, Richard Sorge, masquerading as a violently anti-Communist German, who was appointed to the high position of Police Attaché—and German secret agent—at the German embassy in Tokio, Japan. He warned Russia of the details and date of the impending catastrophic Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour. It was a warning which Stalin did not pass to America, although he must have realised it would bring America into the war against Germany, Japan's ally. Even in a way against a common enemy it was all "take" and no "give".

There is no individual choice about this. The smallest activity of Soviet espionage is controlled by Moscow, even the meeting

¹ "Eichmann: the Savage Truth" a Consul book, published by WD. Ltd., in this country, price 3s. 6d.

of two spies in London. When the British atom spy Alan Nunn May returned from Canada to Britain arrangements were made for him to meet another agent in London to whom he would hand information. The Soviet Military Attaché and G R U man in Ottawa, Nikolai Zabotin, had to put up to Moscow for approval every detail of his plan to fix the meeting in London. He suggested that the meeting should be (successive dates in case of failure) on October 7, 17, 27 on the street in front of the British Museum, London. Time: 11 o'clock in the evening, code word identification: "Best regards to Mikel."

But this wasn't good enough for Moscow. Back came a complete dossier ordering a new set of code words, identification signs, times of meetings and other dates in case of failure.

Again there is the experience of Alexander Foote, the British-born Communist agent who entered into intelligence work on the suggestion of the British Communist Party, and from his Swiss base did brilliant work against Germany (but never against Britain) for the Russians during the war. In two and a quarter years over his radio (disguised as a typewriter and powerful enough to transmit to any place in the world), he sent Moscow nearly seven thousand messages about Germany's plans and was accorded the rank of Major in the Red Army.

But Moscow controlled his every movement. For example, in his excellent book "Handbook for Spies", Alexander Foote explains how Moscow instructed him to meet another agent "Sonia":

"I was to be wearing a white scarf and to be holding in my right hand a leather belt. As the clock struck noon I would be approached by a woman carrying a string shopping bag containing a green parcel, and holding an orange in her hand. One would have thought that would have been sufficient to enable anyone to contact anyone, even an unknown, in the middle of a Swiss street. But the woman would ask me in English where I had bought the belt and I was to reply that I had bought it in an ironmonger's shop in Paris. Then I was to ask her where I could buy an orange like hers, and she was to say that I could have hers for an English penny."

Foote comments:

"Hardly sparkling dialogue, but sufficient to ensure that the

meeting was foolproof and an example of the usual thoroughness of my employers."

The detailed control, extent and intention of Soviet espionage has also been revealed by Vladimir Petrov, the No. 1 K G B man in Australia.

Petrov, a former Soviet secret police officer, was sent to Australia in 1950. At the time Britain was testing rockets on the Woomera range and Britain exploded several atomic bombs nearby. After several censures for producing insufficient results, Petrov was ordered home by Moscow. Petrov knew what that meant and so he defected and told the whole story of the Australian set-up: the Russian ambassador to Australia was the head of the Communist network. Various attachés were G R U representatives. Petrov, who occupied the position of Third Secretary, was, in actual fact, the chief K G B man, and his wife, Evdokia, was the K G B codes officer. Not even the Ambassador was allowed to read the K G B messages, however. The Tass News Agency man was also a K G B man. Petrov told the Australian Royal Commission, set up to investigate the threat which he exposed, of an instruction received from Moscow on June 6, 1952: He read the instruction to the Commission:

"The workers of the Australian section should devote special attention to the taking of measures for the preparation of conditions for illegal work. The Australian section must here and now take practical measures for the training of agents.... In the first place it is essential to avoid the recruitment of persons whose progressive activity is known to the counter-intelligence, and to concentrate attention on the study and recruitment of persons engaged on secret work of the government and occupying leading posts in political parties and organisations, capable of supplying us with valuable information."

Any means are used by the Communists to induce Western Nationals to work for Russia. In Britain, thirty-one-year-old R.A.F. man Joseph Kerr of Andersonstown, Belfast, Northern Ireland, told me of an amazing camp, set up at Bautzen in East Germany near the Czechoslovak-Polish border. The existence of this camp and its activities have been confirmed to me by several others and also by the Foreign Office. Its purpose is to subvert

British and other Western Servicemen, who have either blundered by mistake across the East German frontier from West Germany or have deserted into East Germany, to become full time Red agents and then be returned to the country of their nationality.

Eight Britons—five of them servicemen—were living at the camp at Bautzen when Kerr managed to escape, and I have supplied the Foreign Office with the names and numbers of those servicemen.

Kerr testified: "I blundered across the border by accident and, after questioning, was taken to Bautzen, in Saxony. I was escorted to a former millionaire's marble-floored villa in Walt Strasse. It was called the Auslander Club (German for foreigners club). It was an extraordinary place. In an effort to get us to work against the West, the Communist propaganda chiefs made us attend lectures for eight hours a day to be indoctrinated with 'the glories' of Communism. We were given £4 a week pocket money and first-class food and beautifully furnished rooms.

"Dances and socials, with beautiful girls supplied, were arranged for the evenings. We were told the girls could live with us. The staff there said the girls would help us settle down and would help us in our understanding of Communism,

"There were about 50 members of the N A T O services there when I escaped.

"They included seventeen American servicemen, Frenchmen, Belgians, Dutchmen, several coloured French Moroccan soldiers, a Nigerian and a Mexican.

"We were able to buy cheap cognac and schnapps at the bar. We also watched television and films. The girls slept with various soldiers in their rooms. But the job of the girls, in between love-making, was to convince the men that they should return to their countries and work for Russia."

Kerr revealed that some men have been held in the camp for five years—after they had been duped into signing forms applying for political asylum. These forms were produced to stonewall efforts of Western governments to obtain the men's return after their whereabouts became known.

Kerr went on: "They were threatened that unless they signed the applications they would be put on trial as coming into East Germany to spy and would be shot. Once tricked, they were told that, after a period of time, they would be returned to Britain. Some, I know, were told that if they then did not do spying work,

the Reds would 'leak' evidence to the country that they were working for Russia, so that they would be jailed."

Kerr escaped from the colony at the third attempt. Another serviceman who escaped was Welsh Guards private Desmond Smith, of Field Road, Cwmbran, Monmouthshire. Both men were court-martialled for desertion and were found *not* guilty.

Another British soldier to escape from Bautzen was Private Derek Alderson, of the Border Regiment, stationed in Western Berlin. Alderson, of Nelson, Lancashire, escaped in early 1961, after being held in the camp for 17 months. Ex-Corporal Allan Brooks also stationed in Berlin and also from Nelson, Lancashire, who escaped after seven months, said: "Every-one was fed a constant stream of Communist propaganda. The intention was to make us work against the West."

Fortunately none of the soldiers fell for the Red line. But British security men feel that it is certain that there may be in this country scores, maybe hundreds, of men and women who have been tricked by the Reds into working for them and then blackmailed by threats of revealing their early work into continuing their activities. The same situation is also believed to apply to many emigres from the Eastern European countries, particularly Poles and refugees from Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia, who still have relatives behind the Iron Curtain. A member of the Free Polish Committee in London, which looks after the interests of many thousands of Poles, told me: "There have been many approaches of this kind that have been reported to us."

Frederick Houghton claimed, in his defence at the Old Bailey, that he was under threat of violence, and even death, from the Communists if, once involved, he did not carry on his work. He declared that a Polish agent warned him: "Remember Trotsky? We got him after 20 years and he was then living in Mexico in a fortress with bright lights and machine guns.... And remember Petrov? He was in the Soviet Embassy in Australia and went over to the West. The Australian Government can't protect him. He is in fear of his life. Do you know he is now a drooling alcoholic?"

Houghton of course should have gone to the police. But Russian agents who have been about to defect have mysteriously disappeared or died. In America a Moscow trained agent, Juliet Poyntz vanished completely as she was about to defect and tell her story. A nation-wide search revealed not a single trace. It

may be that she was executed and her body hidden or that she was kidnapped and taken to Russia. In the case of agents who are recalled to Russia and fear for their lives, some as we have seen, consider desertion. If Moscow has any pre-warning that this may take place, it is believed an execution squad may be, in some cases, dispatched to prevent the revelation of important secrets of the Soviet espionage set-up. This obviously happens on only rare occasions and only when matters of the greatest importance are at stake.

But there is still a considerable amount of speculation about the connection in this country between strangers who suddenly appeared in the scene, and who may have been Soviet agents, and the disappearance from his home in Bradford in 1953 of Father Henrik Borynski, the 42-year-old chaplain to the Polish refugee colony in Bradford. He said that he had come to Britain from Cracow, in Poland, in 1945. This was at a time when the Communists were flooding the West with spies under the guise of refugees. In early 1953 mysterious strangers started calling at his home and, in July, he simply disappeared. Neither he nor the strangers have ever been seen again.

Like the police, I could find no clue when I investigated the case. Canon Henrik Czorni, priest-in-charge of the Polish Roman Catholics in the West Riding of Yorkshire, said: "We can never be sure who is what. We cannot be sure about anything or anyone. There are many people among us who live in fear...."

He went on: "It looks as if, for some reason, Father Borynski was kidnapped. We fear he is now dead."

The disappearance was, in fact, just like the disappearance of Juliet Poyntz. Like so many aspects of Soviet espionage it sounds so fantastic that one is inclined, at first, to disbelieve.

Yet the remarkable facts revealed at the Old Bailey at the trial in March of the Red ring unmasked in Britain sounded fantastic, too. A little Canadian boy who vanished.... A Russian Army officer who turned up in his identity . . . a man and woman who lived in an ordinary-looking suburban house, but which was really an amazing spy centre directly controlled from Moscow and with its own radio station, coded "Station Okhotra" . . . a man and a woman seduced by fear and tricks into wickedly betraying their country.

It was all terribly true. How it all came about, the planning and the shattering secrets behind it all, are even more incredible.

I sat in the Old Bailey, only a few feet from the five accused,

and heard 50-year-old Lord Parker, the grave faced Lord Chief Justice, remark upon the case to the jury during his summing up: "You may say that it has all the characteristics of what is called a thriller."

The Lord Chief Justice was, of course, referring only to the evidence which was heard at the Old Bailey. How right he was is revealed now by the full story, from the start in Russia, and the drama across 19 countries girdling the globe, to the end in the heavy oak dock of the world's most famous criminal court.

For in the telling of the full fantastic story of the five spies, there is curiously revealed the full fantastic pattern of Soviet intelligence and its spy network which straddles the world. It is a story no publisher would accept as a novel because he would say it is too incredible to be believed. But what follows here is the truth, in detail.

In real life the Russian Lieutenant-Colonel, Spy-master, alias Gordon Arnold Lonsdale, Morris and Lona Cohen, ideologically subverted Westerners, alias Peter John and Helen Joyce Kroger, and Henry Frederick Houghton and Ethel Elizabeth Gee, the dupes—plus their Red Masters in Moscow and several others who will be named—conspired together to produce the most thrilling spy story of our time.

This then, after months of research, is the full, authentic story, with its hitherto untold secrets and background, presented in fine focus from the start in Russia to the end.

What is revealed, the vast activities of the War Within, should, I believe, be a warning to us all.

CHAPTER TWO

THE START OF IT ALL

THE gigantic waves, their towering crests like enormous ice-coated razors, seemed for a terrifying second to hang suspended. Then, with a cavernous, thunderous roar that drowned the shrieking Arctic hurricane, they crashed down in a deafening explosion upon the lurching ice-covered British frigate.

Petty Officer Henry Frederick Houghton tried to steady himself against the locker which seemed to lift over him and then

grabbed one of the hooks from which his spiralling hammock hung.

Already H M S *Salamander* had been badly damaged by bombs on the icy, death-raked journey to Murmansk. Houghton touched the precious pair of nylons in his tunic pocket and breathed from his aching lungs: "God, we'll never make it...."

It was the howling, murderous winter of 1941. There was no light in the long, screaming Arctic night as the convoy with supplies for Russia was flung the sickening timeless journey from trembling wave-crest to black, cavernous trough. Some had already died from frostbite, even though they were muffled like cocoons, after a few minutes on lookout duty. German U-boats lurked, the Luftwaffe could not strike in this hell from their line of twilight bases in Northern Norway and Lapland. That was one consolation. The only one, except being alive.

The Royal Navy was carrying supplies to succour the hard-pressed Russian Armies on what the rest of the world called the Eastern Front, but which, to the Russians, was the Western Front. The Swastika already flew in triumph from the ice-locked Arctic to the blazing sands of Egypt. Now the mighty Wehrmacht, the mightiest army the world had ever seen, pounded at the bowels of Russia. And along the whole great ice-scourged, fire blasted, blood-soaked front the millions grappled in naked, desperate combat.

It was morning now. Houghton gulped back a mouthful of grog, the traditional rum issue of His Majesty's Royal Navy. That night they might, after all, be in Murmansk.... It would be hard to be expectant or romantic about any place called Murmansk. But, after the weeks at sea, 35-year-old Henry Houghton knew that Murmansk was not so bad.

That night the battered form of the *Salamander* edged with a clang against the steel-hard ice that coated the side of the dock. Cheerily, a party of Astrakhan-coated Russians clambered up the gang-plank as soon as it was lowered.

"Welcome again, Comrade Ingelski," they greeted the British Navy. "You have done it again." Houghton had almost become a regular on the Murmansk convoys. It was good to be in Murmansk again. There was always the journey back, of course. But that could wait in his mind.... The Russian Navy Lieutenant stood before him. He spoke moderately good English. "Ah, my old friend Hootan," he said, "you are coming ashore with us with the rest of your boys? It is always nice to see you...."

There is one thing to be said about Russian hospitality. It is always generous and on a lavish scale. And although, to the east and south, Russia was fighting a desperate war, at the Foreign Seamen's Club in Murmansk, there was always tangy Russian food in vast quantities and endless bottles of vodka.

There was also female company. The Russian peasant girls who came to the club in the evening from the throbbing factories and work on the icy wharves were usually fair-haired, with wide cheek-bones and with generous figures. But typically Russian, they were friendly—and generous.

Their instructions were, in any case, to make themselves amenable to their country's allies who had risked their lives to bring supplies for the war.

They were also dedicated Communists.

In the warmth of the Club the Russian Lieutenant, who had greeted Petty Officer Houghton so warmly, helped him from his smart dark-blue Royal Navy coat, No.1 wear. They walked together to the bar, where other British junior officers, though desperately weary after the inhuman strain of the last few weeks, were determined to enjoy their reward.

"Vodka as usual?" the Lieutenant asked Houghton and a group of others. "Yes," said Houghton warmly. Houghton later told friends that the Lieutenant would usually ask him as they sat at a table and drank a toast, "Now how are things in the British Royal Navy?"

"Things are fine," Houghton said he always replied. "I don't know which is worse, the Malta convoys, the Atlantic convoys or the Murmansk convoys!" And always the Lieutenant would laugh. The evenings would wear on and Houghton often recalled how they would get gayer and the female company more attractive.

They sometimes discussed that this wasn't the first time that British warships had been in Murmansk. The Russians reminded the British naval men that British and French warships entered Murmansk harbour in April 1918. Soviet Russia, still in the throes of civil war after the November, 1917, Soviet Revolution, was being menaced by Germany after the collapse of the forces of the Tzar. The Germans, with 50,000 German troops in Finland, were considering taking advantage of the confusion to occupy Murmansk and Archangel, the two North Russian ice-free ports, as key points for submarine bases to attack Allied shipping in the North and also to take over the gigantic

stocks of Russian and Allied war material at the two ports.

Lenin and Trotsky decided that the lesser of the two evils of the two Capitalist camps was the allies, and so, by agreement with the new Soviet rulers, the British and French Navy sailed in and large contingents of British troops were landed. As far as the British and French were concerned, they were there to re-open the collapsed Eastern front against the Germans. As far as Lenin and Trotsky were concerned the reasons were the opposite: to preserve the New Soviet State from further hostilities by dissuading, by their presence, a renewed German attack on Russia.

An American cruiser, the *Olympia*, followed in May, 1918, then more American ships and American troops, led by British Officers. Yes, the Communists and the West seemed to be working together in common aim then. "And now," toasted the Russian officer in Murmansk in 1941, "it is the same again." Houghton later recalled how everyone laughed and the visiting Royal Navy returned the toasts. The Russians did not remind him or anyone else of the telegram Lenin sent to the seemingly co-operative Murmansk Soviet on June 25, 1918. In the meanwhile Stalin had succeeded his hero Lenin, but nothing, no nothing, had really changed. Lenin said in that telegram of June 25: "Soviet policy is the policy of the world revolution of the workers.... *Soviet policy is equally hostile to the English and to the Germans*".

In 1941 as in 1918, the expedient allies of today were still the basic enemies. No, nothing had changed in Murmansk, but that was something that Henry Frederick Houghton did not know.

It seemed natural and not dishonourable, that among naval men, the conversation should be about the sea and ships. Latest devices for detecting submarines, kinds of depth charges. It also seemed natural that one or two luxuries from the West should be sold for a few roubles to buy presents in Murmansk.

It was years, several years later, that Houghton was told while on the staff of the naval attaché in Warsaw, "Oh, we know you don't mind earning a little money now and then."

What Houghton would have found difficult to understand was that, when he was so friendly with the Russians in 1941 the Russians were not merely fighting Germans. As Marx said, wars against one or another of the imperialist, capitalist countries would always form a part of the struggle for the victory of the

toiling masses. Yesterday it was the Russian ruling classes, today it was the German Fascists, tomorrow it might be the Imperialist British. It was one fight. But Houghton had never read Karl Marx or Engles and never did. Nor did he know then that he, the friendly likeable British Navy Petty Officer was already being marked down in a dossier. Some of his characteristics were not difficult to list: "No particular political views, drinks freely, likes female company, likes money. Inclined to be vain." Plenty of possibilities to work on. He might come in useful, but in the multitude of filed lives in the mountainous files of Communist Russia he was already marked as "A possibility". In 1941 Henry Frederick Houghton went on the files of the GRU. Although he didn't know it.

Friends of Houghton's youth remember that he was always the "adventurous type". He was the eldest of three sons of a Lincoln machinist. Even then he was usually up to some way of earning a bit of extra money. He always wanted to cut a dash above the rest. Lincoln, dominated by its cathedral and the chimes of Big Tome its clock, was too small and quiet for Harry Houghton. He said he was going to join the Navy and see the world. And, at sixteen, he did. By the time of the Russian convoys he was an old hand with 20 years' service. He was a jovial sort. The last person, most people would think, to become a spy. Until of course, he was fashioned by trained, skilful hands.... Until the weaknesses which had been so carefully noted in Murmansk those long years before could be played upon, when circumstance brought him into the Communist empire again.

If in 1941 Houghton had not gone to Russia to aid the West's ally, he could not have been posted as a confidential clerk to the British Naval Attaché in Poland in 1951 ten years later, on the grounds that he had some knowledge of meeting Communists while in the Navy and therefore, was "fully aware of the needs for security". If he hadn't gone back there would have been no chance for the Communists to single him out to be worked upon in Poland in such ideal circumstances. And if there had been no Houghton on their side, entrance, later, to the key secrets of the *Dreadnought* might not have been possible.

That is why, in a sense, it all started in 1941. Espionage and the task of subverting a foreign national is a job requiring time, opportunities and patience. But the Russians have the philosophical approach of the East to time. They were to be granted their opportunities. And they are masters of patience....

The man, the Russian, who was to assume the name and identity of Gordon Arnold Lonsdale, dangerous nuclear spy-master, womaniser and Houghton's woman-admiring friend, was born in a near-slum district of Moscow in 1921.

At that time it was a Moscow which, apart from gigantic Red banners and crude, bald slogans, had changed little from Czarist days. The great minarets of the Kremlin glimmered as they had glimmered for years past. The significant difference was that, inside its giant walls, the leaders of the revolution were busily plotting the destiny of Russia and the rest of the world for years to come.

In those years the curly-haired, dark-eyed young Russian grew up in a society riddled with conspiracy. Thousands of domestic spies sought out "counter-revolutionaries" (of whom there were many), and the population was being saturated with propaganda about the evils of the capitalist, money-dominated Western countries.

One of the reasons he became an outstanding spy was because he had never known a different atmosphere. It was an atmosphere in which there were in each house-block three spies—each unknown to the other and, of course, the rest of the residents. It was an atmosphere in which it was necessary for mothers to warn their children, as soon as they could understand, that it was "bad" and "dangerous" to say anything against the Government, lest children's conversations might be overheard and it might be suspected that their parents were "counter-revolutionaries", who would then be arrested and who were then, in frequent cases, never seen again.

They were rough times. Justice under the OGPU, the United State Political Administration, was rough. Whole communities were wiped out, whole races, like the Kulaks, transferred to mass imprisonment in Siberia. Torture was used to extract "confessions". Sentences, without the right of appeal, were handed out by People's Courts with fanatical severity for any deviation from the party line. Death sentences were common and were carried out immediately or within hours.

In later years Nikita Krushev was to admit the injustices suffered by millions in those days, but he only decried them because the individual methods used were mainly ineffective, although, together, in their blanket operation, they stamped out most opposition. But in the process, hundreds of thousands of innocent people died.

Living in such a community breeds from the start watchful care, a watch for other watchful eyes, care about what is said. The whole revolution, born in conspiracy, itself bred natural conspiracy to live with it. Again the iron ramifications and inflexibility of the Soviet dictatorship with regard to individuals encouraged in those earlier days—and still do to some extent—a natural need for careful conspiracy, a clever manipulation of the Rules, to make life bearable.

Russia, therefore, provided the man who was to be Lonsdale with a natural environment of conspiracy, part intentional, part unintentional, but both very real.

But he still committed one or two unforgivable sins as a spy and this enables us to build up a picture of his background and his early life. For one thing there was found on him a photograph of himself and his mother. She was a woman with a seemingly happy disposition. It shows her with her dark hair parted in the middle and brushed tightly and smoothly to each side and then into a bun at the back. There is a modern apartment block in the background, and the curly-haired boy later told a friend that he remembered moving from "our ramshackle home" to a new block when he was a small boy. He implied that this happened in Canada, his cover-story land of birth. But the photograph is definitely of the Russian when young and there is no reason to doubt that the woman is his mother, wearing a long black skirt nearly to her ankles and a light-coloured "peasant" blouse buttoned to the neck.

But the reason he was able to talk later with such conviction about his mother running away in Canada was that this is what really happened to him in Russia, when he was 12. And that happening was to play a significant part in his life.

Police of many Western countries questioned many Communists now serving sentences for espionage to discover more about the arrested ring's background and contacts. True to Communist spy tradition, they did not talk. But now that the Russian has been sentenced and his revelations can do him no harm, one has, I am informed from a trusted American source, come forward and told FBI officials about the Russian sentenced at the Old Bailey. This man has done so in the hope of gaining a remission of his sentence for what he regards as certain aspects of "Lonsdale's" past not likely to prejudice the present-day Soviet spy network. He has not revealed the Russian's true

name for fear of further punishment when he returns to Russia after serving his sentence.

But what the man said helps to explain the letter in the spy-master's handwriting ready for dispatch to Russia in the form of a micro-dot, discovered by Scotland Yard detectives at the Cohen's bungalow in Middlesex. It was addressed to his wife. "My beloved Galyshia" in explanation of the long parting abroad from her.

Translation of part of it reads:

"I did not wish it and I did not seek it, but so it turned out to be. I have thought very much about it—why all this?"

"The answer is it all started as far back as 1932, when mother decided to despatch me to the nether regions. At that time she could not imagine, of course, all the consequences of this step, I do not blame her".

The Russian who later became Lonsdale, confessed to his Russian fellow spy, now serving his sentence in America, that, when he was 12, the marriage between his mother and his father broke up. It was a time in Russia of considerable immorality. The Soviets had scorned the teachings of the church, predominantly the Russian Orthodox Church, of the sanctity of marriage. Marriage could now be contracted merely by two parties appearing before a registrar and signing a form. Divorce could be obtained just as simply. It was small wonder that marriage after marriage collapsed.

The little boy's father, an engineer, and mother decided not to divorce, but to separate. His father said he alone could not look after him since he spent all day at work. His mother announced her intention of working, too, to earn a living. So his mother decided that the alternative was to have him brought up in a residential State school and this is what happened. For several years he did not see his parents.

This story seems confirmed by the spy's micro-dot letter to his wife. He later told his fellow-spy that he was sent to a school at Izhevsk, capital of the little-known Udmurt Soviet Socialist Republic, just west of the vast Ural mountains dividing European from Asiatic and Siberian Russia. This is obviously the "nether regions" to which he refers in the letter to his wife.

This was a school for orphans of the revolution and for the children of broken homes. But the Soviet leaders regarded it as more than that. Thousands of miles away from home influence

ties, they regarded the school—and many others like it—as an excellent opportunity to carefully watch and select promising boys for future key work for the Soviet Union.

It is a sombre reflection that even before the half-world of Adolf Hitler became a 12-year catastrophic reality in Europe, unseen hands were already fashioning the lives of those who were to menace the world after him.

Pupils at the school were steeped in the ideology of Communism. Those with mechanical ability were channelled into technical training. Those with outstanding intellectual ability were selected for future political leadership. The young, curly-haired boy from Moscow showed a great aptitude for languages, and, by the time he was 17, was able to speak and write French, German, English and, oddly, Mandarin Chinese, a language which was to come in curiously useful in London.

Unknown to him at the time, the hidden hands of G R U were already guiding his destiny. At the age of 17, the well-built young Russian was drafted into the Red Army. He served for two years as an ordinary soldier and then, at 19, with his knowledge of languages, was channelled by the unseen hands into the Military Intelligence Section—and into the Glavnoye Razvedyvatelnoye Upravlenie, the G R U, which he was later to serve with sensational distinction.

But when Petty Officer Henry Frederick Houghton sailed into Murmansk to make his first contact with the Russians to succour the bloody fight, and also to unwittingly appear on the multitudinous files of the G R U, the man who was to become Lonsdale wasn't even in Russia. Yet, for him, as for Houghton, 1941 marked a significant phase in his life. He was on his first intelligence assignment—as an aide to Mao Tse-tung's Chinese Communist forces fighting the Japanese forces and who were later to turn, with typical expediency, against their then allies, Chiang Kai Chek's Nationalist forces.

At some stage during that period he intimated that he went to Japan. Among his personal possessions and notes found by Scotland Yard is a reference to a classic of spy achievement, known as "The Sorge Affair", referred to briefly in the first chapter of this book as an illustration of the capacity of the G R U network. The Russian boasted to his fellow spy that he was one of the young men (he could only have been 20 or 21) who liased with the Russian Master Spy Richard Sorge who, while German police attaché at the Nazi Embassy in Tokyo, got to

know of the intended attack on Pearl Harbour and warned Russia, a warning which was not passed on to America. He had also earlier warned Moscow of the exact date of the German attack on Russia on June 22, 1941 a warning which, incredibly, went unheeded.

Then Sorge and his accomplices also found out another absolutely vital fact from inner Japanese circles. This was that while Nazi Germany, in 1941 at the height of the German successes and penetration into the heart of Russia, was asking Japan to open a second front in the east by striking into Manchuria and Siberia, the Japanese had, in fact, made up their minds not to do so. They thought it would weaken their drive southwards through Indo-China, Siam, Malaya and the Philippines. Sorge got the information to Moscow and, at a critical stage of the battle, twelve Siberian Divisions were switched from the Manchurian frontier and flung into battle against the Germans, thereby being a deciding factor in halting the advance.

This probably altered the entire complex of the war, for what would have happened if tottering Russia had finally fallen with the whole of the oil-rich Middle East and Africa laid bare before the Germans is a matter only for conjecture.

At one time it was thought that Major-General Ott, the German Ambassador to Tokyo was involved, such was the extent of the leaks. But he was cleared and Sorge was eventually arrested and executed.

Did the man who 20 years later stood in the dock of the Old Bailey have a hand in these momentous affairs? It certainly looks as if he might have, for, he was in the Far East at the time and there perfected his Mandarin Chinese. And he also later told friends that he had got to know Japan "well" during his travels. It was eventually to become clear what those travels were.

Then for a while, there are no clues to be found anywhere about what happened to the young Russian, who was being trained in the techniques and experience of becoming an international spy.

During this time he obviously saw his mother again, for when he was arrested there were found photographs among his belongings showing him as a young man of about 22 or 23 with the same older woman as before against almost the same background of a flat dwelling....

On the other side of the world, in New York, 1941 was, for 27-year-old Lona Petka, an eventful year, too. It was the year

she fell in love and married 30-year-old Morris ("Unc") Cohen and the year she joined the American Communist Party.

Lona Petka was of Jewish extraction and her mother and father had come from Poland at the beginning of the century. They were a big family, Dad, Mum, seven girls and three boys. They had settled down happily at Adams, Massachusetts and Lona was the "quiet one" of the family.

"A bit intellectual," they recall. She went to the local school. But Adams was too quiet for her and, when she was 23, Lona went to the Big City, New York. For a time she worked as a children's nurse for a family in Park Lane. Then she got a steady, interesting job as a librarian in one of the New York city libraries. There she was able to satisfy her intellectual tastes. She was not at all interested in organised sports. She said that they were "stupid", and a "waste of time". She was a well-built girl and friends often remarked how "sloppily" she dressed, but she always replied that she didn't care. There were things, she said, more important than clothes.

One of her sisters, now married, Mrs Sophie Vetrone, recalls: "The first signs of Leftish views the family heard was when Lona started talking about the 'unfair distribution of wealth'."

A friend Golda Hoffman remembered: "She used to knock around with the long-haired guys. They used to spend money on books and then have parties with what was left over on cheap Italian wine or local moonshine stuff. Actually she has a very tidy mind under the odd, scruffy clothes. She was what we now call a 'beatnik' I guess. A nice kid, but wanted to be different, didn't want to be ordered around."

She was to become "different" but she was to become used to being ordered around.

Lona's father died and her mother moved to the little town of Baltic, Connecticut. Lona often used to go home for weekends. "A quiet girl," said the neighbours. "Never used to talk a lot. Used to do a lot of reading."

It was in 1941 that she met Morris Cohen. And Morris Cohen had been fighting, physically fighting, for Communism, while the man who became Gordon Arnold Lonsdale, his spy-master, was still at school in Russia....

Morris Cohen was born in East 181st Street in the gawdy overcrowded, bustling, noisy, friendly, gay and squalid area of New York called the Bronx. It has bred thousands of dead-end kids who have ended up on Skid-Row, hundreds who have be-

come fascinating home-spun philosophers, others who have become distinguished scientists, hopeless alcoholics. But mostly it has bred plain ordinary citizens who, with a sentimental fervour, have either loved or hated the Bronx, just as Londoners have loved or hated the East End, Glaswegians have loved or hated the Gorbals, and Munichers have loved or hated Schwabbing.

No one could call the Bronx beautiful, but it was always interesting. Even perhaps character-forming. Morris Cohen's parents, respectable Jewish folk, ran a little greengrocery shop. But Morris Cohen did have a sentimental tie with Russia. His parents had emigrated from Russia before he was born.

He was just an ordinary, average pupil at the James Monroe High School. But he was good at sport. In the school's football team he played centre-forward with a dash and brilliance.

Harry Lister remembers him: "He was a bit of a show-off, I think. It was probably because he was shining at something for the first time. We used to call him 'Unc' because he looked very much like a guy in a strip cartoon called 'Uncle Walter'.

Morris Cohen was ready to make football his career. He helped out, in a newsagents shop, and helped coach the school football team in his spare time. Then came the break he was waiting for. When he was 20 he was offered an athletic scholarship at the University of Mississippi. There he managed the university football team and developed an interest in weight-lifting and keep-fit exercises. In 1935 as Europe was edging towards its first war-outburst in Spain, he won a Bachelor of Science degree. Another boy from the Bronx seemed to have joined the ranks of those who had made good.

But he had also developed a political conscience. In his last year he joined the Socialist group at the University. The days of the Bronx had left their mark.

In 1936 he became an official member of the Communist Party. He amazed his friends who had found him "a nice quiet guy" by preaching Communism and leading rallies. "He'll get over it," they said indulgently. But he didn't.

And in that year, in Spain, started the curtain-raiser, the foretaste of the holocaust to come. The differences between the Fascists and the Communists, both fighting for power, broke into violence. Street brawls developed into Civil War. And within months the two European dictators, Hitler and Mussolini, were sending their legions into Spain to fight "the Communist men-

ace". The Communists had in the first place not been slow to resort to violence.

The dictates of Karl Marx allowed it. The Fuehrer and the Duce regarded the civil war as a splendid opportunity to test out in the field the war potential of their goose-stepping legions. The dive-bombers swooped, warships bombarded fishing villages, the emblems of the swastika and the bonded faggots swept into battle. And Morris Cohen, like many a Leftish American, joined the Communist organised Abraham Lincoln Brigade, recruited in America to fight the "Loyalist and Fascist" forces.

It was the testing time for Morris Cohen. He eagerly accepted the codes, the passwords, his new name, Israel Altman—and the discipline. No-one doubted that he was, by conviction, a Communist. But would he be a *real* Communist, the sort of Communist whom Moscow wanted?

Morris Cohen soon had to accept one thing, the crux of Moscow's requirement of every Communist particularly the requirement of a spy: that he should take orders, implicitly and carry them out immediately and without question.

To be a worker for Communism meant subordination to Moscow. There were many brave and sincere young men who joined the fight against Fascism because they thought it was a crusade, rather like the Crusades of earlier centuries. At times, because they were often intelligent young men they sometimes questioned the wisdom of a unit Commander's action or even disagreed with him. And as a one-time Communist who fought in that war once remarked: "There was many a soldier-volunteer who asked too many questions or whose belief began to waver, who found himself always assigned to the most dangerous task on the toughest front. And many a man who had too openly expressed his doubts, died at the height of the battle—with a bullet in his back."

But Communism said it was permissible for one man to die if it was for the common good. Or more men, Deviationists, the Communists call them now. And in Hungary, a few short years ago, thousands died.

Israel Altman, alias Morris Cohen, knew all that and he approved. He had passed the test.

That little war ended in 1939, on the eve of the whirlwind in Europe. Israel Altman became Morris Cohen again and returned to America. But the real fight had only just begun. He didn't have to do an ordinary job again. He was called before a special

committee of the Party and told: "You have served the Party and the Cause well. The fight in Spain has been lost, but it is part of the long fight and there are other things for you to do...."

In 1940 he acted as a "security guard" at the huge Soviet stand at the New York World's Fair.

A couple of months later he joined the shuffling queue of unemployed kitchen hands and waiters at the headquarters of the tough Waiters' Union on New York's West 36th Street. He was accepted into the union and, helped by Red union colleagues, became an official. The Communists were, at that time, trying to infiltrate into the Waiters' Union, as they were into every other Union. Morris Cohen was now a full-time Moscow agent.

From the Union he moved to the Amtorg Trading Corporation. Two Soviet trading companies had merged to form this corporation to handle trade between America and Russia. It did, of course, handle a lot of genuine trade. But it was also the cover for the introduction into America of the first "Resident Director" of the KGB, a man named Leonid Chatski. And through it, before the war, Russia gradually infiltrated her spies and agents into America to link up and organise the waiting American-born Communists like the Cohens.

The next year, 1941, Morris Cohen met Lona Petka. And in May he travelled to Baltic, Connecticut, with her to ask her mother for her hand.

On July 31, 1941, at the Manhattan Municipal Building, Lona Petka and Morris Cohen were married.

Then, suddenly, in 1941 America was at war. The Japanese attacked Pearl Harbour by surprise. The Germans had just attacked Russia. America and Russia became allies. Communist Parties everywhere stepped up their activities under the banner of Allied friendship and co-operation. And as Henry Houghton chinked his vodka toasts with his new Russian friends, Lona Petka became one of the tens of thousands of people who, inspired by the gigantic fight of the Soviet Union, joined the Communist Party. She embraced the faith of her husband.

Yes, if there was a start to the story of the Red spy ring which stole the nuclear secrets of the West it was 1941

Lona Cohen went to work in an arms factory in Brooklyn, became a shop-steward and expressed strong Communist views. Morris Cohen joined the United States Army. Within a few months he was in Britain, stationed for a time at the tiny,

picturesque little Somerset village of Hazelbury Plunknett. Not more than 20 miles away, oddly enough, from a place called Portland, where lived a plump but pretty girl named Ethel Elizabeth Gee. But that was before anyone had ever heard of nuclear submarines.

The year 1941 meant for shy Ethel Gee, the beginning of a new life. Her father was one of a long line of Royal Navy men and he hoped he would have a son to follow the honourable tradition. But when Ethel was born in 1915 in quiet Hambro Road, Portland, he lavished his affection on her.

The family called her "Bunty" and, when she was old enough, she was sent to a select private school, at a cost each term of £15 (roughly 45 US dollars) which at that time was a lot of money.

When her wealthy grandfather died she inherited £3,050. But she lived a sheltered life, looking after her ageing mother and her ageing aunt and uncle. She didn't know what a Communist was. But 1941 altered that. In that year she was called up by the Ministry of Labour and National Service to do war-work. She was drafted into an aircraft factory at Hamble, near Portland.

There she was plunged into the whirl of day and night shift work, quick snacks in the factory canteen, a gin and lime in one of the local inns on her night off or a round at the local dance. There were plenty of servicemen about to partner her and she discovered a new world.

She, of course, became a member of a Union and she stepped into the world of shop-stewards, union tickets and political and union meetings. She even met people who said they were Communists. But they didn't really attract "Bunty". She was having too good a time in her new life. But it was a life which was to lead her, slowly and unknowingly, into the great Communist web....

In a shack in the derelict, silver-mining ghost town of Cobalt, in the great open "Wild West" plains of Ontario, far away from the cacophony of war, Jack Emmanuel Lonsdale, a half-Cree Indian, wondered what had happened to his young son, "who must be all of 20."

Jack's forebears had come from the Old Country, England, two centuries before to pioneer across the great prairie plains of Canada. Times had been tough. Jack's father married a beautiful Cree-Indian girl and Jack's golden skin and dark eyes told the story. He had come to Cobalt, 250 miles north-west

of Ottawa, to mine silver. There, in 1922, he met a beautiful Finnish girl, Olga Elina Bousu, who had come from Finland with her mother, two years before. Jack and Olga married and on August 27, 1924, Olga Elina Lonsdale gave birth to a little boy.

Tough, two-fisted Jack loved that boy. A visiting preacher christened him Gordon Arnold Lonsdale, so that, although the years had passed, the honour of his English ancestry should remain.

But the marriage wasn't happy. Olga was homesick and in 1931 they parted. She caught a train, with her little son and a few pathetic bundles, and set off on the long trek to Montreal, there, with her little seven-year-old son, to sail to her homeland of Karelia, in Finland. Home again, she called herself by her maiden name. But in 1940 Karelia was invaded by the Russians and ceded by Finland to Russia after a bitter, winter struggle.

Among the "proletariat", the "toiling masses", which came now under Communist rule was the boy who was known as Gordan Bousu. But the bureaucratic machine that is the heart of Communism soon discovered that "Gordan Bousu" was a Canadian citizen registered in Canada. And the name, Gordon Arnold Lonsdale, born in Cobalt, in the Temiskaming district of the province of Ontario, was forwarded to be recorded for future use to the bulging insatiable files of the Glavnoye Razvedyvatel'noye Upravlenie.

A Canadian citizen, his mind, his body, his past and his future were in the all-embracing arms of Soviet Russia, without any official Western authority being the wiser. It was a chance too good to miss....

CHAPTER THREE

OPERATION "ATOMIC WEST"

FROM 1941, as the war against the German-Japanese-Italian Axis raged, the great Red spy army in the West took the fullest advantage of the relaxed security attitude towards Russia. Lona Cohen, wife of Morris Cohen, whom Britain was to know later as the Krogers, went into immediate action on behalf of Moscow.

And we shall now see how the roots of the nuclear spy ring tried at the Old Bailey in 1961 reached back to the earliest days of nuclear spying in 1941.

General Ilya Sarayev arrived from Russia in 1941 to take up the long-vacant job of Military Attaché in Washington. But his main job was on behalf of the G R U and he was chosen for his great organising ability. He was given the order: steal for Russia from the Western Allies secrets of nuclear research on the projected atomic bomb.

It was an order for the most massive theft of all time. Its effect changed the pattern of world affairs and altered the lives of millions.

Another G R U man was appointed to help him organise the army of spies and informers who would be needed. He was Vasili Zubilin, a man with a photographic memory, who was hastily given the cover job of Third Secretary at the Russian embassy in Washington.

Other officials flooded in and Communist sympathisers in laboratories, Government offices and factories were told it was their duty to turn over all technical information to Russia to make sure that the "West's Ally" did not lag behind in the fight against "the common enemy".

Lona Cohen was given the vital and highly-trusted job of being one of the couriers between the Russian "Resident Directors" and their staffs and the actual spies in the laboratories and Government offices.

Her entire background was intensively screened before her appointment and her loyalty to the true Communist Cause was tested in many ways, including the offering of bribes by Red agents impersonating the FBI and other tricks.

She did not fail her masters. Lona Cohen was assigned to work with the Rosenberg group—the group headed by Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, the married couple later executed in the electric chair at Sing Sing for their traitorship.

Within a few months Western security leaders became so alarmed at the mammoth quantities of diplomatic mail leaving America by air and sea for Russia that a high-level conference was called. But there was little that could be done.

How had Russia got hold of the news that triggered off this vast operation?

Rumours of a discovery which had resulted in an immense speeding-up of American and British nuclear research reached

Moscow in 1940. But the first definite information of the almost literally world-shaking importance of the work was given to Moscow in early 1941 by the German refugee scientist in Britain, Klaus Fuchs.

Fuchs, a Communist, had fled from Nazi Germany before the war. He had a brilliant brain and, as an anti-Nazi, he was recruited by Britain to help the fight against the Nazi tyranny. Britain at that time led in atomic research but was co-operating fully with America.

America, safe from bombs and the threat of invasion, started making sensational headway on the basis of the earlier British work, then took the lead. But there was a full exchange of information between the American and British scientists.

In 1941 Fuchs was drafted to work at Glasgow University on certain aspects of nuclear research. He did not know that this was in connection with the eventual production of an atomic bomb. But his work was so brilliant that a few months later he was moved to join the main British research team working at Birmingham University. This was headed by another German refugee-scientist, an old pal of Fuch's, named Rudolf Peierls. Fuchs realised for the first time what it was all about.

He later confessed:

"I decided to inform Russia. I established contact (with the Soviet espionage network in Britain) through another member of the Communist Party."

He told the stupendous news to a G R U man assigned to meet him and said also that the most advanced work was now taking place in America.

The information was flashed to Russia, and the whole massive operation of atomic theft *was* swung into action. The concentration was on America, but huge assaults on the other research centres and linked Government departments were mounted in Britain and Canada, too.

In those early stages of nuclear spying it had been necessary to break with normal practice of dividing the espionage network into separate cells and controlling each cell's every activity from Moscow.

This was because the German armies had smashed to the gates of the capital and the decision was taken to evacuate the main Ministries and Departments, including the G R U and the

KGB, to Kuibyshev, nearly a thousand miles east towards the Urals.

The immense move did not, however, for one moment during those times of dire peril to the Russian homeland, halt or slow up the effort of the Soviet network in the West. In fact, in view of the nuclear discoveries, it was increased a hundred-fold.

It was realised that the organisation involved to penetrate the secrets of research in three countries would be vast. So, in view of the upheaval of the forced move to Kuibyshev and the reduced surveillance of Russian nationals in the West, it was decided to establish General Sarayev and Vasili Zubilin as the heads of the operation in America.

During normal life Lona Cohen did her ordinary job as an arms factory worker in Brooklyn. But, once away, she slipped into the shadowy world of secret meetings with their passwords, codes and signs. Lona Cohen rarely met the informers and spies from the atomic offices and laboratories. Instead she was introduced to the world of "duboks" and "yafkas". These reduced the chance of a person being spotted passing a message. A "dubok" is a temporary lodging place for messages, microfilm or documents left by an informer or spy to be picked up by another spy or courier, like Lona Cohen.

A "dubok" is often situated in a public place. In fact the more people using the general location of a "dubok" the better. There is less likelihood of a quick action by an ordinary-looking person being spotted. One "dubok" used by Lona Cohen in those days, the FBI later discovered, was under the sill of a store window in Park Avenue—unknown of course, to the proprietors. Soviet agents looking out for just such places have no difficulty in finding them. This one, in a busy thoroughfare, was ideal.

The informer would come along, bend down to tie his shoe lace and, at the same time slip a tightly folded wedge of notes into the crack between the cement work and the underpart of the sill. A few minutes later Lona Cohen would come along, drop a bar of chocolate she had been carrying, bend down and pick it up and in the same movement whip out the wad. No-one would notice such a thing in a bustling crowd. There was nothing to connect the two people.

Another "dubok" was actually in a public lavatory in Central Park. The woman informer would slip into No. 3 closet from the left, then put a roll of microfilm, enclosed in a small rubber

bag, into the cistern. Tests had shown that even when the lavatory was flushed the bag would remain afloat. Hours later Lona Cohen would arrive, enter the closet, extract the rubber bag and put it in her handbag. Meanwhile a dozen people had used the closet. Even to an observant attendant there was nothing to connect one person with another. And in any case, who would think of looking for atom secrets in a lavatory cistern?

In addition "yafkas" (contact points) were established at the homes or businesses of Communist sympathisers for the passing of material. Always it was in a well-populated district in the home of a person who had lots of innocent callers. Many of these were in the Bronx district which Lona Cohen had got to know so well while Morris was courting her, and some were organised by her. One in particular was in a secondhand furniture shop run by a Communist. An informer would walk in, roam around examining the furniture, then deposit a package in a selected drawer. The proprietor would remove it later for safe-keeping and then deposit it in another drawer in a desk. Lona Cohen would then walk in and remove it. Again, very simple, but very difficult to track.

Lona Cohen proved the perfect courier. An ordinary-looking woman, becoming plump, rather drably dressed and not attractive enough to cause attention. As time went on the GRU notched up the qualities that she was utterly reliable, most observant of security precautions—and completely loyal.

In Washington General Sarayev and Vasili Zubilin had by this time organised their spy net right across America and into Canada, with local "Directors" of operations at the main research centres at Los Alamos, New York, Berkeley, Chicago and up in Ottawa. In 1942 Julius Rosenberg succeeded in persuading his own brother-in-law, David Greenglass, a leading scientist and already a Communist, working at the Los Alamos atom laboratories, to start passing secrets. An old American Communist of long standing, Harry Gold, was assigned to act as courier.

In London, the brilliant mind of myopic-sighted Klaus Fuchs was assimilating priceless information. It was so important that the GRU in Russia instructed their most experienced GRU man in Britain, Semion Kremer, ostensibly secretary to the Military Attaché at the Russian embassy in London, to meet Fuchs regularly. The two men often met and talked in crowded bars in Birmingham and London. Directions from Moscow instructed them to buy and drink two whiskeys at the bar as a sign of recog-

niton and to indicate to the other that it was safe to talk together. Perhaps this is the only slightly amusing facet of this tragic story because both of them hated whiskey. The thought of these two betrayers having to gulp down the (in wartime) rather fiery liquid they so much detested, their faces pained at the task, before they could carry out their treacherous transactions, is the sole thing about this sombre matter that may give us some amusement.

The latest information continued to be passed from America and one of Fuchs' official jobs was to prepare a monthly progress report on the centre's research, and each month for 18 months Fuchs handed a copy over to Kremer.

Transportation from America of the immense quantities of filched secrets was a problem in itself and a ferry service of Russian planes performed the airlift from Great Falls, Montana, to Siberia. Officially they were transporting "diplomatic papers and diplomatic personnel". But Major George Jordan, an American Army liaison officer at the Great Falls airfield, flicking through a dossier awaiting flight, spotted a reference to "Uranium 92". And Uranium 92 was a vital component of the atomic bomb.

Knowledge of the ingredients needed for the production of the atomic bomb led to the sudden rush by units of the Red Army into Tanoi Touva, a previously backward and little cared-about Soviet Republic on the borders of China and Russia. There, uranium could be mined. The only other main source of uranium in Russia was the Caucasus into which the German army had penetrated deeply and from which transport was difficult for a few small units of the Wehrmacht had even cut across it and had reached the shores of the Caspian Sea on the northern frontiers of Persia.

But the mines had to be dug and much equipment built. This would take time. So the Soviet Purchasing Commission (for war materials) in America and Canada was ordered to buy from Government or private industrial concerns as much uranium ore as possible. On November 22, 1943, broad-shouldered, aggressively-hunched Mikail Serov, Assistant Chairman of the Soviet Purchasing Commission, called the heads of the Commission to a special meeting, also attended by representatives of the G R U, on the eighth floor of No. 3355, 16th Street, Washington.

His listeners accorded him the respect he deserved for really he was also a senior member of the highest of the high councils

of Soviet Russia—the General Committee of the Communist Party, USSR. He had arrived to take overall charge of the gigantic secrets vacuum machine and direct the securing of materials for making the bomb.

He read a message from hook-nosed little Anastas Mikoyan—who much later was to visit America and Britain with Mr Krushchev, making quips and kissing children—which said that every possible means was to be used to secure the minerals, particularly Uranium 92. Mikoyan was also a member of the Politburo. "The task is," said the message, "one of the most vital in the whole history of the Soviet Union and will determine the future of the world for many years to come."

By this time the West had realised the secrets were leaking in quantities, but were in a dilemma what to do. The Germans were also working on the atomic bomb and it was decided, in the interests of winning the war, that the British, Canadian and American security forces should concentrate on German espionage. The Russians were too deeply in as allies to operate strict security, but such security as could be exercised regarding them should be. No-one was, of course, aware of the actual vast extent of the Soviet spy organisation. Indeed it had penetrated to such a degree that at this stage it is doubtful if the secrets of the atomic bomb could have been kept from the Soviets.

After a while the British, Canadian and American Governments tried to block Soviet purchases by refusing to sell Government stocks on the ground that it was all needed for "current work". But all that happened was that Soviet Commissions went to industrial concerns and bought direct. There were now too many holes to plug.

Canada now became vitally important, not only as a source of secrets but also as a source of mineral supplies. Colonel Nikolai Zabotin was rushed to Ottawa as "Military Attaché" at the embassy. He was, of course, a GRU man. Over came the code clerks and the other personnel of espionage, including, of course, Ivor Gouzenko, who later defected and revealed the story of "thousands, yes thousands" of agents throughout America, Canada and Britain.

Fred Rose, the Canadian Communist, and also a member of the KGB, linked up to provide information and sources, and GRU man in New York, Major Pavel Sokolov, officially a Soviet "vice-consul", was ordered to advise on the set-up on the basis of the success of the Soviet system in America. Lona Cohen was

selected to act as the courier between the two G R U Colonels, Colonel Sokolov and Colonel Zabotin, and she made three trips to Canada "on health vacations" which she said was necessary because of the "strain of the war work".

Then a whole host of things happened in the Reds' favour. Zabotin established contact with a British scientist Alan Nunn May who was working on atomic research in Canada. Alan Nunn May had visited Moscow in 1937 and did not conceal his Leftish views. Such men were in the early 1940's regarded as excellent security risks since they were, of course, diametrically opposed to Nazism. The security forces had yet to learn that other partners in the allied camp were not exactly long-term friends.

Alan Nunn May started adding to the deluge of information.

Bruno Pontecorvo, the Italian Communist nuclear scientist, working in the American and Canadian plants added his weight to the betrayal.

Then came the break for the Communists which put them right into the heart of the secrets. Dr. Klaus Fuchs was dispatched from Britain to work at the centre of research at Columbia University, New York, and later at Los Alamos. The result virtually gave Russia the atomic bomb. By this time the Germans were in retreat from Russia and Moscow had resumed detailed control of the Western network, although it was too late to unlock the interlinking cells. Stalin himself ordered the sending of Anatoli Yakovlev, one of Russia's cleverest known espionage chiefs, to America. He was detached from his senior directing job with the G R U at headquarters, for which work he had earned the rank of General, and sent to America as yet another "Vice-consul".

Harry Gold was assigned to be the carrier between Fuchs and Yakovlev—with Lona Cohen as one of the reserves.

Meanwhile Lona Cohen had formed a great personal friendship with Ethel Rosenberg and people later recall these two rather dumpy, but highly dangerous women, going shopping together.

Then, suddenly, on the other side of the world one of the most significant things which have happened in our world occurred, a happening which was to change the pattern of generations to come. It was not merely that Nagasaki and Hiroshima were in ruins. Enormous parts of the cities had disappeared completely with every living thing in them. Man had harnessed the atom. In the West.

Writhing steel girders bow to the sea of flames. Water steams. The sky shimmers hot orange. Here and there blackened steel frameworks that refuse to finally lay down and die stand like surrealistic skeletons. And over it all, darkening the sky, is the tombstone, gradually fashioning itself into the awesome shape of a gigantic deadly mushroom of flame, smoke and the dust of a hundred thousand human bodies. The epitaph is all around.

The war is over. The Japanese, the Germans, the Italians and their satellites are vanquished. And out of the victory into the full blaze of recognition emerges the new menace to freedom, Soviet Russia, soon to be an atomic power.

Berlin, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Eastern Germany, Eastern Austria, the Baltic States, Poland . . . the Red Army sits tight on the now extended frontiers of Russia. No new freedom for these people. Only a new oppression. For Wehrmacht read Red Army. For Gestapo read K G B . The foreign men who burst in at night wear a Red star instead of a swastika or the emblem of the skull. The leader with the grim moustache is called Stalin instead of Hitler. Nothing had really changed, not for them.

The fight for military and economic domination of the world was on. But because of the time-lag between the theft of the secrets and the building of plant for them to be put into operation, Russia was still at least three vital years behind the west.

New commands went out from the Central Committee of the USSR, to be channelled down to the G R U and K G B ; continue the spy fight on all fronts, extend it to the industrial fields of atomic research as well. Now peace had come the War Within was to be stepped up.

In November 1945 First Class Private Morris Cohen was demobilised—with a ten per cent disability pension—and Lona was released from her Brooklyn war factory. It enabled them to devote themselves full time to their Red masters. Yakovlev, realising their immense value, gave them the rent to set up a pleasant flat at 3b East 71st Street, which runs from New York's East River in Manhattan to Fifth Avenue, at the southern end of Central Park. Nothing posh to attract attention, just homely and comfortable. Lennie Wilson, a boyhood friend, spotted Morris in East 71st Street and shouted: "Hya, 'Unc'. Welcome home."

Morris Cohen was also assigned the highly important job of courier from the Communist scientists at Columbia University in New York to Yakovlev. By this time an immense tightening up in security had started as Russia began to show her real aggressive intentions. And in Ottawa Ivor Gouzenko had walked out of the Military Attaché's office and spilled some of the beans. Scientists were now being closely watched, particularly those with known Leftish leanings.

Contact became more difficult, so to enable Morris Cohen to continue the reception of secrets from the heart of the laboratories, he was instructed to become a schoolteacher. Yakovlev knew that to qualify he would be sent for a two-year course at a teachers' college at Columbia University where the Communist scientists were working in the advanced atom laboratories!

His application to become a teacher was accepted. Between studies he would wander in the university grounds and casually meet the scientist-spies who would hand over their secrets. At night he would go home and drop them into a "yafka" or "dubok" for collection by Yakovlev's men.

Two elementary follow-ups of information by the security services could have, in those days of 1945, broken up the Yakovlev-Rosenberg-Cohen-Greenglass-Fuchs ring, the most dangerous and vital in the West, and stopped the growing rot.

It would have resulted in the arrest of Fuchs, Greenglass and the Rosenbergs five years earlier than eventually happened—and there would have been no Peter and Helen Kroger to radio back the *Dreadnought's* secrets to Russia and later to stand in the dock of the Old Bailey.

In Canada Ivor Gouzenko's breath-taking revelations were at last taken seriously (at first there was so much government emphasis on preserving Russian-West relations that he was actually told to go back to the Attaché's office and take his incriminating documents with him). Arrests followed and on a piece of paper found in the possession of Israel Halperin, a Red spy, was Fuch's name and American address. Nothing at all was done about it.

In Germany, the British Army security men in Northern Germany were going through the meticulous files of the SS and Gestapo and came across the name of Klaus Fuchs with the note "secret worker for the Communist Party". Nothing was done about it.

It was the same story later with Communist atom scientist Bruno Pontecorvo, a member of the spy-network in Canada, and later employed at Harwell atom plant in Britain. The FBI turned over to the British authorities a complete dossier on his activities, given them by a former colleague. But nothing was done and two years later Pontecorvo was able to leave with pocketsful of secrets for a "holiday" in Finland—and a permanent one in Russia and British foreign office men Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean were allowed to make their getaway to Russia with atom secrets long after suspicions should have been acted upon.

But the collapse of the American ring was to come, although only after its members had performed the most vital spy work of all time. In 1946 Fuchs was sent back to England and his faith in Communism began to waver. He learned of the Communist oppression in East Germany, his place of birth, and where his mother still lived. He started to get careless. He had also been shaken by the arrests, following Ivor Gouzenko's disclosures in Ottawa, of fellow-Communist scientist Alan Nunn May, by this time working at Harwell atom plant. He was the first atom spy to take his place in the No. 1 dock of the Old Bailey, to be sentenced to 10 years' jail for contravention of the British Official Secrets Act.

On his return to America for a few months the following year Fuchs started questioning fellow scientists, asking their views about the duties of a Communist scientist and so on. One of them reported this to an FBI agent and Fuchs was watched. Fuchs returned to Britain and the FBI passed on their suspicions to Britain's MI5. Friendly-faced, quiet-voiced George Smith, known to Scotland Yard Special Branch friends as "The Banker" because he wears sober suits and striped pants like London city bankers and brokers, started to watch him.

Fuchs was seen meeting Red agents and towards the end of 1949 "The Banker" had enough evidence to pounce. Klaus Fuchs, one of the most brilliant brains of the West and Russia's most vital atomic spy, was arrested. Within days he accepted the invitation of the friendly Special Branch man who had trapped him to confess. And he revealed that his regular courier was Harry Gold. He had also met Morris Cohen several times, but he did not know his name or any other details.

In America the FBI pulled in Harry Gold. Harry Gold's nerve cracked under the enormity of his crime and because the Russian

spy-boss Yakovlev had once or twice in emergencies used him also as a courier to David Greenglass he revealed Greenglass and then the Rosenbergs. Questioning of the arrested Greenglass led to other agents, Miriam Moskowitz, Morton Sobell, Abraham Brothman, General Yakovlev and other Russian diplomats. It was yet another pointer to the fantastic success of the Communist spy penetration. But the ring had been cracked at last, General Yakovlev and other Soviet officials were immediately whipped back to Russia under the protection of diplomatic immunity.

The Cohens were not within those first few weeks directly implicated, but checks put on friends of all the arrested people immediately showed them to be at least good friends, if not fellow-conspirators, of the Rosenbergs.

FBI men tailed them, but the Cohens automatically used various tactics of evasion and they were frequently lost. At a vital moment they would suddenly divide and disappear into a large crowd to meet again at a pre-arranged rendezvous. Or they would suddenly jump into a cab or dash into a New York subway train just as the doors were shutting so that the tailing agent could not follow.

So effective were their methods and so careful were the following FBI men that the Cohens did not realise at first that they were being watched.

Meanwhile another sinister Russian G R U man appeared on the scene. He had got into America via Canada and now he was in the Cohens' familiar Brooklyn district where he set up a studio and posed as an artist. He was Yakovlev's replacement and, with false American papers, he set up under the name of Milton as a Brooklyn painter. He carried the papers of a long-dead American baby of that name. He could paint, too. He had been well trained by Moscow and his street scenes, portraits and nudes were very good. Mr Milton—alias Colonel Rudolf Ivanovich Abel—contacted the Cohens and took over the responsibility for the payments for their flat.

Meanwhile kindly looking Morris Cohen carried on with his teaching job at the Manhattan school to which he had "graduated" from Columbia University. He felt quite certain he wasn't being watched.

In Britain, Dr Klaus Fuchs walked the path Alan Nunn May had trodden and which the Cohens were to follow—into the No. 1 dock at the Old Bailey. He was charged under the

British Official Secrets Act and was given the maximum sentence for their contravention—14 years' jail. He could not be tried as a traitor because he was a German, not a British national.

In America the Rosenbergs were sentenced to death, Morton Sobell and Harry Gold were each sentenced to 30 years' imprisonment. David Greenglass was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment, Abraham Brothman to seven years and Miriam Moskowitz to two years' imprisonment.

Colonel Abel's instructions, after checks with Moscow, were to set the Cohens up as replacements for the Rosenbergs. But emotionalism, a drawback in espionage, entered the scene. Mrs Cohen who had become, it will be remembered, a close personal friend of Ethel Rosenberg, could not stand by while the long legal wrangle went on in an attempt to save her life.

She became one of the co-directors of the "Save the Rosenbergs" Campaign which raised money and popular support to fight the death sentence on the grounds that, in peacetime, it was too harsh, and that the Rosenbergs' three children would be orphaned.

In doing so the suspicions of the FBI were confirmed. The FBI intensified its tailing of the Cohens, hoping that they would lead to more members of the Soviet set-up. But the Cohens realised they were being watched. They told some friends that they were taking a vacation, others that "Unc" Cohen was starting a new career as a screenwriter in California. The betrayers who could shop their country felt sentimentally bound to "explain" their departure to their unsuspecting friends and neighbours.

One morning they just vanished from their flat, leaving behind clothes and other personal belongings, but no cash or clues.

It was the middle of the school summer holidays and Morris Cohen just did not turn up for work at the beginning of term. The New York Board of Education received no resignation. Mrs Cohen closed her bank account. On June 27, 1950 Lona and Morris Cohen cashed savings bonds worth 1,075 dollars (about £350)—and vanished completely from the American scene.

But their valuable experience and dedication could not be wasted. G R U headquarters in Dzerzhinski Street, Moscow, were about to extend the nuclear spy net yet another link. The Cohens were just the people for this job. Slowly, two new identities were

fashioned for them. It took five years. Then the neighbours at Penderry Rise, Catford, London, and later, Cranley Drive, Ruislip, Middlesex, were to meet "that nice, quiet couple Peter and Joyce Kroger". And London's antique book trade was to be joined by "that pleasant Kroger fellow with the greying hair".

And in Russia, a Red Army Intelligence Lieutenant Colonel, born in Moscow, sent away by his mother to a state school when he was 12 and who graduated to serve in China, maybe Japan, and later Germany, was slipping into a new identity—tailor-made in Canada. Now, if anyone asked him his name, he said it was Gordon Arnold Lonsdale, businessman. Travelling through Canada and America, he would soon finally be linking up with "those nice people, the Krogers".

Destination: Britain. Real business: treachery.

CHAPTER FOUR

BRIGHT LIGHTS AND DARK SECRETS

THE man who is now Gordon Arnold Lonsdale eases himself out of the soft arm chair and reaches for the telephone. A seductive voice with a soft North American accent says: "Service, sir?"

"Gimme room service," says the new Gordon Arnold Lonsdale. A few seconds, then, "Yes, suh?" the unmistakable inflection of a Negro voice.

"Room 22 here," says Lonsdale. "I'd like some rye-and-dry and a five-cent stamp."

"Yes, suh," says the dark brown voice. "Canadian or American?" "Canadian, of course," Lonsdale replied. "This *is* Canada, isn't it?" "Yes of course, suh," says room service at the other end of the telephone and hangs up.

The Negro porter could have been forgiven for forgetting precisely which country his customer was supposed to be in, though actually the question was a trap intended to catch him out. If it had worked a mark would have been notched up against Lonsdale.

Because Gordon Arnold Lonsdale was not in either America or

Canada. He was in Russia. In the Ukraine. Near the little town of Winnitza. In the main street of a town called Clifton—built as a complete replica of any Main Street, in North America.

Clifton is the finishing school for spies due to work in America or Canada or who are due to become "Americans" or "Canadians".

And for the Red Army Intelligence officer who actually held the rank of Lieutenant Colonel it was nearly time to move. He had been assigned by his G R U bosses to work in the West. His new life there and new objectives had been carefully explained to him. The tightening up of Western security had resulted in the breaking up of several spy rings and the hurried withdrawal of several more when discovery became imminent.

Now new men with new faces were wanted. They would step into the real identity of Westerners who had died or disappeared. The real Gordon Arnold Lonsdale had, as we have read, been born in Canada, but was brought to Karelia by his Finnish mother and then fallen into Russian hands. A Russian could, therefore, appear in Canada as Gordon Arnold Lonsdale and resume his life as if he had never left.

That is if he could pass off well enough as a Canadian citizen. The school near Winnitza was to supply that finish.

From now on the Red Army Lieutenant Colonel's name was Gordon Arnold Lonsdale, Canadian citizen, born Cobalt, Ontario, August 27, 1924. No-one had seen the real Lonsdale since he was a small boy and no-one could tell that the Red officer was actually two years older than the man he was to impersonate. From now on the Russian spy-master was referred to by his superiors as Lonsdale and addressed by that name. And from now on, for ease of reading, we, too, will refer to him as Gordon Arnold Lonsdale, without each time making the obvious qualification.

He was soon to be on his way. This was the dress rehearsal.

The existence of the school at Winnitza has been revealed by Major Per Lindgren, an Intelligence Officer of the Swedish General Staff. Incredibly, he was shown over the village by a Red Army officer during a tour through the Ukraine. On the Soviet side it was a ridiculous revelation of secrets, although it hardly harmed Soviet security. We can probably safely assume the Soviet officer was punished for his foolishness. But not before he had told Lindgren that all Soviet agents are sent to such mocked up towns representing the countries to which they will be sent or to which they are supposed to belong so as to familiar-

ise them with every aspect of life, habits, idiom and behaviour in that country.

Many Soviet spies have, in the past given themselves away because, although they were able to speak fluently the language of their cover country, they didn't know how to dial a call on an automatic telephone, or didn't know how to drive a car built in that country, or were plainly at a loss when a popular non-political idol, unknown in Russia, was brought up in conversation.

Soviet Intelligence, with so much at stake, soon put that right.

Now Red spies masquerading as Western nationals can gossip as much about Marilyn Monroe's vital statistics and Brigitte Bardot's sex life as any film fan. He can gossip about baseball stars in America and cricket in England.

If he is to operate in Germany he will get used to German food, be able to drink steins of German beer and cultivate the German brand of humour. Apart from atoms, he will also know of Hildegard Neff, the blond German filmstar, and that bluff, smiling Henri Nannen, boss of "Stern", writes a tough straight-from-the-shoulder column of introduction to his star-spangled mass-sales weekly magazine called "Lieber Sternleser!"

If it is France he will know all about the support General de Gaulle gives to the efforts to cut down the consumption of wine. If Spain, he will know about bull-fighting. If Denmark, all about the Tivoli Gardens. If Holland about the Dutch Royal Family. If Sweden, well, of course about Anita Ekberg. And so on with each country of operation.

In many of the spies' finishing schools nationals of the intended country of operation, who have gone over to the Russians, are used to staff the mocked-up towns. In the case of Clifton, several American Negroes, as well as white troops, who deserted from Western Germany, are now living there as advisers and staff. No expense is spared and the latest American and Canadian newspapers, books, magazines and gadgets are regularly delivered.

The FBI source of information in America on Lonsdale has said that Lonsdale did, in fact, go to the school at "Clifton". With this knowledge and with the detailed evidence of the highly reliable Major Lindgren who saw the town and the training carried out, we can therefore, reconstruct pretty accurately this vital part of Lonsdale's preparation for his part in Operation "Atomic West". This is the picture Major Lindgren builds up:

The Negro porter knocks at the door and enters. He hands Lonsdale a blue, Canadian 5c stamp and puts on the nearby table the "rye-and-dry", a glass of rye whiskey and dry ginger. Lonsdale looks at the glass and says: "Where's the ice?" No self-respecting Canadian would drink rye-and-dry without ice. The Negro smiles. Lonsdale has passed another test. "It is outside, suh," he apologises. "I'll bring it in."

Lonsdale takes the ice and flicks a ten cent tip on the tray. Along the street a red and blue neon sign blinks the word "Bar". He walks downstairs and on to the sidewalk. American Studebakers (he eventually bought one in England) and Chryslers sigh along the street. The voluptuous half-clad bodies of Marilyn Monroe, Brigitte Bardot and Diana Dors decorate posters of their latest films. Off the street there are baseball pitches, gambling saloons and drinking dens. Lonsdale turns into the bar. A pretty, curved girl with long, dark hair says: "What will you have?" Lonsdale varies it this time: "Rum and coke," he says. Before pouring the drink the bar girl slips a piece of folded paper in front of him: "There was a phone call for you here a few minutes ago, Mr Lonsdale, and the caller left a message to ring this number."

Lonsdale picks up the paper and walks to the phone kiosk. He recalls the Canadian dialling code, then swiftly spins the dial. Then he returns and swallows his drink. He looks at the menu and selects his Canadian meal—salmon steak and blueberry pie for sweet. "Three dollars?" he says. "That isn't bad."

According to Major Lindgren, no sign that all this is a charade is allowed to be shown. It is all deadly serious....

A lot had happened in the life of the Red Army Lieutenant-Colonel since his return to Russia from the East. For one thing, he had married—"his beloved Galyshia" to whom microdot letters were found when he was arrested, the years later. Then he had been sent to Prague as a Russian secret agent for a couple of years. This was the usual post-war prelude to an important overseas assignment.

A spy is sent to a satellite Communist country where he can be watched by senior officials to see how he shapes. He is expected to harvest a lot of information, although the Government is friendly. The Government does not mind because the information is not secret from Russia, anyway, and feels in any case it is its duty to help train agents for Moscow. It doesn't very much matter in those early days if the spy slips, because he is spying

in a friendly country and is soon released. Only his future career is jeopardised.

It is then believed that Lonsdale was sent to Austria and Switzerland with forged papers and forged American passport, though not yet in the name of Lonsdale, to mix with North American tourists at the popular resorts. This was to observe behaviour and habits and to gain confidence in passing himself off as a North American.

Next would have followed the intensive course of latest espionage methods at a special school. There are about thirty of these schools in the Soviet Union and courses last nearly a year. The course opens, defected spies have disclosed, with up-to-date political indoctrination and the latest interpretation of the teachings of Lenin, Marx and others. The importance and "Moral rightness" of their task is also emphasised. Various lecturers, some from the country to be entered, speak about the structure of Government, police force, the unions and the general social structure.

Then follows talks from spies who have returned—forced back in a hurry or otherwise—about the various traps that can be fallen into. If the returned spy knows any of the agents and informers with whom the new spy is going to work he is given a first-hand briefing on their strengths and weaknesses, intelligence and ability. In other cases full information from the detailed dossier upon the most insignificant informer is supplied by the gigantic Central Register of the G R U in Moscow. Then he is informed how instructions and information will be channelled, and told again of the absolute necessity for referring the smallest thing to Moscow for a decision. This, of course, though cumbersome and sometimes slowing up activities, often prevents mistakes being committed by checks against the great Central Register in Moscow.

Then Lonsdale, like other Soviet agents, was clearly put through an intensive technical course. Every Soviet agent is an expert in radio telegraphy and he is shown how to operate the latest and smallest sets under the most difficult conditions. He is instructed how to link to the set an instrument which, when fed with a coded message, converts it into coded morse and then, at the press of a button, transmits it at up to 600 words a minute over a powerful transmitter. This transmission, which needs to be on the air for only a few seconds, is finely keyed for reception on the same high-frequency wavelength in Moscow. The brief time

on the air makes tracking very difficult, even if it is picked up.

Courses in photography, micro-filming, processing, map-reading, ciphers, codes follow.

A reference by the British Prime Minister, Mr Harold Macmillan, on March 23, 1961, in Parliament, to the ingenuity of Russian espionage contained the first official disclosure of Western knowledge of a fantastic Russian eavesdropping device. This device has, in fact, been in use for some time and all spies from 1953—and thus, Lonsdale—were trained how to use it.

Mr Macmillan said: "Having learned in the last two or three years the extraordinary degree to which espionage goes on in every country—where you cannot speak, not only in the house but also in the open air—the problems that are set to counter espionage are of a greater degree than ever in the past."

The key words are in the passage regarding the dangers of speaking "not only in the house but also in the open air". It is a reference to a new super eavesdropper the size of a matchbox. It needs no connection to cables or wires. All that is needed is for an "office cleaner" to hide it in a room—a Cabinet room, an atomic laboratory, a scientist's home—and the damage is done. From a hideout, like a hotel bedroom or an attic up to a mile away, a transmitter, operated by an agent, sends out electronic waves which sensitises a metal disc in the device. The disc then picks up and reflects the waves of the conversation on the frequency of a receiver by the spy's side at his hideout and this is recorded. Ears can now be hidden among the bushes in an important person's garden or hidden in a corner of his home in a few minutes by the "electric meter inspector".

One was actually found in the office of the American ambassador in Moscow.

There are also courses of memory training, psychology and the exercise of self-control when in tight spots. The latest and most effective techniques of dealing with agents on a lower level and informants follow and, of course, there is impressed the Nazi-style necessity of obeying orders absolutely and without question.

Then Lonsdale would have been warned that any transgression of the rules or disobedience will result in immediate recall and punishment and any defection would result in punishment of relatives and friends.

By the time he left home for the last time in 1954 the spy-

master did, in fact, have three young sons. Lonsdale did not talk when he was caught.

The pay would be good—about £400 a month (1,200 dollars) banked in Russia, plus all expenses and generous allowances to his family. Personal letters for them would come from him in his own handwriting in microdot form. And they could write to him in the same way. His wife and family would be visited regularly by helpers and professional cheery people, for it is considered essential that a man on such a dangerous mission should be quite happy about his family's welfare.

Finally, Lonsdale went to the spy school to finish off his grooming for deception in the West. Then, towards the autumn of 1954, we assume that he travelled for the last time to his home in Moscow and kissed his wife and children goodbye. It would be, he no doubt warned his wife, a long spell of duty abroad, but, now and again, he had been promised, they would meet in Central Europe. She would be informed. The promise was kept. But his return to his home in Moscow was longer away than he thought....

The long, gleaming form of the trans-Siberian express thundered on its seemingly endless journey through the vast emptiness of the heart of Russia. The year 1954 was drawing to a close. A clue and a chance remark indicate that Gordon Arnold Lonsdale started his journey to Britain this way. The journey across 10,000 miles of the great stretch of Russia from Moscow to Vladivostok, the distant Russian Far East port washed by the Sea of Japan.

Gorki ... Kazan lay behind. They were not so different in appearance from other towns in European Russia. Now the train pounded into the foothills of the great Ural mountain range dividing European from Asian Russia. Sverdlovsk, set amidst the Urals' majestic peaks, and then the great haul across Asia. Apart from life in the towns and cities which few Western eyes have seen, the grey, inhuman Russian winter seemed to have frozen the yawning wastes into immobility. Omsk ... Tomsk ... Kansk ... Cherekhova.... Now new names with an Asian ring ... Chita... Magdagachi. The look of the houses was changing too. They were more graceful, less squat. Yet the long journey gives any traveller an unforgettable impression of the vastness of Russia. Finally, the train pulled into Vladivostok.

The Captain of the Russian grain ship in Vladivostok's vast harbour was waiting. Within hours the spy-master was aboard

with the usual Political Officer as company. But it is likely that on this occasion there was also at least one official of the G R U . The destination was Vancouver, Canada. But first there was a stop at Tokyo. Lonsdale we now know, was to meet two other members of the G R U there. On the basis of that knowledge and of the manner in which the G R U instructs such meetings to be conducted we can, I think, reconstruct the likely scene:

The junks, the fishing boats, at first specks in the blue Pacific Ocean come into sight. Then the great harbour that serves Tokyo. The spy-master walks down the gangplank. No G R U man to meet him in a comfortable car. No-one to show him round. For a few hours until the next stage of the journey he is on his own. He is on "hostile" land now. Although there is a large Communist movement in the country, Japan is economically and politically allied to the West. The Russians have, in any case, been age-long enemies of the Japanese and the Japanese secret police have had Western training and co-operated with the FBI. American cars honk in the street. The doll-like women, some in gay kimonos, mince along the pavements.

Lonsdale memorises his instructions. He walks thoughtfully. Surely this is the place. Yes, at the table on the right. He glances over again. Yes, those are the people. The descriptions he had been given fit perfectly. He sits down at the table, a recently bought copy of an American newspaper under his arm as a sign. "May I share your table?" he asks. "Sure," say the two fellow members of the G R U in broad American accents. A few more phrases are exchanged so that each party is absolutely certain of the other's identity, then the sun-tanned man with the greying hair smiles and says: "I suppose I ought to formally introduce myself.

"I'm Peter John Kroger. I'm in the books business. And this is my wife, Helen. I call her 'Cookie'." Lonsdale smiles and shakes hands. "I'm pleased to meet you," he says. "My name is Gordon Arnold Lonsdale. I'm a Canadian."

The parts of the cell were coming together and Tokyo is, we now know, where the spy-master and his two other faithful workers met. Morris and Lona Cohen had reappeared. The new cell which was to steal some of the secrets of the West's atomic submarines was knitting together.

Where had the Cohens been? How had they managed to flit about the world when, at the request of the FBI, the police and secret services of a dozen countries were looking for them?

The answer to the second question supplies the vital background to answer the first.

An essential and huge department of Russia's secret service organisation—for the GRU and the KGB—is called The Pass-Apparat. It provides the whole basis of the spy's new identity and makes his movements easy. There are full-time agents of the Pass-Apparat in every country. Their full-time job is to gather travel documents and information about travel documents. Lonsdale and the Cohens had several false identities.

Each involved a separate cover story of movements, background and journeys in the past. The Cohens left America via Canada. They were able to do so because they both had forged Canadian passports.

Think of the work of the Pass-Apparat in just these two cases and then multiply it many tens of thousands of times for the thousands of other spies who each have several passports.

The story of the passport has to be worked out in advance and for the Cohens' Canadian passport it was decided that it should appear to have been issued in Toronto. First the right paper for the passport has to be made or stolen, perfect replicas of the watermarks have to be inserted. When was the passport supposedly "issued"? March 29, 1948? Details of the type of paper and the watermark used at that time must be found out and copied. The name of one of the people who would sign the passport must be found out. Whether that person was actually on duty that day or, perhaps, on holiday, must be ascertained. That having been settled, an exact copy of his signature must be obtained and his forged signature applied to the sort of ink used at the time.

In some parts of Canada, at that time, various punches, embossings and markings were applied to a passport. Was there such a mark used in Toronto at the time? Some places also put a postal stamp on the passport as a receipt that it had been paid for. Did this apply to Toronto? If so such a stamp of the time must be procured or forged. Then there is a rubber stamp. These vary, sometimes quite accidentally, from town to town. *The mark similar to that made by the one used at the time by the official who signs the documents must be applied.*

Then, of course, it would look very odd if the 1948 passport hadn't a few previous entries in it. So the border stamps, correct in every detail, of other countries must be inserted and then

the whole new, finished job, roughed up and soiled a little to make it look old.

In addition birth certificates, marriage certificates, possible employment papers, Canadian driving licence, has to be provided in case they are asked for. They must all conform in every detail. And each in itself involves the same complicated rigmarole of minute checking and application. The Cohens then had to remember every detail of their Canadian "past" and had to be familiar with the geography and customs of their "home area". It is small wonder that tens of thousands of forgers, printers, dyers and photographers are employed in the Soviet Pass-Apparat. Every change of passport regulations and issue is reported from every country in the world to Moscow to keep up to date this immense machine of deception.

The Cohens actually had four forged passports each and they fraudulently obtained several more genuine ones in several countries to facilitate their travels by presenting forged birth and marriage certificates and other documents. The forged ones—British, Canadian, New Zealand and American—found on them later when the masquerade was uncovered were said by Scotland Yard experts to be the finest forgeries ever to come into their possession.

The Cohens' first move in the summer of 1950 was, then, north to Canada, posing as Canadian citizens. As a North-American born couple who had both visited Canada several times before, they had no difficulty in blending into the Canadian scene. There were no language or behaviour problems to trip them up. They spent nearly three years laying low in boarding houses and rented flats in Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver. They kept on the move and Morris Cohen, to account for the fact that he did not go out to work, said he was a freelance writer.

They used various names, impressed landlords and landladies as being a quiet, devoted couple, and confirmed their "Canadian-ness" by joining in the fairly national pastime of being critical of the manners and methods of their American cousins to the south. Their pictures had not appeared in the newspapers and no-one recognised them. The FBI sent a "flyer" to various national services, including those of the Canadian Police and Scotland Yard. This detailed their descriptions, background, habits, real name and the fact that the FBI would now like to talk to them. But no clue cropped up that they were in Canada.

The Cohens stayed in Canada for several months. Then they

sailed from the huge eastern port of Vancouver south to Australia. There, it is believed, money was wired to them from Switzerland, where the Russian secret service has several accounts in the name of companies they have set up. There, since the embassy walk-out of Petrov and the collapse of the early Soviet spy network, a new organisation had been built. It was during the Cohens' stay in Australia that their friends and fellow-conspirators, the Rosenbergs, were at last executed in the electric chair at Sing-Sing.

The next move was to be a preparation for England—over the Tasman Sea to New Zealand, where the influence of the early English settlers is still very strong. It was also the birthplace of the cover name and identity of Peter John Kroger and Helen Joyce Kroger.

The Cohens entered on forged American passports. Then they went through the files of local newspapers for years previously and found that a couple named John Peter Kroger and Helen Joyce Kroger had died. If they had been alive, they would have been approximately the Cohens' age. The Krogers had lived for years in the Gisborne district, a pleasant town on the South Pacific coast of North Island, New Zealand. The Cohens, therefore spent a few weeks there, getting acquainted with the dead Krogers' background—the background that was soon going to become the Cohens'—and then obtained copies of the real Krogers' birth and marriage certificates for the later use we shall trace.

Obviously they would not have gone through all these manoeuvres except at the detailed direction of Moscow. Throughout it all G R U Headquarters in Dzerzhinski Street, Moscow, was plotting their movements, identities, futures, helping them in various countries by clandestine means with papers and large sums of money. It is an illustration of the enormous labyrinthine web of Soviet intelligence that Moscow can illegally move men and women with such ease from country to country, over frontiers, all the time directing them and providing for them, without once rousing the suspicion of the security services.

But this was only the start of their travels.

Towards the end of 1954 Moscow moved the Cohens again. The time for their active re-employment was near. They flew from New Zealand via Brisbane, Singapore, Colombo, Beirut, and Rome to Paris. There, they went to the unsuspecting New Zealand embassy, in Paris. They introduced themselves as Peter

John Kroger and Helen Joyce Kroger, and applied for New Zealand passports. They produced copies of the real Krogers' birth and marriage certificates, certificates showing them to have been born in New Zealand, filled in the application forms and signed a declaration that the details were true. Then they each handed over three passport photographs of themselves.

It was a vital move for they were applying for the passports on which they later entered Britain. They were told, as they had expected, that it would be a couple of weeks before the passports were ready. They said that this would be quite all right and that they would call back. They did not want them for a couple of weeks, anyway, for they had another long vital journey to make.

From Paris the Cohens flew to Austria. This was almost certainly to receive through an agent a large sum of money to finance their future operations and immediate long trip. Internationally-minded Vienna, close to the Iron Curtain is still something of a Third Man city where foreign agents merge easily into the cosmopolitan background. They stayed a few days at the luxurious, five-star Hotel Sacher, in the Philharmonikerstrasse and while there they drew 20 American Express ten-dollar travellers' cheques in the name of Kroger.

As Lonsdale was moving across Russia to Vladivostok, they booked a flight to Tokyo. The G R U headquarters in Moscow obviously attached so much importance to their mission in Britain that it was decided that Lonsdale and the Cohens should meet personally so that they would be able to recognise each other without doubt. The reason for this, presumably, was to guard against the possibility of MI5 trapping one of the parties when entering Britain and substituting an MI5 agent to work with and uncover the ring.

The Cohens flew to Singapore, then to Hong-Kong and then to Tokyo, spending some of their American Express travellers' cheques at each place. Then came the meeting with Lonsdale. They had a lot to talk about.

Lonsdale continued on his journey and the Cohens returned to Europe. They went to Switzerland, to Geneva, and stayed two days at the Hotel du Rhone on the Quai Turrettini. Then, armed with a letter of authority, they went to the SBS, Societe de Banque Suisse, in the Rue de la Confederation, just off Geneva's beautiful Lake Lemman, and withdrew a large sum from a numbered account in English and American currency.

Next stop Paris, where they went again to the New Zealand

embassy and collected their new passports in the name of Kroger. They gave as their address an Hotel in the Rue de l'Arcade. Then in February, 1955, Peter John Kroger and Helen Joyce Kroger, imposters, arrived in Britain. A Russian embassy agent had already spotted the little house which they would rent. Since they were known in Britain as Kroger we will from now on, in this examination, refer to them by that name.

The Russian grain ship hove into sight of Vancouver Island, whose residents are often said to be more English than the English. And in Vancouver harbour Lonsdale said his final goodbyes. Lonsdale actually stepped ashore as a Russian seaman. Making quite sure he was not being followed, he is believed to have gone to the house of a GRU undercover man and changed his clothes, making quite sure that his Russian clothes were destroyed. All his new clothes—underwear, ties, socks, were Canadian. Then he put on a suit, made in the Western style and bearing the label of a well-known Vancouver tailor. He fingered the American fountain pen in his pocket and the Canadian-made wallet, slipped a wedge of chewing gum in his mouth and emerged every bit the image of Gordon Arnold Lonsdale.

That night Lonsdale walked with a suitcase and a few books to a row of shabby-looking wooden framed boarding houses in Burnaby Street. He knocked at the door of No. 1527, Burnaby Street, and got a room for ten days. He said he was a salesman. He got busy straight away. Neighbours remember him returning one day with a lovely Chinese scroll. He said he had "bought it cheap" in the large Chinese quarter of Vancouver.

It was to play a significant part in the paraphernalia of being a spy. Then he set about getting useful documents to support his new identity. First he applied for a British Columbian provincial driving licence. He was put through the usual tests, which he passed, and the licence was issued by the Vancouver authorities. But before they did so they recorded the details of the newly licensed driver: 5ft. 8ins., black hair, deeply sunk grey eyes, well-built, weight one hundred and forty pounds.

But the rooming house in Burnaby Street wasn't quite good enough for him. So he moved to another boarding house, No. 1630, in Pendrill Street in a middle-class district, and hired the best room at £5 7s. a week. The house was run by Mr George Hirsch, a refugee from East Germany. Lonsdale had a pleasant room with a big window on the ground floor and a balcony outside. George Hirsch said about him: "He was an odd guy. Talked

a lot about politics, but didn't seem to like politicians much, at least not Canadian or American politicians. He said he was a salesman for some big Canadian firm."

Lonsdale moved on. On to Toronto. He went to the cheerful, tidy boarding house run by Mrs Jane Zammet at 146 Collier Street, and spent days pottering about his room and cooking his meals on a stove in the room. Mrs Zammet recalls: "He was very clean and quiet. I don't recall him talking to anyone very much. There was never anybody with him." She added thoughtfully: "He always paid his rent on time." He could well afford to. For while in Toronto he did four more vital things. He went to a Toronto bank with a letter of authority from a person who had opened an account there about six months before and drew £1,500. And similarly, he drew from the local branch of a Vancouver bank credit of £1,000. A lot of money for a salesman to have in his pocket.

Next he applied for a copy of "his" birth certificate, the birth certificate of Gordon Arnold Lonsdale. It was issued to him, signed by the deputy Registrar-General. There it was—the "proof" of the identity he wanted.

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO
Form 26
The Vital Statistics Act
BIRTH CERTIFICATE

Name: Lonsdale, Gordon, Arnold
Date of Birth: August 27, 1924. *Sex:* M
Birthplace: Cobalt, Temiskaming Dist.
Registration: Sept 2, 1931. Number 24-05-901544
Issued at Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

And on it was the neat, round signature of Mr R. B. Wallace, Deputy Registrar-General.

Lonsdale then forged an affidavit and forged a signature of a person picked at random from the telephone directory. The affidavit said that the writer had known Gordon Arnold Lonsdale for many years and vouched for him completely as a worthy Canadian citizen. He filled in the necessary passport application form, attached two passport photographs of himself and his birth certificate and went to the Toronto passport office.

He said he had come over from the east coast of Canada and

wanted to go to Britain to study Chinese at London University. The passport office official studied the documents. They seemed to be in order and the passport was issued on January 19, 1955. Like all other Canadian passports it helpfully stated that Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth wished all those with whom the bearer had contact to aid and assist him in every way.

Lonsdale's papers were complete. He went to a travel office and bought a ticket to Southampton on the SS *America*, sailing from New York on February 18. But although the name Gordon Arnold Lonsdale appears on the passenger list that day he did not, in fact, sail on the ship. Beside his name a steward wrote NOB—Not on Board. He was to catch a later boat. Meanwhile, with money in his pocket, his documents ready and nothing further to do, he visited Ottawa and Prince George.

Chunky Lonsdale was fascinated by his success with Western women. He dressed in narrow cut Italian-style suits and decided that slim Italian-cut, silk ties suited him. His wife was far away and in the bars and restaurants he picked up several pretty Canadian women and bought them little presents and "candy". He also cultivated a liking for Canadian dishes like oyster stews, corn on the cob and pumpkin pie.

Then, on February 22, he took the 70-mile bus journey to Niagara Falls, admired the view, and walked into the United States. There was no trouble, no fuss. It was all absolutely simple.

But before leaving Canada he opened another bank account with money sent him from Switzerland and paid 7,000 Canadian dollars into it. It was intended to finance his return journey from Britain. But he was going to stay in Britain longer than he thought.

Lonsdale made his way to New York and there, the FBI believe, he met the new GRU boss in America, the sinister, hawk-eyed, cavernous cheeked Colonel Rudolf Ivanovich Abel. The gum-chewing Canadian visitor had a good look around New York and finally sailed in the SS *America* on March 3.

The spy-master stepped on to the dock at Southampton on March 9, 1955. He presented his phoney credentials and, as in other countries, he was let through. The new arrival bought a ticket to Waterloo.

Then he booked a room in London's quiet hotel quarter, Bloomsbury. "I'm a Canadian businessman," he told the receptionist.

On March 17, 1955, the overseas visitor with the Canadian

accent kept his long-arranged rendezvous with the Krogers, the nice quiet couple from New Zealand. Where did they meet? We now know. Just where you would expect three Commonwealth visitors to meet. Among the jostling sight-seeing crowds outside Buckingham Palace.

But they were preparing to look at other things.

CHAPTER FIVE

TRAPPED INTO TRAITORSHIP

PEACE was a problem for Harry Houghton. There wasn't the same excitement, the same gaiety as there had been in the war-time days in the Navy. Harry Houghton had been in the Navy for 22 years and had got used to the way of life. When he had been demobilised he had reached the honoured rank of Master-at-Arms, the senior man of the lower deck, and chief of the ship's police.

Now, in his new dull Admiralty clerical job he was depressed. And to make it worse whisky was two shillings a nip, instead of 6d. for a generous double measure in the ship's mess. It wasn't the same strength, either. And there were no casks of free issue rum, stamped R V Y, for Royal Victualling Yards, in Civvy Street. No excitement of battle. Not the same comradeship. And no gay jaunts in foreign ports with the tinkle of eager, gay female company in his ears.

Civvy Street was in fact a dead loss for Harry Houghton.

Henry Frederick Houghton, who had joined His Majesty's Royal Navy in 1922, when a boy of 16, had got on well in the service. He was respectful of his superiors and was soon promoted. He transmitted the orders of officers punctiliously to the men below him and saw that they were carried out.

He had served with distinction in the wartime convoys to Malta as well as the convoys to Murmansk. As far as danger went there wasn't much to choose between either. The only difference was the weather. Both ran the gauntlet of repeated bomb and torpedo attacks from nearby enemy bases. There was nothing wrong with Harry Houghton's bravery when he could see the

flash and smoke of battle. It was the quiet and stealthy attack of the War Within that beat him.

Harry Houghton served in the great ships *Indomitable*, *Ramilles*, *Frobisher* and *Andrew*. And he often boasted that, while in the Navy, he frequently had a drink with a Royal Navy Second Lieutenant who became quite famous—Prince Philip, husband of Queen Elizabeth II.

It is said that Prince Philip seemed to like Harry Houghton. He had a good sense of humour and was a good story-teller. His mates certainly used to like him. One of them, Ronald Smith, who knew him on the Malta convoys, recalls: "Like all Master-at-Arms in the Navy he had the nickname of 'Jaunty'. He used to get a move on, whatever the problem was.

"Mind you, like most Jaunties he didn't used to go short of much and I don't blame him. He knew the ropes. He was, after all, the senior man on the lower deck and that is quite a position. He was a little king. He certainly used to be able to shift the liquor, aboard in the mess or ashore on a pub-crawl. He was a real lad. He liked women's company, but who doesn't? We all noticed that he never minded the Russian convoys. It was no doubt partly because he used to have a fair time ashore in Murmansk."

The characteristics that Ronald Smith and others had noticed had also been noticed by the Russians during that time. As we have read, they noted that he drank rather heavily, liked the girls—and, as Ron Smith put it, "knew the ropes."

When the war ended Harry Houghton's period of service had long over-run. He was demobilised with a good gratuity, a pension and a row of medals.

He joined his attractive wife Peggy at their home in Weymouth, Dorset. After a holiday he looked round, but didn't see an attractive job. He was 40 years old and the most sensible thing, he decided, was to continue as nearly as possible, in his own line. So he applied for a clerical job in an Admiralty office. To do so he had to enter the Civil Service and he had to start his new career at the bottom of the ladder. He was accepted as a Temporary clerk, Grade III, in December, 1945. He started work in the office of the great Royal Navy base at Portland, nearby.

Harry Houghton continued to drink and all went well while his Royal Navy gratuity lasted. But it didn't and he started feeling the financial limitations of life as a £12-a-week clerk. There were growing rows between him and Peggy. Harry decided the

trouble was that he was stuck at comparatively quiet Weymouth, instead of having the stimulus and interest of being in a foreign country. So one day he got down and wrote a letter applying for an Admiralty post overseas.

There were several possibilities. Stores officer, clerical officer, civilian posts like that. But he didn't really mind what sort of job it was. Anyway, the pay would probably be better and there would also be various supplementary cash allowances.

The break came in 1950. There was a vacancy on the staff of the British Naval Attaché in Warsaw as a clerical officer. On the staff of an embassy! CD and all that. What a jump up, he thought. Harry Houghton's record was good, though in civilian life, undistinguished. He was called to London for an interview and he got the job.

"It's really an advantage to have someone who has had some experience of Communist countries," he was told. "You saw quite a bit of the Reds during the war and know about security and so on."

It was the break he had waited for. He returned home to Weymouth and told Peggy the wonderful news. She was glad, too. "But Poland," she asked. "Isn't it awfully drab there—and cold?" Harry's spirits were high. "No," he said, "it'll be great. Fancy being a 'diplomat'," he said. "We'll be on the diplomatic staff, you know." If Harry and Peggy Houghton had been interested in one-upmanship they couldn't have been more pleased. It was an insignificant post, but it was to prove his eventual ruin and shame—and disaster for the West.

Harry and Peggy Houghton arrived in Warsaw in July 1951. They flew there and were met at the airport by a chauffeur-driven British Embassy car, prominently displaying CD plates. "This is the life," said Houghton as he leaned back against the soft leather. The hot sun made Warsaw look beautiful, in the streets women wore gay, cotton dresses. The men were more conservatively dressed, but many walked the wide pavements without coats. Faces were tanned and in the sunshine it was possible to forget some of the unhappiness of Communist rule. The car drew up outside the British Embassy at No. 1, Aleja Roz (Avenue of the Rose). This was it.

The Houghtons were taken to their quarters, a pleasant apartment, and next day Houghton was asked to report to the office of Captain Nigel Austen, the Naval Attaché.

Thin-faced Captain Austen a double DSO rose when Hough-

ton entered the room and extended his hand. "It's nice to see you, Mr Houghton," he said. "I hope you are going to be very happy here." He courteously gestured Houghton to a seat and outlined his duties.

"Your job will be to deal with correspondence, organise things like official visits and to act as my confidential secretary," he said.

They chatted for nearly half an hour about life in Poland, old times in the Navy and the sort of work the Attaché's office did. Captain Austen felt happy. There was a feeling of confidence in having a long-serving, trusty "Jaunty" who knew the Navy inside out. Yes, it was just like the old days.

Harry Houghton settled down to work. It wasn't a very difficult job. The apartment was very cosy and at first he and Peggy found new happiness together. But there was one thing. Instead of being like a Master-at-Arms, the superior treated with respect by hundreds of men, Harry Houghton found as time went on that, as virtually a clerk in the Attaché's office, he didn't cut much ice with the rest of the staff. Many of them were Foreign Office career diplomats. Their wives observed the various grades of social strata determined by their husbands' position. They found Peggy pleasant enough, when they met, but Harry Houghton was mixing with a different sort of society than the lower deck of the Navy. Their tastes were different, their humour was different. Harry's jokes did not go down with the diplomats.

But embassy drinks were cheap. There was no tax. Good stuff, too. But what Harry began to enjoy more and more was his strolls around Warsaw at night. In the Praga district across the River Vistula, in the street called Ulica Pargowa there were a dozen cheap bars with attractive Polish bar girls. Poland, although under Communist domination, was not as puritan as Russia. Gomulka's brand of Communism had to be suited to the Polish people, with their irrepressible individuality.

So there had to be gay restaurants, and softly-lit bars. Some bars were more softly lit than others and these were frequently patronised by the con-man, Black Market element with their Western-style dressed women.

Harry found the sleazier dives most attractive. He was getting tired of the embassy. It was a bit stuffy for his tastes. An old sailor liked to stroll round a bit. He soon found he had company.

For the arrival of the new, junior official at the embassy had been reported to the Polish authorities in the normal way. It was one of the rules and it was the only way to have diplomatic privilege accorded to the new arrival. Back through the labyrinthine channels of the immense Communist bureaucracy went the name of Henry Frederick Houghton. No, nothing known. Until that check at the great filing system of the GRU. There it was recorded that such a man had visited Russia while in the Navy during the war. He had had to fill in papers to go ashore and all these details were recorded.

The GRU official noted the comments about him and passed the file to his superior. It was not long before Harry Houghton found two or three friendly strangers in the bars on Ulica Pargowa and Ulica Nowomiejska.

They could speak English, too. Yes, they liked the British, they said. Great people. What a Navy, too. This was Houghton's old ground. They listened attentively while Houghton recounted his wartime exploits. He liked an audience. They even laughed uproariously at his jokes.

These people weren't so bad after all. Not like the stuffy people at the embassy. There were also some pretty girls among them, especially that full-lipped girl, Christina. She would catch any man's eye with her slim, hip-hugging skirt and the taut contours of her thin, peasant blouse. And she seemed to like him.

What ex-Master-at-Arms Houghton did not know was that these new friends, including Christina, were agents of Z2. Z2 is the Polish Intelligence organisation which works alongside the Russians in many countries, particularly in Britain, America and Germany.

A duty of one of the sections is getting an "in" into Western diplomatic circles by subverting Embassy staffs of any rank with presents, parties, female company and, if necessary, threats.

The GRU in Moscow said that Henry Frederick Houghton, this talkative confidential secretary to the British Naval Attaché, had various weaknesses....

A surprised and delighted Harry Houghton discovered that his new friends were always ready to buy their British friend a drink. And Christina had a disturbing habit of leaving a button of her blouse undone when it should have been done up.

He was surprised one night when one of the friendly Poles confided in him that he actually did a bit of black marketeering.

"There are lots of things that are short here," he said. "You can get a terrific price for penicillin and streptomycin. Can't get hold of any for me, could you? After all, people are dying here for the need of it and we were allies during the war. Many a brave Polish partisan or the children of a brave Polish Air Force pilot who fought with the British wishes that his British friends would help. But they are willing to pay, and pay well. You wouldn't lose by it and it would do so much good."

Back in the embassy at No. 1, Avenue of the Rose, Harry Houghton thought it over. They were a friendly crowd and there seemed a lot in what his Polish friend had said. But he would have to get some supplies sent from Britain.

A couple of weeks later he met his Polish friends again. "Did you have any luck?" the man whose only name he knew was Stanislaw asked. "Well, I haven't yet, it's a bit difficult," Harry confessed. Stanislaw suddenly laughed. "Why, nothing is impossible for an old Master-at-Arms," he said. "Who said the British Navy could do anything? You did." Christina was very close and her lips were moist. "I help Stanislaw," she said softly, "and I could do with the money." She squeezed his hand and smiled. It was really Christina who decided it, one way and another, and within weeks Harry Houghton was to make his first rendezvous with crime.

Or what he thought was crime. It was actually a careful preparation for treachery.

The meeting place was the Centre Ogród Saski (Saxon Gardens). An hour before time Houghton nervously fingered the bulky package in his pocket. What if he was caught? There were not only British embassy officials to watch for, but also the Polish police. Oh, well, he had to go through with it now. Christina would think he was yellow. And they were nice people. And there was the money.

Houghton walked out of the embassy, up the Avenue of the Roses. The city wasn't exactly prosperous. It didn't have the bustle of the West, but there seemed a general sufficiency. A little later Houghton walked into the Saxon Gardens. Looking around him nervously to see if he was being followed he walked to a bench and sat down trying to look interested in a rambling clematis. Suddenly he heard footsteps. He nervously turned around and there was Stanislaw. Stanislaw smiled. "Hello, Harry," he said. He didn't look nervous or worried. "I had a good look round before I met you," he said. "There's no-one around." But Harry

Houghton couldn't get rid of the package quick enough. "Here you are," he said, almost thrusting it into Stanislaw's hands. Houghton was in the money.

The meetings took place with increasing frequency. Then suddenly a few months after the first transaction, there was no streptomycin or penicillin left. Even he was shocked. He hurriedly sent for some more, but, before new supplies came, Stanislaw phoned him at work. "What's happened to the supplies?" he asked. Houghton stuttered out a reply. It was so dangerous to phone the embassy. "I'll meet you tonight," he said. They met at the usual bar. Stanislaw's whole attitude had changed. His manner was threatening. "You don't think you can let us down now?" he said.

"We'll let it slip at the embassy what you've been doing. They'll pin it on you quickly enough. And there's our police. They can give you a rough time, diplomatic immunity or not." He added: "Anyway my boys will give you a damned good hiding. You can't stop us here in Poland. You'd better get that stuff quick...." The world of Harry Houghton seemed to take on a new appearance as he emerged from the bar. The darkness was threatening, the police—the People's Militia—with their long khaki coats, eagle badges, bulging revolver holsters, truncheons and some even with sten guns looked sinister.

Would Houghton react to threats? That was the question in the minds of the "Black Market" agents of Z2 as they waited for the days to pass. If the answer was yes, the battle was won. The answer was yes. A few days later Stanislaw, friendly again, made another request. "I can get a lot of money for you," he said, "for any bits and pieces and scraps of information. Things that don't really matter, but which look important with the embassy stamp on them."

Houghton hesitated. He was in a spot and he knew it. But the money was good. A short time later as Peggy Houghton was going through some cupboards at their apartment she came across some papers with embassy stamps on them. "Harry," she said, "what are these?" Harry Houghton was furious. "Give them to me," he shouted. "Don't poke your nose into my business."

But Harry Houghton's regular meetings with his Polish friends had been noticed. And Captain Austen was changing his mind about the trusty "Jaunty" he had been so pleased to have. He called him to his room and this time he didn't ask him to sit down. "Houghton," he said, "one of the rules here is that, as an

embassy employee and a member of the diplomatic staff, you do not fraternise unduly with the local population. It is dangerous on security grounds. And, Houghton, you are drinking heavily. It is being noticed and commented upon." Houghton appeared repentant and said he would remember the Captain's words.

It was only a few days later that Harry and Peggy Houghton were invited, as a matter of course, to a large embassy party. There were diplomatic representatives there from other embassies and missions, both Western and Iron Curtain. The French Ambassador was there with his wife, the Czechoslovak Ambassador was there, too, and of course, more than a score of high Polish Government officials. The best Veuve Cliquot champagne was out and Remy Martin and Courvoisier cognac.

Although the glasses chinked merrily and the room was filled with the hum of conversation and frequent polite laughter, everyone knew that it was an occasion when one side also politely probed the other about trends and intentions. It was also the opportunity to get across in an informal way suggestions and lines to the other side. Afterwards it was all faithfully noted and reported. But one had to be awfully careful.

Under the chandelier in the corner Harry Houghton's voice seemed to be getting louder and other wives watched sympathetically as Peggy tugged nervously at her husband's arm, warning him to keep his voice down. But he impatiently knocked it away. Suddenly, there was a crash as Houghton lurched against a tray of glasses. Conversation momentarily ceased, at that second a naval expletive came from Houghton's lips, then hurriedly resumed a little more loudly as if guests were anxious to indicate that they hadn't noticed. But everyone, including Captain Austen, had noticed. Worse was to come. Instead of fading from the picture Houghton got worse. He realised he had made a fool of himself and his anger turned upon his wife. He was still furious about her finding the embassy papers. "Do come and have some fresh air, Harry," she said concernedly. Perhaps she could talk him into leaving. But as they stepped outside Houghton vented his pent-up fury by shoving her, reeling, against a nearby parapet. She sprawled on to the floor with her leg broken.

Guests and staff came running as she twisted in pain on the floor. Houghton now realised that he was very drunk and that he had committed a grave blunder. "She slipped," he explained with a slur. He swayed over her and uncertainly bent down to

help her up. But as he touched her shoulder she quietly spat: "Get away from me."

The expected summons to Captain Austen followed the next morning. "Your behaviour was disgraceful," he told Houghton. "The ambassador was surprised and shocked. This is your last warning. Another instance like this and I shall recommend your return to Britain." Privately, he was thinking: "Who on earth could have sent this man out here?"

Apart from his hangover, Houghton was shaken. He couldn't tell the ambassador that he was drinking more heavily because of his growing jitters about his now considerable illicit activities. And of his growing liking for Christina and all its problems and of the threats of a beat-up if he didn't continue to work for the Poles.

It was a mess and there seemed no way out. But he tried to make it up with his wife. Peggy was a kindly girl and the sands were running out. But she gave him another chance. The meetings with Christina continued and so did the drinking in the Polish bars in Ulica Pargowa. And the demands got more stringent.

The rows with Peggy continued and Harry became violent again. Twice Peggy had to appear in public with one of her eyes heavily powdered to hide the black bruises. And that was the end. Peggy went to Captain Austen. "I would like to go home, Captain Austen," she said. "Things with Harry aren't working out." He nodded his head. They certainly weren't for anyone. Except Z2.

There was only one consolation for Houghton. With Peggy out of the way, he could see Christina more often. She said they would have to meet secretly because if the Polish secret service saw her mixing with a Westerner she would get into trouble.

If Christina was coming to his flat to see him he therefore put a bedside electric lamp on the window sill to indicate to her that the coast was clear. And Christina started to play on Houghton's sympathy and counter-acting any suspicions he might have that she was a Red agent—by saying that she didn't really like the Communist regime. "I would love to come to England with you, Harry," she said. "I am waiting for an opportunity to escape to freedom...."

The meetings were pleasant and life began to get almost bearable again. Houghton's black market earnings were now getting on for £4,000. That was money.

But the other embassy employees in addition to Captain Austen had noticed things. Some of Houghton's meetings with the shady Poles were watched. It was noticed that Houghton had also taken to going to more expensive places than the sleazy bars of Ulica Pargowa. Now it was the nightclubs in the Stare Miasto (Old City) and the plush hotels, the Europejski, the Polania and the Bristol. Houghton later boasted: "There were five or six people in it. We were able to make a terrific amount of money."

A detailed dossier of his meetings, movements and terrific rate of spending was compiled. Then one day Houghton was picked up by the Polish police in the street. He was incapably drunk. He could just mumble "British Embassy", but the Polish policeman couldn't understand English and Houghton was taken to a police post. Papers on him showed that he was, indeed, on the staff of the embassy and an inspector called the embassy number, Warsaw 81001. It was the end of Harry Houghton's brief and tragic career as a diplomat. Captain Austen went to collect him.

Next morning Captain Austen called Houghton before him for the last time. The distinguished Captain said levelly: "Behaviour of this kind cannot be tolerated. You are being sent home."

The bottom had been knocked out of Harry Houghton's world. The courageous and honoured Master-at-Arms had publicly lost his self-respect. He was disgraced and ashamed. He was never the same man again.

The careful planning of the Communist subversion had worked. But only because Houghton had allowed it to work. But it looked to the officials of Z2 and the G R U that it had worked too well. Thirty-one-year-old Colonel Pawe Monat, assistant chief of Z2, looked gloomily at his dossier. He hadn't really got any valuable secrets from Houghton. Monat had turned him into a crook. And they had spent a lot of money to do so. They could have bought the streptomycin and penicillin for less money elsewhere. He didn't really want it at all. Those transactions were just to trick him into illegality, to lower his standards, to get him used to having a lot of money. Now he—or his subversion—had got him fired. But he decided it might be useful to keep tabs on him in England. So before he went the "black marketeers" met him again and explained they would still be interested in receiving occasional parcels from England for which he would be paid. They said that theirs was a big organisation and a contact

would get in touch with him in Britain if he would let them have his address.

Smarting under his disgrace, he gave his home address to Christina. Then came the last time he took her home. He stopped outside her doorway, pulled her supple body to him for the last time and kissed her moist lips. "My dear, I shall miss you," he said. "I shall miss you, too, Harry," she said. "We must write to each other." Houghton squeezed her hand for the last time. "Goodbye," he said. "Goodbye," said Christina. "Maybe I will see you in England one day." Houghton waved and quickly walked away. Christina shut the door. She had done her duty.

In October, 1952, Henry Frederick Houghton, halfway through his term of service at the embassy, was sent back to Britain. He was termed: "Unreliable."

Houghton went on leave in Britain and soon recovered his old self-confidence. Soon he was propping up the bar of the Old Elm Tree Inn, at Langton Herring, Dorset, and other places, adding tales of his career as a diplomat to his stories of daring and excitement as a Master-at-Arms and friend of Prince Philip in the Royal Navy.

He expected to be fired from his Civil Service job, but he had plenty of cash from his Warsaw "black market" activities. He thought he might buy himself a little business. And the Poles had said that they would still be interested to receive goods. He regarded his forthcoming interview with a senior Civil Servant about his future as a formality. In fact he wondered whether to get in first and resign. But Houghton was greedy. He would hang on, he decided, whilst they still paid him and they would have to give him notice and pay him during that period. He was also back with his wife again, though on rather unsatisfactory terms.

The day of the interview came. Harry Houghton felt a little ill at ease with himself when he thought about the past couple of years, but he had to face the meeting.

And it was then that Henry Frederick Houghton had the shock of his life. Instead of being fired he was promoted. He was promoted to be a permanent Civil Servant. Furthermore, he was given another job in the Portland naval base. But this time it was in the office of the highly secret Admiralty Underwater Weapons Establishment. It was unbelievable. There was a salary increase, as well—to £741 a year, or just under £15 a week. But

the Civil Service's toleration of failures, fools and mediocrities was to cost Britain a lot more than that.

Houghton reported to his new office on the Monday morning. One of the first things he was asked to do was to read the Official Secrets Act which forbids the communication of any information regarding his work to any other party. He signed a declaration that he fully understood it.

He had an occasional letter from Christina. She was keeping in touch. Harry Houghton occasionally sent her her favourite colour lipstick, Pink Velvet, and her favourite Max Factor face-powder.

Some time later when he scribbled a note to her he mentioned that he was working again at Portland and that he was in the office of the Admiralty Underwater Weapons Establishment. Z2 jumped into action.

Meanwhile Houghton decided to sell the caravan in which he and Peggy lived and he bought, instead, a white-washed cottage in Meadow View Road, Broadwey, Weymouth. He also bought himself a car and drove to and from work every day.

Within a few months Harry Houghton's roving eye had settled on the plump but pretty face and form of Miss Ethel Elizabeth Gee, then 38, who worked in the next office, the drawing office records section. He smiled greetings to her in the mornings and when he left at night She smiled back and, unknowingly, smiled herself into the plot which was to form.

Although attractive, "Bunty" Gee was not married. She was the sole wage-earner for her then 73-year-old mother, Mrs Hannah Gee, and she helped look after her and her ageing Uncle Jack and Aunt Bessie. Her pay was £10 a week and she gave her mother £3 a week. But her spell in a factory during the war had given her a taste for an occasional fling at a dance or with a boy friend in one of the picturesque Dorset "locals".

She dressed smartly and there were plenty of offers to take her out. Helping to keep house at home made it difficult for her to marry, but she was engaged to a local carpenter, David MacPherson. Eventually, perhaps, they would marry.

If it hadn't been for Harry Houghton life would have been as uneventful and tranquil as that. But Harry Houghton found excuses to keep coming into her office. She was quite a good badminton player and one evening Harry Houghton offered to run her home to Hambro Road, Portland, where she lived, so that she could quickly change for a game.

The friendship ripened from there. They started going out for drinks together. Peggy Houghton started to hear the gossip about her husband and "Bunty" Gee, but she was, in any case, getting to the end of her tether.

In Poland Colonel Monat of Z2 reacted immediately to the news which Houghton had given Christina that he was working at the Under Water Weapons Establishment. This meant that the Reds now had a former worker in a highly secret field of immense interest to Russia.

Colonel Monat called Moscow immediately. Henry Frederick Houghton, drunk and woman-hunter, was becoming a very important person. He became even more important when Britain decided to concentrate all her underwater research and development at Portland.

The Russians were extremely anxious to obtain the secrets of Western research on undersea weapons and craft. It was a field in which Russia had done very little work herself. Britain probably led the world in this knowledge. Mr Harold Watkinson, Britain's Minister of Defence, had himself said: "We probably know more about submarine warfare than any of our allies."

Western plans for the building of Polaris-carrying nuclear submarines had alarmed Russia. They would be the West's greatest deterrent.

But if a method could be found to locate the submarines by listening devices they could be destroyed before they had time to retaliate against Soviet inter-continental rockets.

The chance to discover their secrets and the secrets of the West's submarine tracking devices which, if obtained, could be turned against the West, made Houghton's new position of the utmost importance to the Russians.

The Russians had heard whispers that at Portland work had reached an advanced stage on sonar buoys which could be dropped from an aircraft, which could pick up the movement of submarines a hundred miles away, and transmit the signals by radio to base. Already, in fact, helicopters were flying out from Portland and dropping buoys in the English Channel to pick up the engines of distant British submarines taking part in tests.

Then there was being developed an aerial "asdic" listening device which could be winched down from a helicopter to below the surface of the water to pick up the impulses sent out through the water by submarine engines scores of miles away. By making

several listening checks in the area the helicopter could find out the direction in which the impulses grew stronger, follow that direction finally to hover over the spot and direct submarine-hunting warships to the scene.

Experiments were also being carried out with "homing torpedoes" which could be radio-directed by a helicopter "sitting" over a located submarine.

The nuclear-powered British submarine *Dreadnought*, incorporating many features of the American nuclear submarines, was also being designed at Portland.

Tests were also being carried out on measures to prevent detection of British submarines if Russia also developed similar submarine-finding devices. Experiments were being carried out in connection with the "silent" submarines *Explorer* and *Excalibur*, fitted with hydrogen peroxide plants, which made no noise. The Germans were working on such vessels when the war ended and German engineers were now co-operating with the British. Tests were also being carried out on a device which would transmit the sound of nuclear or ordinary submarine engines several miles to the stern. This would mean that if the Russians did develop submarine-finding apparatus and homing-torpedoes like the British their torpedoes would hit the sound transmitting device being trailed and not the actual submarine.

At Portland, therefore, was concentrated a goldmine of Western secrets, tests results, designs and knowledge. Russia ordered the Polish Z2 into action. A letter arrived for Houghton from Christina full of love....

The G R U instructed Z2 to make the initial approach to Houghton and re-establish firm contact. The G R U would take over later.

It was a quiet afternoon when the telephone rang in Houghton's office at Portland. The week-end was near and as he looked out of the window at the sunshine he day-dreamed of a drive into the country with "Bunty" and a few drinks at the Old Elm Tree Inn. The bell continued to ring with un-nerving insistence and at last Houghton lifted the receiver from its cradle.

"Is that Mr Henry Houghton?" a voice with a foreign accent enquired. "Yes, Henry Houghton here," he replied.

"I had been put through to several extensions before finding you," said the foreign voice. "But at last I find you. Mr. Houghton, I am Polish and I have just come away from Poland. I think that in Poland you knew a girl called Christina?"

Henry Houghton caught his breath and he felt his heart beating a little faster with anxious expectation. "Yes, yes, Christina," he said. "I used to know her in Warsaw. Are you a friend of hers?" "Yes, I know her very well," said the stranger. Perhaps, Houghton thought, he was going to say that she was coming to Britain. Or that he could help her do so. Or perhaps something had happened to her. "How is she?" he asked. "Well, that is really what I think I ought to see you about because I have some information," came the reply.

"I am speaking from London. Do you ever come up to London? I am afraid it is not good to talk about it on the telephone like this." Houghton thought for a moment. "Well, I could come up to London on a Saturday or a Sunday," he said. "Where could I meet you?"

"It had better not be too obvious," said the voice. "We cannot be too careful about this business. How about meeting me at the Art Gallery at Dulwich on Sunday?" He gave Houghton a description of himself and added: "Christina has described you to me, I will recognise you." Houghton did a bit of hasty mental reorganisation of his weekend with Bunty and agreed. "All right," he said. "Dulwich Art Gallery at 12.30." "Yes, I'll be there," said the voice. "I am looking forward to meeting you," then he hung up. The caller hadn't given his name, but he didn't suppose he could have expected him too.

The disturbingly attractive picture of Christina occupied Houghton's mind for a few minutes. But if she was coming over how was he going to explain her to "Bunty" Gee? Or his wife for that matter? Although his wife was less important: there was little love left now.

But as far as the meeting with the Pole was concerned he could tell them both that he had business in London. Had to meet an old naval friend who had a business proposition.

Sunday didn't come quickly enough. At 12.30 he was at the Art Gallery at Dulwich. Right on the dot a shortish man with black curly hair approached him. "You are Mr Henry Houghton?" he asked. "I am," said Houghton. "You are the person who telephoned me ... the friend of Christina's?" "Yes," the man replied, "that's me. I am afraid I have some bad news for you. Christina cannot get away from Poland." Houghton felt his anger rising. "Well, have you brought me all the way up to London to tell me that?" he asked with irritation. By this time they were strolling along and the stranger turned and looked at him.

"No, no," he replied. "But you work at the naval base at Portland. Do you know anything of what goes on there? Can you give me any snippets of naval information?"

And on that day Houghton agreed to start work for the Reds. He made arrangements to meet the Pole again. The Pole showed him a Hoover cleaner brochure and said: "When we want you again we will send you this brochure. Please come up to London on the first Saturday of the month, or any month after you receive this brochure." And then he handed Houghton and Houghton took eight £1 notes to cover the expense of his journey from Weymouth to London and back.

And back in Warsaw Colonel Monat radioed the G R U : "Contact established. Houghton Nash agent." "Nash" is a Russian espionage expression meaning "one of us", it also meant that he had accepted money. For the Soviets work on the assumption that if a person accepts money and, therefore, starts to get used to a higher standard of living than before, he will become more dependent on them. Houghton was soon to become their slave.

Why was Houghton ever employed at Portland in view of his past record in Warsaw? Captain Austen considered him a security risk in Warsaw, but could not later recall if he had informed the Admiralty of his detailed reasons for his dismissal. Commander Stuart Erskine Crew-Read, retired destroyer commander, had just taken up his job as the lone security officer at the vital Portland base. Houghton had admitted that he had been relieved of his post in Warsaw. Why wasn't there a full inquiry into Houghton's behaviour and his background?

The reason was that when Houghton went to Portland Commander Crew-Read was completely alone. And he was responsible for the entire security of the base. He had no assistants and it was impossible for him to check everyone. His frequent requests for aid seemed to go unheeded.

In the meantime Lonsdale, one of Russia's most trusted spy-masters, was given specific new instructions. He was to direct Houghton's secrets stealing and receive the information from him. The wandering Morris and Lona Cohen were brought back to active work in the spy business as Peter and Helen Kroger.

And Moscow began to pour out the questions to ask Houghton and the secrets they most wanted him to supply. Now only little Ethel Gee was not in the picture.

CHAPTER SIX

INSIDE SPY HEADQUARTERS

EXCITEDLY, the spy-master sat in the armchair by the radiogram in the cosy little suburban bungalow. A fire blazed warmly in the hearth. A pile of knitting lay on the floor. On the table was a vase of early spring flowers from the neat little garden outside No. 45, Cranley Drive, in quiet, respectable Ruislip, Middlesex.

Spy-master Gordon Arnold Lonsdale leaned forward expectantly and clamped the earphones, connected by a flex lead to the radiogram, more closely to his head.

"This is it," he whispered to the middle-aged man and woman sitting opposite. They looked an ordinary, homely couple. But now they were tense and expectant, too. Joyce Kroger's face was furrowed in anxious concentration as she finely adjusted the morse recording unit, linked by another lead to the radiogram. Grey-haired Peter Kroger said quickly: "It's all right. Everything's ready, we're dead on 17080 kilocycles."

Then Lonsdale held up his hand in the electric silence and instead of soft music there came a dash dash dot dot then a sudden burst of high-speed morse from the radiogram. It was being transmitted at such a speed that it was like a long, indecipherable burr. Then it stopped. Dash dash dot dot, the starting and finishing call-sign, and it was all over. Peter Kroger crossed the room and switched off the set.

Faces relaxed inside the white-painted bungalow in the sleepy red-bricked suburb where "nothing ever happens."

Lonsdale spoke first as he unhooked his earphones. "Well that came over fine," he said in his rather guttural Canadian accent. "Let's hope the recorder worked O. K."

Already Joyce Kroger, the plump homely-looking housewife, was transferring the recorder tape to another machine which would play back the morse message from Moscow, transmitted at 260 words a minute, at a slow speed they could write down and decipher.

Peter watched his wife fondly for a moment and brushed her

cheek with a kiss. Then he turned to Lonsdale and said: "Like a lager, Gordon, while Joyce is de-coding?" Lonsdale's chubby, schoolboy face crinkled into a smile. "Sure would, Peter, I think we deserve it."

The three units of the spy-ring always addressed each other, in private and in public, by their cover names. It prevented any unintentional slip-ups. And they reckoned that night that Mr Kruschew owed them a drink, for the lager, like everything else in the house, was bought with Mr Kruschew's money. For Lonsdale was the spy chief in the field, making contacts and seeking out the information for Russia. The Krogers were the bankers doling out Moscow's money for the operation and technicians transmitting the information back to Moscow.

They drank for a while, then Joyce started reading the first part of the first message to Moscow: "Centre calling Station Okhotra.... Greetings from the homeland of the workers' struggle to the active fighters among the enemy.... Please put into effect code CB in calling us at next transmission time of Plan Six to assure this message received...."

It was more than an hour before Joyce Kroger had finished de-coding the message. "It was just a contacting message," she said. "A trial run to see if everything works. It says requests for detailed information will follow."

Lonsdale poured himself another iced lager, watched the froth settle, and said: "Well, it seems to be all right this end. Let's see if they get us." Lonsdale went on: "Instructions are to keep the first transmissions very short—until we know everything is all right. I suggest we just say something like 'Station Okhotra calling The Centre. Music box working perfectly. Roof secure. Message understood. Please acknowledge receipt Plan Four'. That should only take a few seconds to get over."

In Soviet espionage parlance The Centre is the term for the GRU headquarters in Dzerzhinski Street, Moscow, Station Okhotra (Okhotra is a Russian River) the code name for the radio receiving and transmitting station camouflaged in No. 45 Cranley Drive. Music box is the name for both radio receiver and transmitter, roof the cover for illegal activities.

Joyce Kroger reached over to the tape recorder, switched on, and began to tap out the message on a morse key linked to it. It took only a few minutes, then she said: "All right. When is next transmission time?" Her husband consulted his papers. "They asked for transmission on Plan Six...." He rustled

through the pages. "Ah, yes, the next agreed time we can transmit on Plan Six is 11 p.m. That gives us another half an hour. That'll be enough."

The two men and the woman got up, the men draining their lager glasses, and walked to the door and into the kitchen. They stood each side of the big, white Prestcold refrigerator and heaved it to one side. It moved easily on castors across the polished floor, revealing a trapdoor. Peter Kroger lifted the trapdoor, revealing a well about a foot deep. In turn he lifted up a wooden cover which revealed a further cavity about three feet deep. There seemed to be just rubble at the bottom, but Peter Kroger reached down and scratched aside the pieces of cement and wood. Soon he gripped the side of a slim, metal attaché case and yanked it to the surface.

"Here we are," he said. He snapped the spring lock open and lifted the lid to reveal, built inside, a shining radio transmitter. Behind him Joyce connected up the tape recorder with the morse message and set the tape-playing lever at full speed. All was well.

Lonsdale looked at his watch. Two minutes to go. The set was switched on. It hummed with powerful eagerness and Lonsdale looked admiringly at the miniature that was to broadcast the coded message at such speed all the way to Moscow. "O.K., now," said Lonsdale.

And next door pretty, curly-haired Mrs Sheila Goldsmith looked at their television set and then at her husband, sitting in front of the fire, his legs stretched out and the heat deliciously toasting the soles of his slippers.

"I hope the tube's not going," she said casually as a jab of white lines flicked across the screen for a few seconds.

"Oh, probably someone starting a car with plug trouble," he said. "It's gone now."

Yes, the message had gone. Lonsdale and the Krogers closed the radio, put it back beneath the floor, covered it up, moved the fridge back over the trapdoor, then went into the sitting room again. Lonsdale again donned the earphones. Right on time, came the acknowledging morse-message from Moscow. Joyce Kroger played it back slowly on the recorder, wrote it down, deciphered it and read it out. "Wonderful," she said. "Perfect reception at the Centre." Peter Kroger was already pushing the signal and code plans into the secret compartment of the very ordinary cigarette lighter on the table. Reception and transmission should have been good, because attached to the "ordinary" Bush radio-

gram there was an aerial extending into the loft of a total length of 74 feet.

"A good start," said Lonsdale with a happy smile. "Let's have another lager before I go back to my bachelor flat, Joyce. Let's drink to success." Together they chinked glasses. And Joyce, the serious-minded one amended Lonsdale's toast and said quietly and sincerely: "Here's to the cause."

The most dangerous and latest Red spy ring in the West had started work.

Scores of folk who had nothing to do with the spy ring spent happy hours in the hub of the net. For the essential requirement was that the Krogers acted like any other ordinary couple. They tended the garden with meticulous care like their other neighbours and went out of their way to be friendly and kind. The folk in Cranley Drive liked the Krogers, the new arrivals from New Zealand, very much. On the left hand side of No. 45, Mrs Joan Kent: "We have never had such good neighbours. I do hope they stay. There's no noise and they're so friendly. And the garden is a picture." Even the dustmen, critical appraisers of householders, agreed. Ernest Lavender tipped his beret back on his head and said of the new arrivals: "Real nice people they are. Every Thursday when we call, Mrs Kroger asks us in and gives us a glass of lager each. After all, it is 1s 6d a bottle."

And they always used to make such a fuss of Mrs Sheila Goldsmith's and Mrs Iris Cumming's children. "Auntie Joyce" and "Uncle Peter", the kiddies called them. And "Auntie Joyce" always remembered their birthdays. In the evening neighbours would be invited in for a drink. They were always ready to babysit and Mrs Kroger who said she could not have children even talked of asking to adopt one. And there were lots of friends in the book trade in which Peter Kroger worked coming and going, including the chubby-faced Canadian with the laughing eyes who used to pinch the kiddies' cheeks and give them candy!

Of course, the Krogers had to have a lot of visitors so that Lonsdale's visits would not stand out in particular.

But, as usual, G R U gave its agents time to build up their new identities. They would not be ordered to move until they had become completely accepted and they themselves had settled down and had become fully confident.

The Krogers first lived in a small hotel when they entered England, then moved to a fully-furnished rented house in Catford, in south-east London. It was a modest little terraced house

at 18, Penderry Rise. They made friends quickly and neighbours were sorry to see them go after less than a year. The Krogers said they thought that, since they intended to settle in this country, it was better to buy a house. They were a little worried, however, about whether they could raise a mortgage.

But in 1956 they moved to 45, Cranley Drive, formerly owned by a police sergeant. It even already had that trapdoor in the kitchen. The police sergeant thought he would build a wine-cellar in his home and started to do so, but never finished. He just got as far as digging the four feet and enlarging the cavity horizontally, then stopped. He did not know that he had built a hiding-place for a spies' radio to broadcast vital Western secrets to Russia!

Near neighbour at No. 16, Penderry Rise, Bill Dyer, a decorator, helped them move. He took over their suitcases in his van. "Why you haven't even got a TV set or a radio," he remarked to them. That was to come.

The Krogers were not foolish enough to pay cash for the house. If any suspicion did fall upon them at that time such a payment would have looked at odds with their apparent means. So they took out a mortgage for nearly £4,000 for the house. It was double fronted and centrally-heated, although the Krogers often also lit a fire in the living room. They installed new bookshelves and furnished well.

Meanwhile Peter Kroger appeared in the book auction room of Hodgson and Co., in Chancery Lane, near London's Royal Courts of Justice and near London's newspaper and publishing centre. He quietly entered a few bids for old books. He said he had been a book dealer in New Zealand and on the Continent and was opening up in Britain. He seemed to know his subject and was particularly conversant with old books about the North American Continent. He became accepted.

White-haired Mr Frederick Offord, an antiquarian book expert, was particularly impressed with his knowledge of antique American books.

Now Kroger bought a little business in London's Strand at No 190, opposite St. Clement Dane's Church. He advertised in *The Clique*, a magazine of the book trade: "Americana—from the North Pole to the South Pole want lists and reports always welcome." He widened his buying of antique books to Christies and Weatherbys' auction rooms, paying up to £70 for a rare volume.

He was admitted to membership of the highly-respectable Antiquarian Booksellers' Association and he played cricket for the side—not bad for a man who was really American! But Kroger was a diligent agent and as a "New Zealander" learned cricket in New Zealand. And the faithful Mrs Kroger took photographs of the matches.

He quoted whole passages from Pepys, and Dickens and conscientiously attended every Association function and dinner. It is a profession in which many casual meetings occur and it is quite normal to walk around with a suitcase full of books. Often he brought parcels and suitcases of books home. And it was one day in early 1956 that Peter Kroger walked again up the path of No. 45, Cranley Drive, with a heavy attachécase. But this time inside was a high-powered, Russian-built radio transmitter—even down to a Russian-constructed plug.

It could have been brought into this country in one of two ways: either in an Iron Curtain ship or by the diplomatic courier service from Moscow in a Diplomatic Bag. All that would have had to be fixed was the manner of sending it to Kroger. It could have been left in a left luggage office of a railway station by a courier and the receipt sent to Kroger to enable him to pick it up.

It could have been packed like a parcel of books, with book labels on the outside of the parcel and taken into any post office and posted to Kroger's Strand address. At no time need there have been any meeting with another Red agent to hand the set over.

But other things too, were being accumulated in the Kroger home. The morse-tapper, the tape recorder with automatic linking device. Then came an expensive camera, a Praktina, a compound lens system, which Joyce Kroger hid in a hole under the linoleum in her kitchen. This enabled each frame of 35 mm film exposed in the Praktina to be reduced to the form of microdots. Among other cameras there were also a Minox, an Exakta and a Kodak. Accumulated in the house, too, was magnetic oxide of iron, a brownish black powder used for dusting magnetic tape to make morse signals on it visible. This was put in a tin of Yardley's talcum powder.

But visitors to the Kroger home often handled things which seemed very ordinary, but which were disguised, vital parts of the accoutrement of spying. Like the attractive tin of Richard Hudnutt's "Three Flowers" powder. There was a little powder in it, of course, but the main part of the tin was a compart-

ment for a microdot reader resembling a small telescope.

They might have used a slim, steel torch. It didn't give a particularly good light, but it worked. It didn't give a very good light because it was operating on only one real battery instead of two. The second battery had been hollowed out to a shell in which codes and papers could be hidden. It was the same with the Krogers' table lighter. And inside a Bible were hidden secret papers. Other equipment was hidden in the attic.

Mrs Kroger used to show her neighbours blurred and out-of-focus photographs of countryside. They were too polite to criticise them as awful, but it was all part of the act. Mrs Kroger was, in fact, a skilled photographer and a specialist in micro-filming.

There was also a fortune in American and British currency in the house to finance the ring's activities.

There was one significant thing about the Krogers. They did all their home decorating themselves. No-one was allowed to wander around the house, unsupervised. The only other thing that visitors might have noticed was that the place was protected like a fortress. On the front door there was a Yale lock and a Chubb mortice lock, a chain and bolts top and bottom. On the back door leading out of the kitchen into the garden there was an ordinary mortice lock, a Chubb mortice lock and bolts top and bottom. There were french windows in the lounge leading into the garden and they were secured by four bolts and two Chubb locks. There were also patent locking devices in addition to the normal catches on all ground floor windows of the house.

When the visitors did comment, Kroger said: "Protection against burglars. I've got a lot of valuable books in the house, you know."

It was some time before Gordon Lonsdale contacted Harry Houghton. It was most important that, like the Krogers, he should build up his cover. Meanwhile, the Polish Z2 could handle him.

Lonsdale moved out of his hotel in Bloomsbury and took a small flat in York Street, off Baker Street. He had been told to be careful and not to attempt any espionage during the first two or three months, for the bosses of the GRU feared that it was possible that a new arrival in the country might be tailed but that if the tailing did not produce fairly quick results it would be abandoned. So Gordon Lonsdale, then 34, settled down to an initial life of pleasure. He was to perform his vital tasks of espionage later.

From the very first Lonsdale was fascinated by Western women. Their good looks, grooming, make-up, and attractiveness were of much higher standard than that of the women at home—particularly his wife. Russian women tended to be plump, used little make-up and dressed dowdily. Here in Britain and in countries on the Continent their hair was styled in elegant styles and lips, eyes and faces highlighted with make-up. Skirts were, by Russian standards, very short and well-fitting. Pretty secretaries and teen-agers with frilly nylon petticoats and high stiletto heels made his eyes bulge. But he was pleased to find that they liked him. He had a happy-go-lucky disposition, was chunkily handsome with a full face, grey eyes and dark curly hair. He took a lot of trouble with his suits and spoke with a fascinating though rough Canadian accent which veiled an undertone of guttural Russian. He also liked Western food and drink—the liking taught with such industrious care at Winnitza, in the Ukraine.

Gordon Arnold Lonsdale, the Russian Lieutenant Colonel and spy-master, had been told by his chiefs of the GRU to merge himself completely into the ways of the West. And so, fantastically, this important Red agent threw himself into a whirl of riotous living in London's West End. Three books of girl friends read like a telephone directory. Joan, Hilde, Annemarie, Gillian, Carla, Isobel, Pauline, Mary, Zlaty, Ulla, Jean, Toni, Ann, Lucy, Dorothy, Louise, Michele.... Blondes, red-heads, brunettes. Italian girls, French girls, German girls, English girls, American girls, Canadian girls. Girls, girls, girls.

The drawer of a desk of his £8 a week luxury flat, No. 634, at the White House, Regents Park, London, became full of photographs of his pretty girl friends and full of love letters from them. He kept them all and later they were to become one of the most extraordinary finds made by Scotland Yard.

It was a life which was to continue with undiminished fervour even when involved in the most important spying activities. He was an excellent spy, conscientious and careful. Yet he also lived in a whirl of gay female company and engaged in bizarre business deals that verged so much on the illegal that they might well have attracted the attention of the police. It seemed absurd.

The behaviour in fact seemed so odd and so fantastic on the surface that I took a dossier of his life and behaviour to an eminent London psychiatrist. He gave me this interesting report:

The reason that Lonsdale was a good spy was that he never really grew up. He retained an infantile persecution complex. This enabled him to exercise natural caution in his espionage activities. He was, of course, brought up in an era in Russia where there were three spies in each flat block, when it became second nature to be careful. But all children have some measure of infantile paranoia—a persecution complex, the feeling they are being spied on and watched by grown-ups and, of course, they are. Most people grow out of this, but a retention of infantile paranoia in later life is a familiar and frequent happening. This would make Lonsdale good spy material and the constant feeling that he was being watched would make him watchful. He would for example take automatic measures to throw off pursuers, whether he was being followed or not. But usually, in these cases, other childish traits are retained, too. The fact that Lonsdale accumulated hordes of girl friends indicates that, like a child, he preferred quantity to quality. His business ventures had the same stamp of immaturity. The fact that he visited Mrs Kroger much more frequently than he needed to have, breaking the elementary spy rule that contact should be limited to the minimum for fear of discovery, indicates that, like a child away from home, he missed his mother—or his country, the motherland. It would seem most likely that Lonsdale regarded Mrs Kroger as a mother figure. He also tried to substitute it with frenzied activity of other kinds. He was living in a permanent state of being unsettled—as a paranoid schizoid. This would apply to most spies without exceptional intellectual powers.

Lonsdale spent night after night in the West End, in clubs and shady dives.

At that time open, street prostitution was at its height in London's West End, earning London the title of "the wickedest city in the world". And scores of strip-clubs were mushrooming in basements and cellars. Lonsdale enjoyed the West End to the full. He would sit on the barstools of club after club with either beautiful friends he had brought with him or lovely club hostesses at his side.

To them and others, including later business associates, he spun the yarn of his background which accounted for his presence in London. He was able to tell it with apparent sincerity and

emotion because it contained some ingredients of his own story.

He said he had been born in Canada and that his father was Canadian and his mother was Finnish. His father's family had come over from England two or three generations previously. Then, he said, his parents' marriage split up and he was brought up by an aunt in Los Angeles. To some he said he was brought up in Hollywood. To account for the amount of money he had, he said that he had investments in property in Canada and that he had inherited money from his father.

He said he had no war record because he had been a conscientious objector and had returned to Canada. He had worked during the war as a petrol pump attendant, truck driver and a kitchen help. Afterwards, he said, he married, and a son was born. When his wife was expecting the child he started drinking a lot.

He said: "I had plenty of money and I would leave my wife most evenings and go out on wild 'jags' with buddies. We had some great all-night parties. My wife and I had terrible rows and once I nearly strangled her in a drunken rage. I just walked out on her and never went back. It was all my fault, I know."

The cover was being conscientiously established. And though he was having a wonderful time in doing it, he saw that a large number of people heard it in case there were any quiet checks.

One of his girl friends in London was pretty Gillian Horne, a secretary from Dunstable, Bedfordshire. They met on many Saturday evenings and talked about films, books and travel. Gillian, a very respectable girl, like others to follow found him attentive, charming and gallant. She did not, of course, have the vaguest idea he was a Russian and a spy.

But the time had come to work in another direction. Moscow, now transmitting regularly to the Krogers, was anxious that Lonsdale should start work on Houghton as soon as possible. But not all Houghton's information could be sent back by radio. There would be photographs of documents, plans and papers. These were reduced to microdot size and sent back under stamps or between pages of books exported by Peter Kroger, the book dealer, to addresses on the Continent.

One of the GRU's basic rules is that each spy ring must have its own network of "post boxes", addresses to which parcels can be sent for forwarding to Moscow by further posting or by hand.

Therefore, Lonsdale was directed to go to the Continent and

meet G R U agents there who would suggest people to approach.

For days Lonsdale pored over travel brochures and pamphlets on Continental coach tours. At last he found the right one. Again, there was safety in numbers and who would suspect that the man sitting next to you on a coach tour is, in fact, a spy setting up links to get secrets back to Moscow? He booked to make a £70 coach tour to Scandinavia in July, 1955. It lasted 15 days.

Lonsdale found it all very easy. Some people suggested by the G R U were known Communists. But in clubs and restaurants Lonsdale told others that he was a Canadian businessman who would shortly be visiting an Iron Curtain country, like Poland, Czechoslovakia or Hungary, to get orders for his firm. Since he was moving from place to place it was very difficult for him to get mail. Then after a few drinks would come the proposition. He was expecting some letters and parcels from England. Could he give the English "firms" his new acquaintance's address to forward mail. They could hold it a while and he would drop them a line saying where he was. Letters in his hand writing were then dispatched behind the Iron Curtain to be posted months later giving the acquaintance his "new address". Lonsdale would by this time be back in England and the Krogers would be sending innocent-looking business letters and book parcels with tiny microdots attached addressed to Lonsdale to his post boxes which would then be forwarded to him at addresses in the East. The addresses would, of course, be those of G R U representatives and the letter or parcel would go straight to G R U HQ in Moscow.

They were vital trips. The tour spent time in Hamburg, Copenhagen, Oslo and Stockholm. It seemed that in each city the G R U arranged meetings from among its contacts there. Lonsdale seemed to know people he met. He explained this to other members of the tour by saying that he "made friends quickly".

The travel agency courier on the trip remembers Lonsdale well. He remembers his movements, although he hadn't the slightest suspicion that he was watching a dangerous spy at work. He recalls Lonsdale on that trip:

"You would arrive in a place and turn around and, suddenly, Lonsdale would be missing. He had plenty of money. On this trip he said he had been born in Vancouver. His father died and his mother remarried when he was about five. He said his step-

father had not wanted him and he was brought up by an aunt in Beverley Hills, California. The aunt died when he was 16 and had left him all her considerable fortune."

The courier went on: "On this trip he struck up a friendship with a middle-aged Canadian woman, Mrs Francis Jones, but more particularly with her very pretty 19-year-old daughter, Mary. He wandered off on his own at nearly every stop. When I asked him why he always did this he replied he was not interested in buildings. He said he preferred to explore alone. He had an expensive camera when he started the tour. In Germany and Copenhagen he bought costly attachments and gadgets for it.

"In Oslo he introduced me to a tall Norwegian in a bar of a hotel. They appeared to be very friendly. Again, in Hamburg, he introduced me to a man he seemed to know well. He told me that he had been brought up in Canada by an aunt and had spent a number of years as a lumberjack. He said: 'While the rest of the lumberjacks went into the nearest town to drink away all the money they had earned, I saved up all my cash so I could travel and see the world.' " The courier went on to say that Lonsdale invited him to see him when he returned to London. He accepted. He said: "I found the Canadian girl, Mary, there then and on several other occasions. He seemed to be most attentive towards her.

"She was very gay and full of fun and did not like the prospect of going back to what she called her dull life in Canada. Later, when I rang the flat I was told that Lonsdale had gone back to Canada."

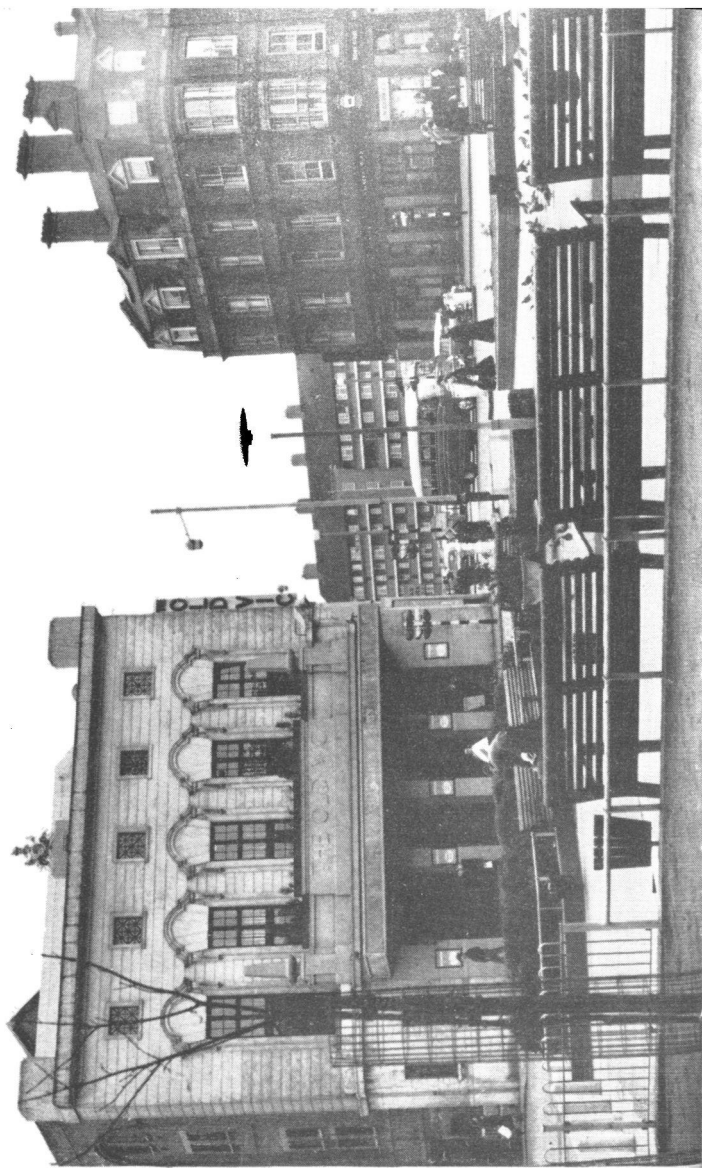
But it was with particular interest that Lonsdale struck up a friendship on the tour with Captain Raymond Straw, an American Army liaison Officer, attached to the United States Third Air Force Headquarters in Britain, at Ruislip, Middlesex, only a couple of miles from the Red ring's headquarters in Cranley Drive.

"I found him a very nice chap," recalls Major Straw, who was later posted back to Fort Bliss, Texas. "But he never tried to get any military information from me. Our conversation was always very general."

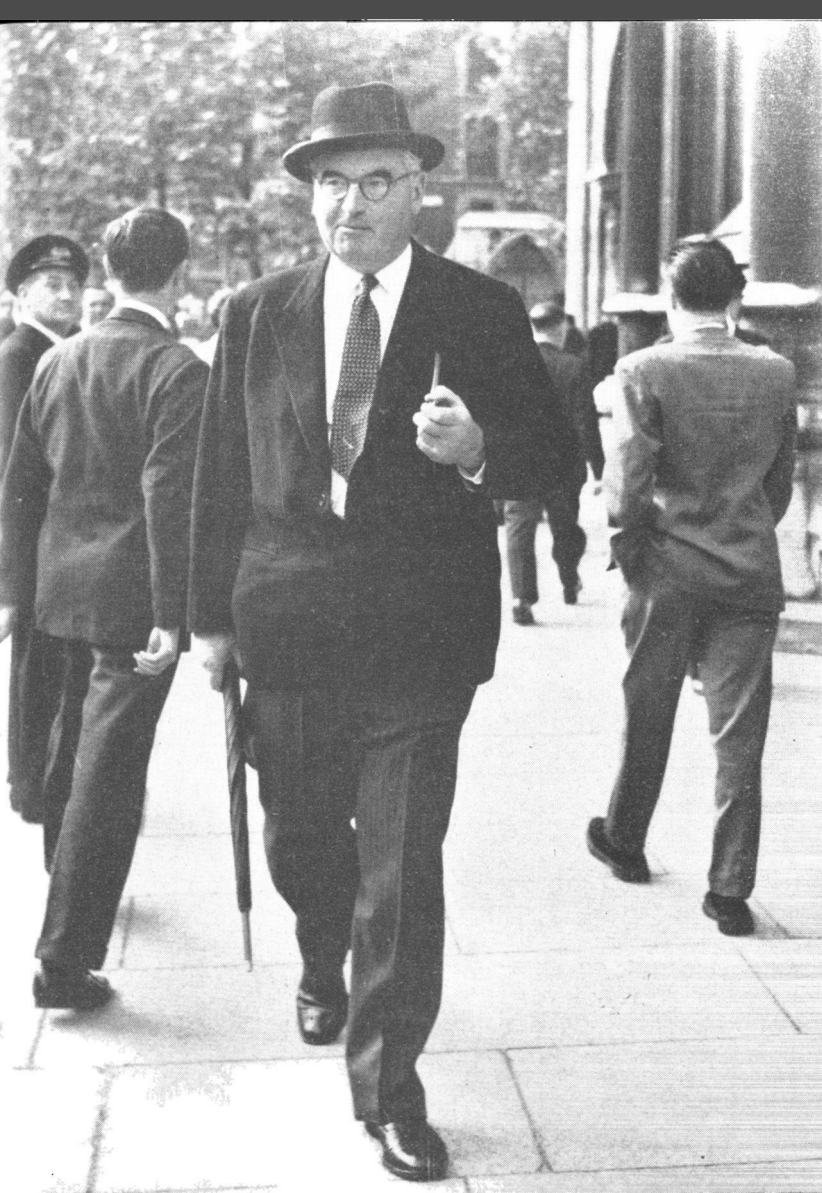
But nevertheless, Lonsdale thought it worthwhile meeting this American twice more in London when they talked for several hours. Lonsdale also visited the Ruislip base on several occasions afterwards. Lonsdale left the tour on the return trip at Ostend.



Gordon Arnold Lonsdale—a Red Army Lieutenant Colonel, for six years in Britain and ten other countries he posed as a simple business man.



London's Old Vic Theatre in the Waterloo Road—near here on a lazy afternoon, Harry Houghton, Ethel Gee and the Red agent who called himself Lonsdale were arrested.



Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller—his was the case for the Crown,



Harry Houghton as a Petty Officer in the Royal Navy ... perhaps for him the long road which ended in the Old Bailey had started at Murmansk in the howling, murderous winter of 1941.



Ethel Gee, friend of Houghton—caught up in events which perhaps she never fully understood.



The American, Peter Kroger—real name, Morris Cohen. Born in the gawdy, friendly, bustling Bronx, he had been a Communist for twenty-five years.



Mrs. Kroger, an American of Polish extraction, her real name was Lona Petka. In 1941 she met her husband. In 1941, she joined the Communist Party.



Steve's Restaurant, Lower Marsh, S.E.1., near Waterloo Station. Here, on an August afternoon, Lonsdale talked with Houghton. Here, they were overheard.

He made various contacts there, then joined another tour which included Brussels, Geneva and Paris.

On his return to Britain, Lonsdale reported on his travels and as a result of the instructions which came back he spent a lot of time in the area of the US Air Force base at Ruislip, the centre of much secret nuclear information. It was regarded as too good an opportunity to miss. He later boasted of knowing a Colonel there and of being on intimate terms with his wife. He told friends that he had made several flights in military aircraft from the base.

By this time Lonsdale felt it was about time he put into operation the story he had told the Canadian emigration authorities when obtaining his Canadian passport, that he was coming to England to study Mandarin Chinese. It was also a ploy, on the instructions of Moscow, to infiltrate among students, particularly science students, who might later occupy important posts. It was true that Houghton was to be the main source of naval nuclear secrets. But no opportunity was to be lost to spread the net. In October, 1955, therefore, Lonsdale walked into the office of the red-bricked London University and asked to enrol to learn Mandarin Chinese at the University's school of Oriental and African Studies. A secretary watched as he blandly wrote on his application form that he had been educated at schools in Berkeley, California, and San Francisco. "I was brought up by a Chinese family there, after my folks died," he told her. "I'd like to brush it up again."

Lonsdale, the extraordinary Red Army Lieutenant Colonel, walked light-footedly—and light-heartedly—among the throng of men and girl students at the school. He studied Mandarin Chinese, Chinese philosophy and Chinese history. It was small wonder, with his earlier experience of the Communist fight in 1941 for the mastery of China, that he was described in a report as "Showing particular aptitude".

The girl students were to provide new fields of interest. He sorrowfully told the story of his tragic early childhood and escorted them to art galleries, cinemas and theatres. One, lovely Ann Campling, a student of Chinese art said: "He seemed to be lonely. I introduced him to the Old Vic Theatre. He invited me back to his flat for a drink. I particularly admired a beautiful Chinese scroll, which hung on the wall."

Ann Campling did not know that tucked into the hollowed out wooden runners at the top and bottom there were

nearly 2,000 American dollars to finance espionage activities!

He gave as his reason for pursuing his studies that he had a chance of a position with a firm trading with Communist China. This was a large engineering firm and he was to work on the sales staff, getting a half per cent commission. When his friends said this did not seem very much, he replied that each sale would be for many thousands of pounds and it was a good prospect. He never gave any details and eventually said it had fallen through.

Lonsdale was a popular guest at student parties. It was here that he did his talent-spotting for future scientist-spies. He specially watched those with Left-wing views and got to know them. The Red Army Lieutenant Colonel actually made no secret during these activities that he believed in Communism. He said repeatedly that "although Canadian" he thought Russia would overtake the West economically and in its standard of living. It was his way of drawing out students with similar views. He also passionately declared that Russia wanted only peace. He lashed the West for sending "an army of spies into Russia". It is believed that Lonsdale marked down and transmitted to the GRU in Moscow the names of many "possibles" among the students to be watched.

Yet, outside the university, he posed as a "loyal" Canadian. He was a member of the Overseas League and various Commonwealth clubs and, as a result, got special "privilege tickets" to watch national and Royal events. He got Royal Box tickets for the Albert Hall orchestral concerts, first-rate tickets for the Queen's Birthday Parade ceremonial, a ticket for the immensely difficult to attend Garter Service at St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

During this time Lonsdale made several visits to Portland, carefully noting the harbour installations, the lay-out of the naval base. Wearing a red check shirt and fawn trousers he lounged in the Portland bars used by sailors. He repeated his story that he was a Canadian and his generosity in buying drinks made him popular. He explained that he was a keen fisherman and talked about the currents and tides around the Canadian coast. Then he would casually, it seemed, ask about the waters around Portland.

During this time he started to glean, before obtaining secrets from Houghton, his first useful information about work at Portland. His camera was always at the ready and in his pocket were long-focus lenses and telescopic attachments. He also had a

powerful pair of binoculars with which he scoured the waters of the test areas for miles and minutely examined equipment aboard naval ships. Yes, he was getting an idea of what was going on and the potential.

Every few days he would drive back to Cranley Drive, Ruislip, and the neighbours would often see "that nice Canadian fellow visiting the Krogers again".

Sometimes after a few hours, their TV sets would flicker for a few seconds as the high speed transmitter sent another burst of secrets into the heart of Moscow. When Lonsdale brought films or made drawings and charts to illustrate his information, Joyce Kroger would quickly finish her washing-up and go into the bathroom.

There she would put screens up at the window, draw the curtains, take the white electric light bulb out and put a red one in. It was a perfect darkroom and, under Mrs Kroger's skilled hands, Lonsdale's information was soon reduced to pin head microdot size. Next day a letter or a small parcel of books would be dispatched to Gordon Arnold Lonsdale at one of his "post boxes" in France, Belgium, West Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway or Sweden, to be forwarded to behind the Iron Curtain, where the hidden microdots were enlarged for detailed study. The system was nearly foolproof.

But he had yet to find out what was planned, what work was on the drawing boards. Only someone inside the great naval base could fill in the pieces which would help to fit together the jigsaw puzzle of the West's underwater secrets.

"I think I should now take over Houghton," Lonsdale told his masters in Moscow. At this time Houghton was filching petty secrets and handing them over to agents of Z2. Moscow was controlling them and him through the Z2 headquarters in Warsaw.

Back from Moscow came agreement that it was time to get Houghton to do some really worthwhile work. The instruction told Lonsdale that, in view of local conditions, the intricate nature of the work and the need for speed, some of the usual security precautions would have to be scrapped.

But they ordered that Lonsdale should not yet enter openly into the picture and deal with Houghton direct. He should take over the handling of the Polish Z2 agents assigned to work with Houghton. The first approach for really vital information should be through them.

The training, subverting and demoralising of the British spy had been completed. He had been well rehearsed in keeping secret assignments, delivering information, receiving instructions in code. And he had been given money under the guise of "expenses". This was given so that Houghton would feel "indebted", a philosophy never more subtly explained than by the German-speaking Russian spy, Colonel Boris Bykov, to a fellow agent: *"Wer auszahlt ist der Meister, und wer Geld nimmt muss auch etwas geben ..."*

... Who pays is the Master, and who takes money must also give something.

Houghton had been paid. Now he must give something. And really start earning his money. There were no dates with girls that evening. Gordon Arnold Lonsdale, in his flat overlooking Regents Park, worked long into the night....

CHAPTER SEVEN

BETRAYAL IN THE RANKS

THE full-scale thefts built up slowly. The spies had to be coaxed and coerced into speed. Houghton led the way and inveigled Ethel Gee into it later. But once the gap in Britain's security had been breached, there was no limit to the questions which Moscow poured out. Questions about the *Dreadnought*, the asdic anti-submarine device, homing torpedoes, the sound-emitting device towed behind vessels to confuse the automatic torpedoes....

Yet the security gap was only the span between the forefinger and thumb of Houghton's and Gee's thieving fingers.

Lonsdale briefed the Z2 agents initially dealing with Houghton: "If he shows any signs of reluctance, don't hesitate to threaten violence and to use it. We've got so far in that we have just got to succeed."

As the importance of Houghton's secrets grew it became more and more necessary for Lonsdale to build up a "solid" front. He, therefore, obtained an agency with the Wurlitzer Organ Company in Stuttgart. This took him where he liked to be ... in the coffee bars, pubs and clubs of Soho. There, he said he had run a "route" of juke boxes in Canada and America. He sold his

first one to Britain's light-weight boxing champion, Joe Lucy, for installation in his pub, the Thomas a'Becket, in the Old Kent Road. The cost: £500. Then he sold six others in the suburbs. He at this time passed a British driving test and bought a black British Standard car.

It was in Soho that he met the man who was to become his (honest) business partner for three years, Mr Leonard Peter Ayres, who made bubble-gum machines. Lonsdale's sales ability impressed Mr Ayres who had started a company at Broadstairs, in Kent. Lonsdale bought five machines from him and quickly sold them at an average of £15 profit each.

Mr Ayres asked him to become his sales director. The only condition was that he bought 500 £1 shares in the company, the Automatic Merchandising Company. This Lonsdale was delighted to do, for it meant that his name would be recorded in the official files of company directors at Bush House, Aldwych. Lonsdale set up his sales headquarters on the third floor above a row of shops in Rye Lane, Peckham. To Mrs Jean Read who used to run the music shop next door he was "such good fun, always joking". He watched Princess Margaret's wedding with her and friends on television and Lonsdale said with apparently sincere emotion how proud he was to be British.

"After all, I could have been born a Libyan or a Russian or something," he laughed. Lonsdale continued his juke box connections and bought records for them from Mrs Read. Business grew and at one time a staff of 14 men and women were building 400 machines a week. Lonsdale was in the money.

In April, 1957, he walked into the imposing branch at 159, Great Portland Street, London, W.1, of the immensely-reputable Midland Bank. He asked to see the manager. Tall, lean Mr Leonard Easter invited him into his comfortable office and motioned him into a soft leather chair.

Lonsdale told him the story that he was a Canadian and told Mr Easter that he was going into business in a considerable way in Britain. He produced the passport and credentials that had fooled everyone else. He "accidentally" let slip on to the desk his British driving licence, then asked to open a personal account.

Mr Easter is a kindly man as well as a knowledgeable man, one of the reasons he is one of the Midland Bank's brightest young managers. They chatted for a while about Canada and business prospects in Britain. Then he welcomed Lonsdale as a new customer. At a later stage by lodging securities bought with

Moscow money, Lonsdale was able to get an overdraft of £2,500. At that time overdrafts were comparatively easy to obtain, but Mr Easter saw to it that there were not only securities lodged to cover the overdraft, but also £500 in cash to cover any possible fall in the value of the shares. There was no reason why he should not have been granted these facilities. As far as anyone could check, everything seemed to be in order. But Lonsdale wanted to have an overdraft because it "looked better". It made more believable his cover of being a company director deeply engaged in business.

But Mr Easter was later, however, to help trap him.

It is a strange reflection that, in the clandestine battles of the unseen war constantly going on around us, we, as ordinary people, often unknowingly rub shoulders with the witting or the unwitting combatants at many points.

People in shops, next door neighbours, postmen, milkmen. People on carefree Continental coach holidays, people having a quiet drink in the evening. It seems fantastic, yet it is true, that next to you at any time may be standing a spy. Looking just like any other ordinary person.

It so happens that just as I have known Mr Leonard Easter for years, since he was the Accountant at the Fleet Street branch of the Midland Bank, I also realise that I have often stood only a few feet away from Peter Kroger when he was at the height of his activities. I remember this distinguished-looking, grey-haired man drinking lagers at the bar of The George, near where Fleet Street joins the Strand and near where he had his book business.

For Lonsdale things seemed to be going well. The cover had been built up. He was in business. He had a bank account. Now, as a businessman, he had plenty of good reasons to travel to the Continent to change his postboxes and establish new ones. He thought he deserved a holiday, not knowing that the threat of disaster was just around the corner. As an overseas visitor he decided to attend a week's sight-seeing course, organised by the British Council, at beautiful St Andrews, in Scotland. In the course there were scores of foreign girls and, once again, Lonsdale happily set out with an eye to new romance. There were girls from all over Europe.

Amid the romantic grandeur of Scotland he struck up a close friendship with beautiful, black-haired Carla Panizzi, whose father is a doctor at San Remo. She had come to England to learn the language at the Marylebone College of Commerce and

worked as a nursing orderly at the National Hospital, Bloomsbury.

Her accent intrigued him; she fell for him. But there were other hearts that he broke. There was dark-haired Annemarie Schilling who came from the little mountains-and-pines Swiss town of Olten. "I think all the girls fell for Gordon," she said, "and he knew it. He was very polite and had a wonderful sense of fun. We all assumed he was not married." And beautiful, blond Ulla Nillson, of Ljungby, in Sweden, said: "I could easily have lost my heart to Gordon. He was such a Romeo...."

Lonsdale was, as usual, dallying with the girls when disaster and the imminent threat of discovery broke. It started in New York when Colonel Rudolf Ivanovich Abel, the man Lonsdale contacted during his few days in New York on the way to England, called his second-in-command, Lieutenant Colonel Reino Hayhanen before him in his downtown Brooklyn studio.

By this time 54-year-old Abel, bespectacled and thin-lipped, who had entered the United States from Canada in 1948, had become the "Resident Director" of the GRU spy organisation in America. He posed as an artist and was thought by neighbours to be rather eccentric. Hayhanen had been sent to him from Russia to be his No. 2 in order to rebuild the core of the Russian nuclear spy-net which collapsed when the Rosenberg cell was discovered, in 1950.

Hayhanen had met Abel, on orders, in a cinema in Flushing, Holland, in early 1954. The identification was that Abel would, among other things, be wearing a blue tie and smoking a pipe. He was not in any case difficult to recognise. He had a thin face, hooked nose, thin, cruel lips and a wisp of grey hair. Abel introduced himself as "Mark" and handed Hayhanen a large envelope containing US dollars. He showed him several "duboks" (hiding places) in Flushing where Hayhanen could pick up messages telling him when to come to the United States and then himself returned to America.

But perhaps the rigorous training in Western ways, including Western drinks, at the "school" at Winnitza, had given Hayhanen too much of a taste for rye and whisky. To the amazement and anger of the puritanical and utterly ruthless Abel, Hayhanen started to drink heavily. This impaired his efficiency as a spy and, of course, endangered the whole new espionage set-up.

Colonel Abel told Hayhanen: "I have recommended that you

should return to Russia and this suggestion has been accepted." Hayhanen protested. He asked to be excused this once, but Abel was insistent: "We have just built up the Apparatus in America after the disasters of Gouzenko and the Rosenbergs. Safety demands that it should not be imperilled again. It will be quite all right," he said reassuringly. "I haven't said anything against you. I have merely said that, because of your heavy accent and so on, you are not suitable for America. I have said you should be used on other fronts...."

But Hayhanen knew Abel better than that. He knew that when he returned to Russia to face his G R U superiors there would be trouble. Very big trouble. And, possibly, death. For not only had Hayhanen proved unreliable. He had not got any results. Moscow did not mind any masquerade even an eccentric one like Lonsdale's and Abel's, providing they got results.

Hayhanen was ordered to fly to Paris, where he would be met by representatives of the G R U. Ivanovich Abel had suggested that he might not be asked to go straight back to Russia, but that he might be seconded to the G R U network in France. This partially subsided Hayhanen's fears and he packed his bags. He arrived in Paris, but, after a few days, the G R U contacts said their instructions were that Hayhanen should continue his journey—to Moscow.

It was then that Hayhanen put into operation his long-debated decision. He went to the Paris office of Allen Foster Dulles' US Intelligence Agency and declared that if he could stay in America, and save his life, he would reveal all that he knew about the Red spy network in the US.

After hasty phone calls to America, his offer was accepted. He was told that, although his life would be spared, his evidence would mean that he, himself, would have to go on trial. But he would also be a witness for the prosecution and he would, probably, be sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. Hayhanen accepted the offer. He revealed that a man using the name of Milton and sometimes Mills and posing as an artist, was, in fact Colonel Ivanovich Abel, "Resident Director" of the G R U in America.

But a nasty pointer to the extent of Soviet espionage was to follow. Almost overnight Colonel Abel vanished from the small Manhattan private hotel where he had his studio. The F B I swept into action. The trail was picked up in Miami. Immigration officers finally arrested Abel on June 21, 1957, and put him on a

holding charge of being an alien who had illegally entered the United States.

"We know your name is Abel," the FBI told him. "We know all about you. What are your real, full names?" Colonel Abel smiled thinly: "If you know all about me I suggest you stop asking questions. Just call me Abel." But beneath the ice-hard exterior, Abel's mind was in a whirl. Had he been spotted with Lonsdale when he was in New York? If so, would Lonsdale's description then be flashed to other Western countries? The trail could be picked up in Canada or Britain. And would the FBI men identify the photographs he was carrying in his briefcase? Surely they would check them against all known Communists and send them out to other intelligence agencies. For the photographs were none other than those of Morris Cohen and Lona Cohen, whom he had met several times before they had to flee America, and who were now at the heart of the nuclear spying in Britain as Peter and Joyce Kroger. Again, if their photographs were recognised, in either New Zealand or Britain, the most probable, the British ring would be broken up.

The FBI, holding him at Texas, went through every inch of his clothing and minutely examined the briefcase. There, in a brown paper parcel, they discovered 4,000 American dollars—and the photographs. Hayhanen was flown back to America from Paris—and identified Abel as the Master Mind.

Meanwhile the GRU, in Dzirzhinski Street, Moscow, were panicked by the disaster. They knew how far it could spread. Fortunately, Hayhanen did not know too much—only about a part of the American set-up. But if, under questioning or drugs, Abel broke down and told all it would be a major catastrophe.

So Moscow radioed all its agents in the West to stop activities and cancel all meetings until it could be seen how much would be revealed. The message was flashed with particular urgency to Station Okhotra at 45, Cranley Drive. Neighbours noticed that at about this time Mrs Kroger was not her usual cheerful, party-giving self. She was white and very nervous. Her fingers twitched and she often lost track of the conversation. Peter Kroger, too, looked pale. But then he was always a serious-looking type. He said he, and particularly his wife, had been working too hard.

Peter Kroger immediately telephoned Lonsdale in Scotland. The tour was fortunately on its last couple of days and Lonsdale returned with the tour.

Abel should not of course have been carrying photographs.

He was breaking a cardinal G R U rule—never to carry any documents, references or photographs of any member of any separate cell. And yet Abel was such a skilled agent that there might have been some other reason. Possibly Abel had some assignment with the Cohens. Perhaps he was due to come to Britain. We shall never know, because Abel did not talk.

But the FBI lost no time. The photographs were compared with known Communist sympathisers and suspects and at FBI headquarters a photographs officer shouted: "It's them—the Cohens!" The FBI had shadowed the Cohens for months while watching the Rosenbergs after the Fuchs-Greenglass disclosures. But they decided that the Cohens could be left out of the arrests for the time in the hope that they would lead to other Red agents.

In fact, it had, even in 1951, been noticed that the Cohens had met a man called Milton (actually Abel). Milton was watched, but so good was his cover that it was decided that he had no espionage or political significance. The Cohens seemed to lead nowhere, but they later realised they were being followed and, as we have read, went to Canada. In this case it was the American FBI which had slipped up—and badly. Abel was to be allowed to carry on his dangerous work.

But now it was different. In Britain, in Cranley Drive, the Rogers were kept informed of the relentless FBI pressure to find them.

FBI men went to James Monroe High School and the University of Mississippi where Cohen was educated. Then they tracked the whereabouts of former friends, in the hope that they might have kept in touch or heard something from other friends.

Two walked into the office of Paul Screvane, Commissioner of Sanitation for New York, and said: "Do you remember a guy called Morris Cohen?" Screvane jumped up from his desk and said: "Why, 'Unc'! 'Unc' Cohen. Sure I remember him. He was a real plugger, 'Unc'. Yeah, went to my college in Mississippi."

"We know that," said the FBI lieutenant. "You would recognise his picture?" They showed Screvane the picture, exciting memories of school days, and he said: "Yeah, that's 'Unc'. Couldn't mistake him. Played football like a dream. Married a girl called Lorna or Lona or something."

"That's right, Lona," said the F B I men. "D'you know where they are now. Do you ever hear from them?"

"Why, no," said Screvane, scratching his head. "No, but what's all this about? You, FBI boys after 'Unc' Cohen? Has he done something wrong or something?"

The FBI lieutenant extended his hand. "That's what we're trying to find out, Mr Screvane. Thanks a lot."

Once again the FBI fliers were sent to friendly Western and N A T O intelligence agencies, once again giving the Cohens' descriptions and their fingerprints.

Meanwhile, Abel was indicted by a Federal grand jury on charges of conspiring to commit espionage for the Soviet Union. Charged, too, were Reino Hayhanen, Alexandr Korotkov, Mikhail Svirin and Vitali Pavlov. They were described as "representatives, agents and employees of the Government of the Soviet Union". The charges against the last three were purely formal since as diplomats, they were protected and they had been quickly whisked back to Russia under their diplomatic immunity.

It is incredible that Vitali Pavlov's accreditation to the United States should have been accepted in the first place. He was blatantly exposed as a spy, in fact head of the K G B in Canada, while second Secretary of the Ottawa embassy, by Ivor Gouzenko as far back as 1945. Once again American security had been negligent.

The Pavlov affair had nearly led to the Cohens' unmasking in 1945, because, in the possession of one of his agents, had been found the name and American address of the British scientist-spy, Klaus Fuchs. Incredibly, this had not been acted upon. But it was Fuchs who, later, in 1951, led to suspicion being turned on the Cohens. Now, Abel who knew the Cohens/Krogers and Lonsdale was before the court with Hayhanen. They were once again in danger.

Anxiously, the Krogers and Lonsdale received reports from Moscow. One thing worried them; would Abel break down or be trapped in court?

The indictment stated that from 1948 Abel obtained and transmitted information relating to the defences of the United States. He conspired "to activate as agents within the United States" members of the armed forces who were in a position to acquire such information.

The ring was said to be especially interested in information "relating to arms, equipment and the disposition of the United States armed forces and information relating to the atomic energy programme."

Attempts had been made to obtain writings, photographs, negatives, maps, plans, models, notes and instruments.

Mr William F. Tompkins, assistant attorney-general in charge of the Justice Department's internal security division, said that Abel was known to the ring as Mark, but he had other aliases. At his studios he was known as Emil Goldfus. He used the name Martin Collins when he registered at the hotel.

He was born in Moscow and had a wife and child in Russia. He was said to have entered the United States from Canada in 1948. In 1953 he established a photographic studio as an adjunct to his work as an artist.

One of the accusations was that he intended, in the event of war between the United States and Russia, to engage in sabotage and to set up a radio to transmit information to Russia.

In his room at the hotel there were cryptic notes, a short-wave radio, graph paper of a type used in sending coded messages, an international certificate of vaccination in the name of Martin Collins, and a birth certificate in the name of Emil R. Goldfus.

Records showed that a child of that name was born on June 2, 1902 to parents living in New York. The child died two months later.

Hayhanen told the hushed and packed court that Russian spies exchanged messages by leaving them under a certain bolt in the seat of a bench in New York's Riverside Drive Park. He then dramatically turned to Abel and identified him as the "Chief Resident Director" for Russian espionage in America. He said that hiding places for messages were found and arranged by members of the Soviet embassy.

Abel's lips curled with hate as Hayhanen, the man he had virtually sentenced to death, gave his evidence. Abel scribbled continuously at memos and notes while the trial progressed. He was the highest-ranking Russian spy ever caught. Hayhanen said he was trained as a spy during the Russo-Finnish war in 1939. He came to America in 1952.

"Why did you come to this country?" he was asked. "To take residence as a citizen in espionage work," he replied in a thick Russian accent. "Who was your superior?" "The resident officer in this country I knew only as Mark. He had no other name because of security reasons," and he pointed to Mark—Colonel Rudolf Abel, of the Red Army.

Evidence was given that the espionage ring used hollowed out

coins, pens, pencils, bolts, handcuffs and earrings as containers for the micro-films and used short-wave radio for receiving instructions and sending information. Like the Krogers, they sent some of their secrets direct to Moscow.

It was one of the hollowed out coins which helped to lead to Abel's arrest for when on the run somehow one of them got out of his hands and was used by an old lady to pay her paper bill. Paper boy James Bozart dropped the coin. It split apart and there inside was a microfilm.

It was also said that Abel had travelled back to Russia at least once and returned. FBI men said that Hayhanen, Pavlov and Svirin held a conference in Moscow in the summer of 1952. This was at the headquarters of the Committee of Information. Hayhanen arrived in New York aboard the Cunarder *Queen Mary* and established contact with Abel and Svirin.

FBI men also gave evidence of discovering coded reports of spy meetings in Mexico and in London. It is possible that Abel had travelled to London and this was why he had the Cohen/Krogers' photographs on him.

Another witness was Sergeant Roy A. Rhodes, United States Army, who said he spied for Russia while working in the United States Embassy in Moscow from 1951 to 1953. Rhodes said he had been paid about £1,000 in Russian roubles for his work. After Abel's trial he was brought before a court-martial on espionage charges.

But Abel did not talk and, in London, Lonsdale and the Krogers, were able to breathe a little more freely. Abel was sentenced to 30 years' imprisonment and fined £1,070 for spying for Russia. He had operated a spy ring in the United States for nine years.

The prosecution did not ask for the death penalty. Abel, who did not give evidence on his own behalf, showed the same calm while sentence was passed as he had throughout the trial. He was the first foreign national to stand trial for his life on an espionage charge in an American civilian court.

Abel's lawyer, Mr James Donovan, pleading against the death penalty, said the time might come when the United States would wish to exchange Abel for some American intelligence agent captured in Russia. It was also possible that Abel might decide to co-operate with the American authorities by disclosing details of his espionage activities.

During this time the neighbours in Cranley Drive watched their television sets, free from the sudden burst of flickering to

which they had got accustomed. They had put it down to the effect of electronic equipment at the American Air Base at Ruislip. And Houghton got a temporary respite from calls from the agents of Z2. Lonsdale had instructed them to lay low for a while.

He continued to work very hard at his cover business. It was even more essential while the heat was on. And he visited the Krogers less often, since, if one of them was being watched, frequent meetings would lead to the spread of suspicion. He occupied his increased spare time in the usual way. And in the evenings when the lights were low, his companion was the ravishing Carla Pinizzi whom he had met on the St Andrews holiday. In his little flat in the White House she cooked him Italian, French and German meals and he took her to theatres, night-clubs and parties. But Lonsdale cooled off when mention of marriage entered the conversation. Carla decided it was better to forget about Lonsdale.

But when she dropped out of his life he swept into his arms one of Carla's friends a dark-haired Yugoslavian girl, called Zlaty Sablic, who was also a nursing orderly. They did the rounds of theatres and restaurants together. But Zlaty went back to Yugoslavia. She was replaced by yet another Yugoslav girl, Sabre. She recalled: "He would take me out with two or three other girls and we would go to his flat and listen to his records. He liked opera as well as popular music and liked to dance with me to the music. Then one day last year he said he was very keen on me. I reminded him of his 'love' for several other girls and said it would be better if we broke off the association. In conversation he frequently would say that he admired the Russian system. He said, 'There will be the same standard of living there as the Americans have within a few years.' I remember one of my girl friends once said to him: 'Gordon, you have very Slavonic features,' he got into a terrible temper and said, repeatedly: 'No, no. You mustn't say that. I am Canadian. Do you understand? Canadian!' "

Sales of juke boxes started to slacken in the face of increased competition. Lonsdale suggested that he should make a trip to the Continent to get foreign orders. But in fact he was setting up new postboxes for a renewed espionage drive. He went to Brussels, Flushing, Ostend, Copenhagen, Oslo and Stockholm. By this time his and the Krogers' friend, Colonel Abel, was languishing in prison and most of a buried horde of £357,000, some

of it counterfeit currency, had been dug up from Quincy, Massachusetts, and New York parks, where it had been buried to finance his future operations. Moscow gave the all-clear. It had been a close shave.

In the meanwhile, Houghton had been trained to carry out his bidder's instructions like a tame dog. Fear and cash were the weapons. A Hoover brochure through the post and it meant that Houghton knew that he had to go to the Toby Jug public house at Tolworth in Surrey on the first Saturday of the month to receive the latest request. He would dutifully carry a newspaper in one hand and a glove in the other. He would only know the cover name of these men, like Nikky or John. And now, in the quiet homely atmosphere of the Toby Jug, with unsuspecting Englishmen standing and sitting drinking their pints of beer, Nikki passed on Moscow's demands: "We want all information on the homing torpedo devices and the towed sound device."

Houghton was handed at the particular meeting, a bit of the spy's tools to help him. This was a Swan Vesta matchbox with a false bottom. Inside was a piece of paper and on Nikki's instructions he wrote on the paper: "Envelope, 7 or 8 next meeting place, Saturday or noon Sunday. If torn, 7 or 8 the next day." These were the days and dates to meet if he was summoned.

If Houghton got any information and wanted to get in touch with Nikki it was agreed that he should go to Ladbroke Grove, in the Notting Hill area of London. At a certain point there was a wooden gate. He should there chalk a mark OX with two lines beneath on the gate. Nikki said that this would mean he should meet him at the Maypole public house in Tolworth on the first Saturday of any month. If that meeting fell through he was to report the following day at 1 p.m., carrying a copy of the humorous magazine, *Punch*. At this meeting Nikki gave him £5 to cover "expenses". Another means of summoning Houghton to a meeting was by sending him a Scotch House company brochure.

Houghton's friendship with Ethel Gee grew more close. Peggy Houghton, who had married him in 1935, when he was an honest man, was at her wit's end. She had heard more and more gossip in the little naval town of the association between Harry and "Bunty". Then she found in her home a love-letter from "Bunty" which Houghton had carelessly, or perhaps deliberately, left lying around. She tackled her husband and, far from denying or trying to excuse the association, he confirmed it. From then on

he actually flaunted his association with "Bunty" before his wife.

But she began to make other discoveries, too. She found parcels of Admiralty papers marked "Top Secret" and wrapped in brown paper. And she found a tiny camera....

She asked her husband what it was all about and again Houghton flew into a rage. Then "Bunty" and Peggy met in the street. There was an angry scene between them when Peggy accused "Bunty" of having an association with her husband. "Mind your own business," "Bunty" shouted. Within a few days Peggy walked out of her home. She felt that Henry Frederick Houghton wasn't worth the rows. The last strands of love had gone. And so had the last strands of wifely loyalty. She went to the local court office and there enquired about taking steps to obtain a divorce. She poured out the story of her husband's love for another woman. "And you won't believe it," she sobbed, "but I'm sure he's spying. I thought so in Poland, too. There are the parcels and the camera.... And he once told me he was 'only making use' of 'Bunty' Gee."

Peggy's revelations were transmitted to the naval authorities at Portland. Why weren't they acted upon? Commander Crewe-Read, the security officer, found such hearsay evidence too unreliable. "After all, if she's going to divorce him, she is prejudiced," he said. And Houghton was allowed to go on perusing secrets.

At about that time there was a slight flurry at Portland when it was discovered, by accident, that some highly secret documents seemed to have been "misplaced" for a couple of days. Miss Gee was moved to another department for six months. But she was brought back into the "top secret" section again.

Houghton had found out an important fact. That such security as existed was solely from 8.30 a.m. on Monday to 5.30 p.m. on Friday. There was no check on him if he walked out of the base with a bundle of documents in his pocket. He was never searched. And since work stopped at the week-end, and there were no spot checks, no-one would ask for them again until Monday morning at the earliest. In the meanwhile he would have the whole week-end to take them to meetings with Red agents or to photograph them, then calmly walk in the gates on Monday morning and put them back.

The night Peggy Houghton walked out of her home, Houghton, far from being regretful or contrite, threw a party. He now introduced "Bunty" to people he met as "the woman I am going

to marry". He even proposed to her, a fairly safe risk since she had the responsibility of looking after the old folk back in Hambro Road. He accepted her explanation that, in the circumstances, she could not accept his proposal. But there was the joy of their stays together in London——They often stayed at the Cumberland Hotel and together saw the shows "South Pacific" and "My Fair Lady".

All inhibitions seemed to leave him. He boasted at the Old Elm Tree Inn that he had passed further Civil Service examinations and that he was "now something in security". They always knew when Harry Houghton was getting a bit "high" for, before buying a round of drinks, he would puff out his chest and say: "When I served on a gunboat on the Yangtze Kiang river ..." and roar with laughter. He was spending a lot of money. Meanwhile the meetings with Red agents went on....

In 1958 the long-suffering Peggy Houghton gained a divorce from her husband on the grounds of cruelty. She later married a Royal Air Force Corporal named Johnson and was posted with him to Seletar R A F base on Singapore Island, in the Far East.

It is believed that later two Inspectors from the G R U came from Russia to inspect the British spy set-up. They apparently gave it the all-clear and Lonsdale felt it was safe to emerge from his behind-the-scenes direction of Houghton's activities. It was a view confirmed by a number of visits to Portland.

Once again the Krogers' radio at Cranley Drive crackled with a two-way conference between Lonsdale and the G R U in Dzirzhinski Street. A few hours later Gordon Arnold Lonsdale prepared to make a journey.

CHAPTER EIGHT

B A L L E T — A N D S H O C K S

T H E spy-master sat at the wheel of his car and sped out of London on the A30. It was a beautiful June afternoon. It would have been just the sort of afternoon to dally with dark-eyed Sabre. But Lonsdale was in a hurry. He raced through the picturesque beauty of Virginia Water and Sunningdale where the big, spread-

ing trees and the lush greenery moved the late Aga Khan to call it the most beautiful and restful part of the world he knew.

But Lonsdale's mind was very much on his job. The problems: Houghton and the vital submarine-finding asdic apparatus which could cripple the Russian submarine fleet. Or which, in Russian hands, could cripple the West's nuclear-deterrent submarine fleet.

The GRU had given instructions that the discovery of the secrets of this apparatus was a top-priority assignment. And Houghton was saying that he could not get hold of details. Clearly, it was time for a personal meeting.

Maybe, Lonsdale thought, as he put his foot down on the wide straight road, Houghton was scared at the importance of the secrets. Well, he would have to tell a few lies at the meeting to put him more at ease. He would tell him he was acting in a good cause and tell him he was working for "friends".

Through Blackbushe with its now deserted airfield.... What a strange place this country Britain was with its amazing contrasts. Within minutes the scenery had changed and the open scrubland and the forests of pine against the pale blue sky looked just like some parts of Canada—and Russia. What should he say? Perhaps the Poles under his direction had been a little rough. He would start a new relationship. He would be friendly and jolly. The fact that he could speak with a friendly North Atlantic accent would help. It would all help Houghton to have an easier mind about the things he had done—and was going to do.

Through Ringwood and the New Forest with the friendly deer wandering across the road, then Weymouth and along the long causeway to Portland, surrounded on three sides by the sea. A breeze whipped the blue-grey water into wavelets. And a few miles out he could see three helicopters moving and hovering in patterns. Though invisible to his eyes, he knew that from them wires dipped into the sea and that in each helicopter a man, earphones on his head, crouched over charts recording the soundings he heard of a decoy submarine, its crew bored with the war game, many miles away.

But how did it work? How was it activated? What made it so sensitive? And how effective was it? Lonsdale carefully parked his car a few hundred yards down the road from Houghton's white-washed cottage, retraced his steps and walked quickly up the path to the front door.

It was two hours later when he left. The incisive Red spy-

master was so chubby and jovial in his gum-chewing, wise-cracking trans-Atlantic manner. He had asked about the asdic sets. But the accent wasn't half as sinister to Houghton as that of the men of the Polish Z2 who had asked about them. Those Poles gave him the shakes. This man was another sort, altogether. More friendly. He liked a drink, too, and he liked the girls. Harry Houghton felt much better. The Red spy-master knew his psychology.

"All right," said Lonsdale extending his hand as they parted. "I'll get you those tickets for the Bolshoi Ballet. One for you and one for your 'Bunty'. It's a wonderful show and I know you'll enjoy it. The Russians have culture as well, you know! See you on July 9."

Harry Houghton stood at the door and waved the spy-master goodbye. And as Lonsdale walked back to his car he was confident that the secrets of the asdic sets, the *Dreadnought*, the tests and reports would be his. He smiled as he passed the high walls, the barbed wire and the check gates of the naval base. The papers were locked in there in cabinets and strongrooms. But soon quick prying fingers would locate them. And later Lonsdale was even to hand to Houghton a list of secrets which were wanted, and he and his friend, Ethel Gee, were to steal the relevant documents from the secret files.

It was late now and Lonsdale drove straight back to London and his cosy flat at the White House. Next night he went to the Krogers in Cranley Drive. "Everything is well," he told them happily. And in a message to Moscow there flashed the jubilant news that the spy-master was sure that Houghton would obtain the vitally-needed secrets. Or if he could not, then his girl friend, little Ethel Gee, would.

In passing, it is ironic to note that the very means of passing most of the secrets to Russia was due to a British invention—and the keen eye of Lenin. On May 19, 1922, he was reading an item in the Communist newspaper, *Izvestia*, from London. It said: "An English engineer has discovered a device to keep telegrams transmitted by radio secret. Experiments conducted between London and Birmingham have yielded excellent results: the telegrams reached their destination in good order without being intercepted."

The reference, of course, was to short-wave radio. Lenin immediately wrote to Stalin: "If we could buy this invention, communication by radiotelephone and radiotelegraph would achieve

greater importance in the military field." Russia bought it and this was one of the results. But with the news of increased information to be transmitted to Moscow, it was decided that Peter and Joyce Kroger should go to the Continent for a brief holiday to organise auxiliary postboxes. They got out the black Ford Consul which they had bought and told neighbours they were going off for a short rest. By this time Peter Kroger had closed his business in the Strand because it was losing money and had started trading from home. "I expect I shall also do some business, though," he said. "I seem to have so much work to do."

The Krogers went to Amsterdam, where they stayed at the 125-room Hotel American, Leideskade, off the Leidscheplein, then they drove south through Paris to Geneva, where they possibly collected more money from their Swiss bank account to finance future activities. Then they travelled on to Spain. They established postboxes at many points under one pretext or the other when they did not have introductions to trusted Communists. But since the scare over the arrest of Colonel Abel they also had passports and documents in other names. This was just in case they suddenly had to throw off the discovered identity of Kroger and assume some other guise. The guise had to be British or American because English was their only language and it would obviously have been absurd to hold the passport of a country whose language they could not speak.

This time they had a Canadian identity in reserve. The Russian Pass-Apparat had done a good job for them with the passports and stamps. They had even given them their cover stories to fit the passports. The passports were concealed in the lining of a leather writing case which they took on this journey. The case contained a passport on each side.

The one for Peter Kroger was in the name of Thomas James Wilson, purporting to have been issued by the Department for External Affairs at Ottawa, Canada, on June 15, 1956, bearing a photograph and a description of the owner as a storekeeper, born Toronto, Ontario, Canada, 4th October, 1911, residence Canada, height 5ft 9m, colour of eyes brown, colour of hair grey.

A number of visas were stamped on the passport. Stuck into the cover was a piece of tissue-like paper with some typing on it, giving personal details of the passport followed by a heading: "Meaning of stamps." It then said: "7th July, 1956, came to Holland from Canada by plane ... 15th July, 1956, left Holland

for Belgium by train; 15th July, 1956, came to Belgium; 20th July, 1956, left Belgium for Holland by train; 20th July, 1956, came to Holland; 22nd July, 1956, left Holland for Canada by plane ... 23rd July, 1956, came to Montreal by plane ... then left Canada for England any time. Note that immigration authorities in Canada do not stamp Canadian passports when leaving the country. In England they stamp Canadian passports neither on arrival nor when leaving the country."

The one for Helen Kroger was also Canadian made out for someone in the name of Miss Mary Jane Smith, described as a "natural born Canadian citizen, a secretary," and giving the place and date of birth as "Montreal, Quebec, Canada, 16, September, 1915, residence in Canada", and the description: 5ft 5in, blue eyes, brown hair," with a photograph and what purported to be the person's signature. It was valid for all countries and had a stamp showing it was issued in Canada on September 14, 1956.

On one of the visa pages were three different stamps, and in it was a piece of paper with notes about them. It set out the meaning of the stamps as: 21, September 1956, came to Holland from Canada by plane; 3, October, 1956, left Holland by plane for Canada; 4th October, 1956, came to Montreal." Then followed the same note about leaving Canada for England at any time and about the immigration authorities in Canada not stamping Canadian passports when leaving the country.

Meanwhile Moscow had been given all the facts that were known about Ethel Gee. The voluminous files of the G R U had been consulted. She had not appeared in them, but now her name was entered and every detail about her that Lonsdale had been able to glean was added. Occupation ... Description ... Economic situation ... Recreations ... Family background ... Politics (inclined towards Liberals). Finally permission had been transmitted from Moscow that she should be used however Lonsdale thought fit.

It was essential that, during the following important months, Lonsdale's believable business cover should be maintained and he was alarmed to find that this was slipping just when he was in vital need of it. The Automatic Merchandising Company was getting into financial trouble. He was now on very good terms with Mr Peter Ayres and Mr Michael Bowers, two other directors. He visited the Ayres at weekends, often accompanied by a beautiful girl friend. But the directors agreed things were

going badly and during 1960 the company was wound up.

Lonsdale quickly looked round for another business to invest in as a cover. Like the Automatic Merchandising Company, it had to give him freedom of movement. He finally found just the thing. He put his money into the London Master Switch Company, of 85, Copleston Road, SE15, and became a director. One of the products of the business was the Allo security switch. Lonsdale had elegant visiting cards printed, with "G. Lonsdale" in script, and the imposing description beneath, "Director."

Down at Portland where the Spring of 1960 was turning into summer, Houghton reflected that his services were much in demand. He was becoming an Important Person, though not particularly as far as his employers, the Admiralty, were concerned. Yes, an interesting future lay ahead.

And Houghton, though a minor Civil Servant, found himself in a position of trust—and opportunity. He now held the position of the sole clerical officer of the Port Auxiliary Repair Unit and he was responsible for the acceptance, distribution and filing of all papers relating to the unit. In that capacity he had access to important Admiralty Fleet orders, the top-secret publication *Particulars of War Vessels*, which contained details of the nuclear *Dreadnought*, and other vital documents. Houghton went through them with zealous interest. And not only in the interests of the British Admiralty.

Mr Leonard Spurrell, the chief of the unit, noticed with satisfaction that Houghton seemed to be becoming more conscientious, more diligent....

But little "Bunty" Gee was really in the heart of things. Since 1955 she had worked in the drawing office records section and this was where the filing, copying and distribution of papers and documents was handled. It was the heart of the establishment. She had access to scores of test pamphlets and to the actual drawings of HMS *Dreadnought*. Her fellow employees liked her. Day after day she busily scribbled away keeping a register of test and other documents, noting their content, seeing to their proper distribution and keeping a record of all persons to whom they were distributed—all as part of the security system. As far as these top-secret documents were concerned she was the security system. She checked everyone else. But she herself was the weak link.

Meanwhile the time had come for Houghton and Gee to keep their pre-arranged July 9 meeting with Lonsdale. They travelled

to London and went to the Cumberland Hotel, Marble Arch, where they booked overnight accommodation. Then they walked to the Underground station nearby and took a tube-train to Waterloo Underground Station. From there they went to the high-roofed main line railway station, gay music tinkling over the loudspeakers in between announcements, and walked out into Waterloo Road and to the junction outside the famous Old Vic Theatre.

The Red spy-master was waiting for them, thoughtfully chewing gum. "Why, you look more like a Yank than ever!" Houghton said to Lonsdale as they all met. "I've got your tickets for the Bolshoi ballet tonight," said Lonsdale. "They are 27s. seats. It's a wonderful performance." They chatted for a few minutes, then Houghton left and walked quickly back to Waterloo station. He went to the Left Luggage Office and retrieved a blue-grey carrier-bag. He walked back to where Lonsdale and Gee were talking so animatedly and handed it to Lonsdale. In it was a mackintosh, which Lonsdale had left at Houghton's cottage on his previous visit, and a parcel.

The Red spy-master smiled: "Ah that is what I was waiting for." All three sat on a bench for twenty minutes and arranged to meet again a month later on August 6. Lonsdale rose, grinned, shook hands and left. It was just after 5 p.m. when Lonsdale walked back towards his car. Although it was parked only 150 yards away he went to it by a roundabout route taking ten minutes. He knew he had to be careful. He looked over his shoulder several times to see if he was being followed and walked past his car once. Then, clutching the carrier-bag Houghton had given him, he decided it was safe. He got in and drove away. It had been a good afternoon's work.

And Houghton and Gee went to watch the Bolshoi Ballet at the Albert Hall. There were many more meetings, at one of which Lonsdale gave Houghton, in the presence of Gee, a valuable Exacta camera "to photograph some stuff". All the massive resources of Russia's gigantic espionage service were at their disposal if it would help the little clerks.

In their meetings they observed the time-honoured Red code. Always to meet at a busy public place, whether a public house or a busy street. Individuals are less conspicuous then. No meetings were ever to take place, for example, in open places when it was raining heavily, for people waiting around in the rain would attract attention.

Yet, despite all these precautions, Lonsdale considered he had been lucky. The arrest of Colonel Abel in America could have easily led to the Krogers and then to him, if not directly from Abel to him. And only a few months earlier a young Polish agent of Z2, Jerzy Jansz Florczykowski, who had been sent to Britain with the eventual possibility of working alongside Lonsdale as a member of the Red nuclear network, had been arrested.

He, like Lonsdale, "studied" at London University. He had come to Britain to visit his father. His father had come to Britain in 1945 after the turmoil of the war and had settled down. His son arrived in 1957 and followed the Z2 instructions. He studied physics for two years and won a place at the Imperial College. Just like Lonsdale, his brief was to look out in the physics courses for future atomic scientists who might make spies.

For two years he reported back on his fellow students, sending to Z2 details of their character—perhaps a liking for drink, a tendency towards homosexuality, a strong liking for girls, an avariciousness for money—anything which might be exploited if they occupied important jobs.

He had sent the reports back in microdot form to "fellow students" in Warsaw. But curly-haired, bespectacled Florczykowski was spotted by the vigilant MI5. His bed-sitter was raided and an early microdot letter from a director of Z2 was discovered. It said:

Regarding ordinary written correspondence (not microdot but using code words) the postbox in Wiejska Street has now been discontinued by us.... The remaining two addresses of Mietek and Gienek remain unchanged.... Regarding your brief at the school, please give the names and short personal descriptions of people you have got to know there up to now. Please describe the conditions in which you are able to prepare microdots. The reply to the above questions should be camouflaged by you in a postcard to Gienek, in which you will acknowledge receipt of books sent to you. We wish you success in your studies and the favourable fulfilment of our joint tasks. Please send a reply as soon as you can. Before sending, test whether the microdot is legible.

A fatherly, encouraging letter. Unknown to Lonsdale, MI5 were slowly closing in on the great Red network and checking

suspicious people one by one. They were going through the records of a number of current university students, particularly at London University. Lonsdale felt lucky that Florczykowski had not been assigned to work with him. And he was glad too, that he had left the University after completing his courses in Mandarin Chinese. He trusted that his "peace" tirades, designed to draw out students, had been forgotten.

It was more than ever necessary that his pose as a Canadian should be kept up. In August, 1960, he traded in his modest black Standard car to a car dealer in the Harrow Road, London, and bought a large pale blue and beige second-hand Studebaker—just like the ones sighing down the streets in the mocked-up Western town at Winnitza in the Ukraine. The car was a few years old, but it was big, flashy and powerful. He paid only £400 for it and was allowed £270 on his Standard.

But, having bought the car, Lonsdale did a curious thing. He left it at the dealer's premises for two months before collecting it. Lonsdale convinced his fellow directors of the London Master Switch Company that he could boost sales by a trip to the Continent. They eventually agreed. One reason no doubt, was the need to replenish his ever-changing supply of postboxes. In August, 1960, he went to Vienna, where he saw a travel agent whose name is in my possession, then he went to Nuremburg to see another man whose name I have. Both these men have been able to help the security services. He also went to Frankfurt and to Bremen, where he stayed at the Hotel Schaper Siedenburg, in the Bahnhofstrasse, and from there he flew to Berlin where it is an easy matter to cross from the West Zone into the Communist East Zone.

There is every reason to think that he did go behind the Iron Curtain. Perhaps it was to report personally upon progress. But microdot letters eventually found in his possession indicate that he was also reunited with his wife, Galyshia, and, it seems, his two sons, probably in Prague. It must have been a poignant meeting for, despite his various love affairs, his letters home to his "beloved Galyshia" show sincere concern, warmth and tenderness.

But his fellow directors of the London Master Switch Company agreed that he didn't bring home as many orders as they would have liked. One reason may have been that on the way back to Britain he stopped for a few days in Brussels. The Red spy-master liked Brussels. "I combine business with pleasure

when I go there," he told friends. The business had started in March, 1960, at the Brussels exhibition when Lonsdale represented the London Master Switch Company. He also did some undercover business, of course, but the pleasure for Lonsdale was mainly supplied by the company of attractive laughing-eyed Denise Peypers. Now he called to see Denise again. He did not know that, quite separately in Britain and America, the sands were running out. And he did not know that in meeting Denise he was playing with fire.

It was not merely that Denise was married and had two children. That did not worry Lonsdale unduly. What he did not know was that Denise Peypers was an agent for the Surete Belgique—the Belgian security service. On the other hand Denise did not know that Lonsdale was a Russian spy. She did not think for a moment. But she sensed there was something wrong.

It was a feeling that had come one evening when they first met casually at the exhibition. The gay Canadian had obviously had too many free drinks at the stands of various other exhibitors. And now, as he bought her drinks at the bar, the veneer of his Canadian accent started to slip from his words. The voice was, well, not Canadian. Now here he was again. She decided to try to solve the mystery. She gave Lonsdale opportunities to date her and he was delighted to oblige. They held hands in nightclubs, strolled arm in arm through the parks. She encouraged him to talk about himself and checked what he said with what he had stated in the past. Sometimes her suspicions were deepened. She felt she should trigger headquarters into action. Sometimes they were completely quietened. Perhaps it was her imagination. Maybe she was making a mountain out of a molehill and would look a fool. After all as far as that slipped accent was concerned he had said that he had had a Finnish mother. Perhaps that accounted for it. Denise remained undecided about what to do.

Lonsdale's first visit when he returned to Britain was to the Krogers. Then Lonsdale met Houghton and Gee again. There were further meetings between Lonsdale and Houghton and Gee, and Houghton usually handed a package to Lonsdale. The GRU in Moscow was jubilant. It was at a meeting at a public house near the Festival Hall that a further stage in the relationship was reached. Lonsdale gave Houghton an Exacta camera to extend the scope of his work. Houghton had told Ethel Gee nearly a fortnight previously that he was to be given the camera

and on the appointed Saturday they both travelled to London to meet Lonsdale. Lonsdale was, as usual, gay and breezy. He questioned them both about the secret asdic apparatus. Houghton went up to the bar and got three drinks, then when he came back Lonsdale handed him the camera. "I hope you manage to use it all right," said Lonsdale. "Yes, I think it'll be all right," said Houghton making quick work of his double gin.

"I think I can get some asdic test papers which should be of use to you," said Ethel Gee to Lonsdale reassuringly. "I'll see what I can do."

Next day at Houghton's cottage Ethel Gee faithfully copied down a long typed questionnaire given to Houghton by Lonsdale, threw the typed version on the fire and put her handwritten copy in her handbag. If, Houghton told her, she could get some papers it would be a great help.

It was not an easy questionnaire for Ethel Gee to follow, for several of the questions had been phrased by Lonsdale in an almost literal translation of the Russian. One word used was "radiator". The literal translation from the Russian "uzluchatel" is, fully, "radiation source." It was easy for a person like Lonsdale, not absolutely fluently familiar with the English language, to make this "radiator". What Lonsdale really meant, however, is called in English a "transducer". Another question clumsily referred to the "duration of pulses for different regimes of operation" which simply meant "method of operation". A set was referred to as "a station" and the phrase "base units of the hydro-acoustic stations" really meant asdic sets.

But all these questions, if answered, could give a complete picture of the secret anti-submarine apparatus and of the research and development into future sets.

Prim little Miss Gee busied herself in the office. It was a Friday and she had just managed to find some of the secret documents which would answer some of the questions. She had already pumped her unsuspecting colleague in the office, Mr Hutchins, about the difference between a hydrophone and a transducer—"for a pretty trying customer," she said, who worked in the establishment and wanted papers. She wrote the information down: a hydrophone works downwards and a transducer works outwards. Then she took seven secret asdic documents, which had been in the strong room, and put them in an official Admiralty envelope. Mr Hutchins was putting on his coat. "Goodnight, Mr Hutchins," she said, "I hope you have a nice weekend." She

let Mr Hutchins leave first and then followed, smiling cheerfully at the security guards on the gate.

She had written "keep" against three, meaning there was no hurry for Houghton to return them. Houghton met her outside and drove her home.

That was how easy it was to steal the West's vital secrets. So far had the thefts of vital documents gone that if at about that time anyone blessed with x-ray eyes could have looked into the homes of Houghton and Gee, he would have seen an Aladdin's cave of highly-secret documents hidden away in the most surprising places.

In a dressing table drawer in a bedroom of Houghton's house he would have seen Lonsdale's Exacta camera. In a suitcase in the same room he would have seen three navigational charts giving areas of submarine exercises with pencil marks against harbour installations which would have made attractive sabotage targets. On a tallboy in an adjoining room was a Swan Vesta matchbox containing four unstruck matches—but the box had a false bottom containing a note about a next meeting. In the radiogram there were four test papers. In a bureau in the sitting-room he would have seen other documents. Elsewhere in the house he would have seen film containing photographs of 212 pages from the top-secret Particulars of War Vessels which included the nuclear *Dreadnought*, photographs of drawings of some of the equipment for NATO's latest vessels and 58 pages of Admiralty fleet orders. In a cupboard under the stairs he would have seen a locked wooden box and inside it an envelope addressed to "Mr F. Houghton" containing Premium bonds to the value of £500. And if he had looked in the garden shed he would have seen a Snowcem drum, containing another 7-lb. Snowcem tin and inside this he would have seen a plastic bag containing £650 in £1 and 10s notes.

And if the same x-ray eyes could have looked into little Ethel Gee's home they would have seen in a handbag in her bedroom a piece of paper bearing 18 test paper numbers referring to anti-submarine apparatus and other devices. Then, of course, they would have seen the questionnaire. And in three other handbags they would have seen share certificates to a market value of £3,703, Bank of England notes worth £316 and a book containing National Saving Certificates valued at £726 15s.

The demands for vital secrets cascaded over the air from the GRU in Moscow to Radio Station Okhotra at the hub of the

spy-ring at 45, Cranley Drive. And, thanks to the perfidy of Henry Frederick Houghton and his girl friend Ethel Elizabeth Gee, top-secret papers were stolen from the heart of NATO's most advanced underwater research centre and handed over to Lonsdale.

The Krogers could flash the vital details the 1,740 miles back to Moscow to be read within minutes by GRU men sitting at their desks at headquarters. Microdot photographs and drawings sent by the Krogers could be received in Moscow within a few days.

Secrets of the vital asdic submarine-tracking apparatus, secret test reports.... They were whisked away by the handful—the tiny, delicate hands of £10-a-week Ethel Elizabeth Gee. She handed them over to Houghton. He was able to photograph some of the documents himself, with the Exacta camera Lonsdale had given him, at his cottage home and hand the negatives to Lonsdale. Or, if there was no urgency for their return—for Houghton was not a very good photographer—he could hand the originals to Lonsdale who could give them to the Krogers for expert processing. Houghton himself photographed in his bedroom details of the top-secret nuclear submarine *Dreadnought* before it was even launched. And though he earned only just over £15 a week he had access to Admiralty Fleet Orders, Admiralty charts, the vital, secret document "Particulars of War Vessels" and other papers. It was a set-up that had everything.

And now Harry Houghton was living it up. He bought his fourth new car, a grey Renault Dauphine, redecorated his home, spent £800 on new furniture, and an expensive radiogram. His clothes were the best, with hand-stitched lapels, luxury shirts and hand-stitched shoes.

And he was spending more than his £15 a week on drink alone. He spent money lavishly on Miss Gee—and started taking out other women. Harry Houghton thought he was being smart by talking about how clever he was at making money in "business deals". But local folk knew that Houghton was not a particularly clever man. He varied the public houses and hotels where he spent cash. But he forgot that other people like a change and visit different places, too.

Local folk began to think that perhaps he was a jewel thief. Or perhaps he was a blackmailer. Or maybe he was after all what he said he was, a clever businessman. It never occurred to anyone that he might be a spy. It was quite separately, in other places, that clues began to crop up that a dangerous spy-ring was at

work. Unnoticed eyes began to watch Houghton, the £15 a week Admiralty clerk who was living at the rate of £50 a week. Step by step, he led them to the rest. For he was not only a secret-thief. He was also a vain braggart. And he gave the whole vital Red game away.

Henry Frederick Houghton was not only a dupe. He was also a dope.

CHAPTER NINE

THE "MOONRAKER" POUNCES—WITH MI5

DETECTIVE Superintendent George Smith of Scotland Yard's Special Branch hunched his burly but tired frame over his elbows at his desk high over the Thames.

Below, steamers, barges and tugs jostled down the river to the Thames estuary and the open sea, their lights twinkling on the black velvet water. On the right, over the Houses of Parliament 200 yards away, the great white face of Big Ben showed the hour of eleven.

George Smith, now alone in his office, drew heavily at his pipe and thought momentarily of his wife and 17-year-old daughter back in Hounslow. This was the fifth night like this. He pulled at his pipe again, at his own blend of strong and mild tobacco, and expended the smoke in a hissing sigh between his teeth.

"Surely," he asked himself half aloud, "this can't be it?"

Strong and mild. That fairly summed up Superintendent George Smith. Strong in build and constitution and strong in sheer capacity for getting down to the mental grind that spy-catching entails. Mild in manner and mild in voice, the voice with its gentle, reassuring Wiltshire burr.

A whisper picked up behind the Iron Curtain had indicated that important Red agents were operating in Britain and that their work concerned British and NATO naval nuclear secrets.

Secrets are not tangible things. Nothing need necessarily disappear. A document can be copied or photographed and returned to its place in a few minutes. Nothing to show it has been touched. But it isn't a secret any more.

Naval Intelligence was informed. But where could they start? If secrets were going, what secrets? And at what stage in their existence? Were they disappearing from the drawing board? If so, various parts of the research departments would have to be watched. Were they disappearing during inside testing? If so, other departments would have to be watched. Were they disappearing after they had been put into operation in ships? If so, ship's personnel would have to be watched at scores of bases.

Rear-Admiral N. E. Denning, the chief of Naval Intelligence, ordered: "I want a thorough examination of the dossiers of the service and civilian personnel at the naval establishments." It would be doubtful if any naval men were involved. There were few conscripts in the Navy and personnel had to pass fairly close examination.

Special attention was paid to the civilian staff. Eventually the dossiers of several hundred people who had ever indicated that they might possibly incline towards Leftish or Communist leanings, or had aroused any attention in their personal or professional lives, were studied by the Intelligence staff. No-one regarded it as a pleasant job, this probing into people's affairs. But the great Red spy net made it necessary—if democracy was to be protected. File after file was studied.

A request was addressed too, to the security services of friendly countries asking them to be on the lookout for any clues. Security men at all naval establishments and those responsible for security aboard ship were asked to watch for any scraps of information or fragments of conversation which might be a pointer. Then weeks later, there came back from the FBI in America a confirmatory report from a secret Iron Curtain source, that it was understood that a well-equipped cell was indeed operating in Britain among N A T O forces. But where?

Meanwhile Superintendent Smith had been consulted. For once a person or persons fell under definite suspicion, it would be his task and that of his men to finish the job. Anyone who was misled by that soft Wiltshire accent was a fool. Smith was clever, patient and persistent.

During the war he had been instrumental in catching a succession of German spies. And from the time of scientist spies Alan Nunn May and Klaus Fuchs he had brought a number of Communist spies to justice or had provided the Home Office with sufficient information to have a much larger number

deported. The latter course was the only one which could be adopted in the case of spies with diplomatic cover.

Superintendent Smith had two nicknames. One was "The Banker" because he usually dressed in a conservative manner, similar to that of City businessmen, with a white handkerchief just peeping from his breast pocket. Another nickname he earned from close colleagues was "Moonraker" because he often worked long into the night and never jibbed at staying up all night, if necessary, watching a particular building or following a particular person. He was essentially one of those people who believed in getting right in amongst the job—even if it meant harvesting the hours of the moon.

What are the resources which can be called upon to fight the spy threat such as the one posed by the Red nuclear secrets-ring? How does Britain's security system work? Little is generally known about its organisation, but I am permitted to tell the following of its structure:

Like the GRU in Moscow, Britain has, too, its Central Register. More than two million people, including a large number of foreign nationals, are on file. So are a large number of British nationals. There are notes about most Britons who occupy influential positions in commerce, politics, communication mass media (films, books, television, newspapers, radio) and the Forces. There are notes about Politicians, Trade Unionists, workers in defence plants, military, naval and air installations, atomic energy establishments and the Civil Service. People who work in any field, in fact, where undercover allegiance could affect the community. Not all the references are by any means unflattering, either of British or foreign nationals. The Government is not interested in these references as guides to political opposition, but only as a protection against foreign political, economic or military *subversion*.

The central register is run by MI5. This name simply means Military Intelligence, Fifth Department, and, although it has ceased to be concerned with the purely military aspects of intelligence, it still retains that name. Its chief is an anonymous civilian. It is staffed mainly by civilians of impeccable integrity, first-class Forces officers permanently seconded to the work and top-flight police, diplomatic and other officials who have shown resource, intelligence and utter integrity.

The junior staff, men and women, is chosen on the personal recommendation of higher officials and after an exhaustive ex-

amination of each person. Checks are, indeed, carried out from time to time on the staff.

The headquarters: somewhere in Mayfair, in London's West End.

Secondly there is MI6, controlled by the Foreign Office. Like MI5 it started off as a Military agency—Military Intelligence, Department 6. But now this is, frankly, Britain's espionage service. It is a service like that of the armed forces which Britain maintains because every other country has one, too, and we cannot afford to lag behind in general knowledge.

Its work is spearheaded by British professional espionage agents and is concerned with foreign economic, atomic and military progress affecting Britain. Political information which might influence the use of those resources is dissected by the Foreign Office Intelligence Unit. Foreign newspapers, perfectly proper reports from British embassies and officials abroad obtained from public sources, are carefully scrutinised. Again, the identity of MI6's director is a secret.

Thirdly there is the Scotland Yard *Special Branch*, to which Superintendent Smith belongs. This branch, consisting of picked police, is responsible for watching the activities of aliens and political and Trade Union agitators. Some of the Branch's duties overlap those of MI5. It combines with MI5 in watching suspicious people, making arrests when necessary and recommending deportations. It is directed by the Home Office.

Naval Intelligence is responsible for the security of British and NATO bases in this country and for security aboard ships. It is responsible for obtaining material about foreign navies and foreign naval research. Security at Portland and all other bases and Admiralty establishments come in this sphere. The director: Rear Admiral N. E. Denning.

Military Intelligence, under Major-General R. E. Lloyd, has similar duties relating to the Army, and with the Ministries of Defence and Supply, regarding military rocket security.

Air Intelligence, led by Air Vice-Marshal Sidney Bufton, performs similar functions for the RAF.

The Atomic Energy Security Department is responsible for nuclear security until work enters the domain of other civilian and military bodies when the security responsibility is shared with the appropriate organisation.

The Atomic Energy Authority Security Department screens

nuclear scientists and staff. Its head, Mr G. Patterson, is responsible directly to the Minister of Science.

Close liaison is kept with the *Ministry of Aviation Security Department* which is responsible for guided missiles and other air and ground to air nuclear weapons, again its duties being shared, where they overlap, with other security agencies.

The Ministry of Defence operates an overall, combining bureau called the *Joint Intelligence Agency*.

The heads of each of these security organisations meet periodically as the Joint Intelligence Committee and meetings are normally attended by the Defence Minister who reports direct to the Prime Minister and the Cabinet.

Now Naval Intelligence, MI5 and the Special Branch were instructed to follow up the disturbing reports of the work of the Red cell. Their chiefs and advisers met. They could only act in the initial stages in a process of elimination.

Why was this high-powered cell particularly questing for its information in Britain? What naval nuclear secrets did Britain have which were particularly valuable—if the information was right?

Thoughts immediately turned to Barrow-in-Furness where the nuclear-powered *Dreadnought* was being built. Secrets of the *Dreadnought* would of course, be immensely valuable. But the vital components had not been installed. There were no pointers to any weak links. In any case, nuclear submarines had been pioneered by America, not Britain, and the main research on nuclear propulsion was still going on there.

Naval chiefs were called into conference. Careful elimination showed that the field in which Britain was leading the West, if not the world, was in submarine detection. The detection, by the use of advanced electronic apparatus, of nuclear as well as ordinary submarines.

Research on the inclusion of up-to-the-minute devices in the *Dreadnought* was taking place at Portland. And Britain's underwater weapons and detection work was taking place there, too. This comprised of highly secret, advanced work on sonar buoys, "homing torpedoes"—torpedoes which would "home" automatically towards the vibrations of a submarine—trailed vibration—emitting apparatus to fool an enemy's homing torpedoes—and asdic submarine plotting sets which could be used from the air....

All the dossiers on Royal Navy and Civil Service employees at the Portland base were examined. If these spy reports were

true—and there was no reason to doubt them—Portland was the place to start looking. It was time to call in the "Moonraker". He had a kind of "sixth sense" about these things.

Fifty-six year old Superintendent Smith sat down and studied the reports for hour after weary hour. He studied employees who seemed to have Left-wing tendencies. They were rather worrying, but there was no suggestion of sudden increased wealth to go alongside any of them. Or of regular long distance journeys or rendezvous with strangers. The top-brass and the middle-level of employees were fairly well documented and seemed a pretty good lot. But he went through them over and over again, hoping to spot some clue in association or hobbies. Naval Intelligence studied the lists of vessels which had called at Portland and had made stays there. No-one who had given the slightest grounds for suspicion had been aboard. No-one who might perhaps have established a link with a girl in a responsible position there.

Smith studied the lists of petty criminal offenders. People who, long in the past, had some record of petty theft. Then he checked them with the Yard's own files from the Criminal Records Office. Next he and Naval Intelligence studied the records of people who seemed to show any resentment. Nothing really to go on.

But his eyes kept on flickering back that late night in his room at the Yard to the curious case of the photographer at the establishment headquarters who had received anonymous letters. The letters claimed that the photographer was using Admiralty photographic equipment—film spools and so on—for private work, and they labelled him a "dirty Jew".

The photographer had received a couple of these letters before he took action. The allegation that he had been using Admiralty photographic equipment for private purposes was completely untrue. He wasn't, if it mattered, Jewish, anyway. He threw the letters in the wastepaper basket. But when the third one arrived, with a swastika in the corner, the photographer, a pleasant, friendly man, felt that this was becoming a nuisance. So he put it in his pocket and took it to the little dock-gate office of 60-year-old Admiralty Police Constable Fred Hosking.

Bespectacled Fred Hosking, who was responsible for keeping unauthorised people from entering the establishment, looked at the letter and said: "Who could have sent this?"

The photographer said: "I don't know. That's why I brought

it to you. He's not a very nice sort of person to have around, whoever he is."

Constable Fred agreed. He looked at the piece of paper. Admiralty paper. Then he looked at the ink on the paper. "It looks like Admiralty office ink. Looks like someone inside," he said, "Anyone who doesn't like you?"

The photographer thought for a moment. "Well, I wouldn't for a moment suggest it was him, but Harry Houghton and I don't exactly see eye to eye. Ever since the time I said: 'You look prosperous these days, Harry,' and he said, 'I use my brains. Why don't you use yours and mind your own business?' I was just joking, but he hasn't spoken since. He seemed to resent it."

"Come to think of it," said Fred Hosking. "Where is Harry Houghton getting the money from? A woman who lives near him was only telling me the other day that he was living a high old life."

"Search me," said the photographer. "You ask him. Not me, ... Anyway, I'll leave that letter with you."

This dialogue did not appear in the brief note opposite Houghton's name which Superintendent Smith was studying. It merely recorded that Houghton seemed to be spending a lot of money and that he was friendly with record drawings office clerk Ethel Gee. But fortunately, Constable Fred Hosking hadn't left it at that. Where *was* Harry Houghton getting his money? If he wrote that letter, was he mixed up in blackmail or something?

It wasn't long before Constable Hosking, who lives in an ordinary house in Dorchester Road, Weymouth, satisfied himself that Harry Houghton had been in no way responsible for the note. But he was intrigued as to where the cash was coming from to satisfy his expensive tastes. He'd always seemed to have money. When he joined the establishment he had had his naval gratuity, Constable Hosking supposed, he had saved. But he was intrigued. When his interest is up, a good policeman never lets up, and Constable Hosking of the Admiralty Police was in that tradition.

He made a few inquiries around the pubs Houghton used and totted up that Harry Houghton was spending not less than £15 a week on drink alone—and then there were the new cars, furniture, house redecoration and so on. And those weekend visits to London. Quite independently, a neighbour of Houghton's also working at the base, took note of all these things. He added them up—and they spelled something odd.

He went half apologetically to the police and reported his

suspicions. Superintendent Reg Smith, head of the Dorset CID, and a shrewd officer, began an investigation of Houghton.

He assigned to the delicate task a highly promising local detective, Sergeant Leonard Burt.

His reports were passed back to William Skardon, No. 2 in MI5.

Skardon—a tall, pipe-smoking, quiet man with great experience in this field—decided to call in George Smith.

So it was that when Superintendent Smith later asked about Houghton and his big spending, he heard an astonishing story. Naval Intelligence, the Special Branch and MI5 were all working now. Superintendent Smith had a look for himself. He drifted along to the Elm Tree, just like many other visitors to Portland naval base had done, and drank a couple of pints—watching Harry Houghton.

Cocky ... confident ... boastful. Looks as if he's been having the cream off the milk... Those were the thoughts which ran through George Smith's knowledgeable mind. He drank his beer and walked out. Then he saw Commander Crewe-Read. "This chap Houghton," he said. "I see he was on the naval attaché's staff in Warsaw and went a bit 'bent'. I think he's worth watching. I'd like to put a man in his department."

Superintendent Smith reported back to his chiefs. By this time the Prime Minister, Mr Macmillan, had been informed of the spy reports. Soon George Smith was told: "You can have as many men as you want. The PM (which is the officialese abbreviation for Prime Minister) says the report must be cleared up."

It was just a lead and it could have proved to have been quite wrong. But from May, 1960, Harry Houghton was never quite alone. A new water board man called at the door. Harry Houghton met a couple of old naval types in a local bar. They'd been on the same ships, but at different times.

Dorset County CID supplied a dozen plain-clothes officers whose accents, local gossip and clothes mingled with local folk without arousing suspicion. Detective-Sergeant Leonard Burt, sporting a gay Tyrolean hat, played a couple of games of darts with Harry Houghton—and let him win ... and talk.

Even the county CID boss, bluff Detective Superintendent "Bertie" Smith, with his hair thinning a bit on the top, took his turn in the long watch.

The pair of newly-weds who used to use the Elm Tree seemed

to have eyes only for each other. But they were watching Harry Houghton and Miss Gee. Then one Friday night they heard Harry Houghton say to the landlord: "Oh, well, I'm taking 'Bunty' up to do a show in Town tomorrow." Half an hour later the newly-wed "husband" was on the telephone to George Smith. "Okay," he said, "I'll lay it on."

Another weekend gone bust...

Next morning a roadsweeper watched the curtains at Harry Houghton's bedroom window drawn to admit the early sun. By seven o'clock he was bustling about downstairs. No lie-abed, Houghton. The Service tradition died hard and early rising was one that Houghton retained. At nine o'clock he saw Houghton come out carrying a blue-grey carrier bag, open his garage doors, then back his car out on to the road. That stretch of roadside had been swept unusually clean by this time. Houghton drove off and the roadsweeper signalled the driver of an old, battered Ford V8 nestled in a turning down the road.

Harry Houghton wasn't very difficult to follow. He wasn't very fast and his driving seemed to have a kind of nautical roll about it. But the V8 had a fairly powerful engine which would have provided the turn of speed if necessary.

Over to Ethel Gee's house. A man waiting at the bus stop had let several buses go by, but no-one had noticed. Maybe they weren't the right number. Houghton arrived and then Houghton and Gee drove to Weymouth station, parked the car, and bought two first-class, 45s. tickets for London. They waited for the 11.30 a.m. train and the businessman, with briefcase, who had been behind them at the ticket office, went to the disguised police radio car just outside the station and said: "Tell London they'll be on the 11.30 through train, arriving at Waterloo at 2.40 British Railways permitting. I'll be on it, too, and will follow them out of the carriage so you can spot them." A policeman strolled on to the platform as the train was moving off and added over the radio, just as the end of the message was being transmitted: "Fourth carriage from the front."

Houghton and Gee spent most of the 142-mile, 3 hours and 10 minutes journey, in the restaurant car. They pulled into Waterloo at 2.40 p.m. right on time.

Superintendent Smith, in his usual sober suit, carrying a briefcase, with a rolled umbrella hanging from his arm, just strolled about. Just waiting at the station for a train, anyone would have thought. But he was briskly giving instructions to his men and

women. First the newly arrived couple deposited a carrier bag at the left luggage office. A taxi had been lined up to follow, if the couple took a taxi. But they walked into the Underground station. The young teddy boy with his beatniky girl friend in the black jeans standing behind them as they purchased their tickets just happened to want to go to the same station. And they did. Others followed them, just in case Houghton and Gee went where a teddy boy and a beatnik couldn't go. It was just as well. They got out at Marble Arch and walked to the stylish grey elegance of the Cumberland Hotel.

Superintendent Smith was sorely tempted to undo the package in that carrier-bag in the left luggage office, but he decided against it. He always believed in over-estimating his quarry, rather than under-estimating. The package inside might have the smallest piece of paper or string which, if disturbed, would give the game away. And George Smith wanted to see who Houghton and Gee were going to meet. He hadn't long to wait.

The middle-aged couple who had booked a room at the Cumberland after Houghton and Gee had a pot of tea and a few cakes a few tables away from them. Then they strolled out when they did. They went again to Marble Arch Underground station. They booked again to Waterloo. This was puzzling. Had they spotted that they were being followed? The Special Branch man swallowed hard. He'd never forgive himself. "Phone 'Moonraker' through the Yard," he whispered quickly to his woman companion. "I'll follow." The woman agent's call was switched through the Yard to the radio van at Waterloo Station. "Damned funny," puzzled George Smith. "I don't get it ..."

The couple stepped on to the escalator at Waterloo Underground station and appeared on the mainline level. Then they walked out through a subway leading to the Waterloo Road. Superintendent Smith watched from the shadows a very safe distance away, knowing that others of his men were much nearer.

Then they saw a stocky man in a blue gaberdine mackintosh emerge from an archway of the Old Vic Theatre—and greet the couple warmly. It was then that, after a few minutes, Houghton went back to the left luggage office, removed his grey-blue carrier bag and walked back to a bench where the man in the blue gaberdine mac was sitting talking to Gee. Houghton handed the man the carrier bag. After a few minutes, he got up and left.

A very odd meeting. But despite the new man's back-tracking and circuitous ten-minute route to his car only 150 yards away,

he was followed and so was his car. He was followed to the White House, where later a caller asked a porter: "I believe you have a man here with a black Standard car. I've got the number here. ... Only it's rather in the way. I can't get mine out. Could he shift it?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said the porter. "Mr Lonsdale, Flat 634." He telephoned and Lonsdale came down. "Sorry, old boy," said the apologetic driver who had actually followed him and parked behind him. "I just had to call up the road and I must have parked rather closely behind you. Now someone's jammed in behind me."

"Not at all," Lonsdale drawled, as he drove his Standard forward a few feet. "Any time ..."

"Thank you so much," said the grateful stranger. And he meant it.

That night Houghton and Gee were followed to the ballet and followed home, home the next day to Portland. It certainly looked odd.

But who was the man in the blue gaberdine mac? Who was Lonsdale?

That night Lonsdale was followed to the West End, He seemed a Canadian or an American. He said he was a Canadian, anyway, in conversation. And he certainly liked the girls. That was worth noting. On the following Monday morning Superintendent George Smith telephoned Whitehall 9741, the High Commissioner's Office, Canada House, Trafalgar Square: "I wonder if you could help us," he said in that gentle way of his. "I'd like to send one of my chaps around to check on a certain character. Says he's Canadian.... Yes, Lonsdale. That's all we know. Thanks a lot, old boy." One of Smith's men walked from Scotland Yard up Whitehall to Canada House. Ah, here it was ... Gordon Arnold Lonsdale. Born August 27, 1924, Cobalt, Temiskaming District, Ontario, Canada.... Passport issued 1954/55. Came to Britain 1955, Renewed 1960. Living at the White House.... Then he checked his driving licence record at County Hall, across the river. Yes. same man.

Superintendent Smith attended a conference of senior officials of MI5, Naval Intelligence and senior Special Branch officers. "I think we're on to something," he said. That was the general verdict. "All right, 'Super'," said the handsome, smiling man with the grey crinkly hair. "You're in charge. Keep on it.... And don't let up until you've got 'em all. We may have some big fish

to pull in. If you want anything, let me know. Keep in close touch. Ring me personally."

It didn't take long to find out Lonsdale's usual daily movements. Smith's men followed him to the Master Switch Company office at 85, Copleston Road. They followed him on his frequent visits to an office he used in Wardour Street, Soho, in the heart of London's West End.

The Bush House register of directors was searched. Yes, Lonsdale was there. His cover life was easy to find out. It was meant to be. But on other occasions one thing was noticed that branded him as a professional spy. He automatically threw off trailing agents over and over again—when there was no need. Not because he knew he was being followed, but because it was second nature to walk into crowds and then emerge, to suddenly hop on a bus at the last moment. Or, if he was driving, to turn from a busy road into a series of quiet roads, constantly looking in his mirror to see if he was being followed. Time and time again, trailing cars had to drop behind for fear of alerting him.

Meanwhile in Dorset Detective Chief Superintendent Bertie Smith, head of the county CID, kept up the watch on Houghton and Gee. Then came the next meeting with Lonsdale on August 6. This time Houghton travelled without Miss Gee. He drove his grey Dauphine to Salisbury, then took a train to London, arriving at Waterloo at 3.40 p.m. and carrying a briefcase. He walked once more to the Old Vic and once again Lonsdale emerged to greet him. The two men walked a short distance down the road and went into Steve's Restaurant for a cup of tea. An MI5 agent walked in and sat at the next table with his back to them.

Lonsdale started talking about a report in the newspapers of two American code clerks, Mitchell and Martin, who had deserted to Russia.

Lonsdale said to Houghton: "I wonder if this story is correct?" Houghton replied: "Yes, I am sure they went over."

The two men paid 1s. 9d for tea and cakes and walked out.

In all, seven agents were watching them. The man fiddling about with a broken-down lorry on a nearby bomb site watched them walk to a telephone kiosk in Baylis Road. The two men entered and stood close together. He saw Houghton hand Lonsdale a package then they came out, and parted. Neither had made a telephone call or looked at any of the four telephone directories in the kiosk.

If Harry Houghton was passing information, how was it being sent to Russia? That was the puzzle. There were microdots, of course. But, in nearly every Red cell, there was usually a radio transmitter and receiver. Unknown to Lonsdale, his flat was expertly searched. There wasn't a sign of an aerial, transmitter or receiver.

Superintendent Smith scratched his balding head and said: "Either we can grab 'em next time they meet, or we can give them a bit longer. I'm sure there are more in this. . . ." They decided to wait. As usual, George Smith was right. It would be better to let this trio carry on their association for a while and reveal all their contacts, than grab them and lose the chance to pick up other members who could continue work.

The next significant stage came on August 27 when Lonsdale went to his car outside the White House just after eleven o'clock in the morning and put a brown leather briefcase, a brown attaché case and a grey-looking metal box on the front passenger seat. A watching agent followed him in a car to the Midland Bank, at 159, Great Portland Street, and watched Lonsdale take in the articles. He left the bank without them. Next day Lonsdale travelled to the Continent. But the fact that he deposited goods with the bank indicated that he would be back. Next day Lonsdale went to the Continent and quickly disappeared. At about this time the Krogers also made a journey. Lonsdale had visited them several times so that vital information could be transmitted, but he had managed to throw off trailing agents.

Now Peter Kroger and his wife sailed to Holland taking their car, to attend the World Congress of Booksellers at The Hague. But they did not return direct to England. Instead they went on a long car journey to Frankfurt, Nuremburg, Switzerland, down the Rhone Valley to Marseilles, then to Barcelona, Sitges and Madrid and finally home through Paris.

Meanwhile checks with the Canadian Mounties had produced an astonishing result. At Scotland Yard's request a Canadian detective inspector had searched the immigration files for Lonsdale's application for a passport back in 1955. He had submitted a reference from a trustworthy citizen, as required, but when he checked the reference with the man whose signature it bore he said he had never heard of Gordon Arnold Lonsdale and had not given the reference. It was a forgery. The report was flashed to London. A Special Branch sergeant flopped the teleprinter mes-

sage on to the "Moonraker's" desk. "I think this will interest you, sir," he said.

It did. Superintendent Smith went to the magistrate at Bow Street and said formally: "I would like a warrant to search this man's property deposited at the Midland Bank, 159, Great Portland Street. I have reason to believe that he may be engaged in activities prejudicial to the safety of the country...."

The date was September 23. Superintendent Smith went to the bank, saw Mr Easter, the manager, produced the warrant and examined the articles Lonsdale had deposited. Inside a leather case marked Skyway he found a black bag for changing films, a magnifying glass, a cigarette lighter with a secret compartment, a camera and two camera lenses. "Thank you," said Superintendent Smith, to Mr Easter. "Don't say a thing. Act quite normally when Lonsdale next comes in. But, just in case we miss him, phone me. This is my extension...."

Meanwhile the Canadian police had tracked Lonsdale's movements in Canada back to Pendrill Street, back to Burnaby Street, Vancouver. "Yes, a quiet man," said Mr George Hirsch at Pendrill Street. "Kept himself to himself. Always paid his rent on time. . . ." They checked further. A Russian cargo ship had called at Vancouver the previous day. From Tokyo and Vladivostok.

On October 24, Lonsdale, fresh from his Continental travels, walked into the Midland Bank at Great Portland Street. Mr Easter telephoned George Smith. "Thank you very much, Mr Easter," said Superintendent Smith. "We already have someone on him." From the bank Lonsdale took a bus to the Harrow Road garage and there proudly picked up his gleaming beige and blue Studebaker, U L A 61. It suited his front as a Canadian. But Gordon Arnold Lonsdale didn't know that that front had already been destroyed. Far from helping his cover the Studebaker now merely made him more conspicuous.

And in the English Channel, Russian trawlers began to appear just outside the three-mile limit around Portland, radio and radar antennae bristling from their masts. The Russians were really in earnest. So was George Smith. A report of Lonsdale's return, his phoney credentials, the finds at the bank, his association with Houghton and Gee at the base and the appearance of the Russian trawlers just off the underwater weapons establishment, went, through the top intelligence body, the Joint Intelligence Committee, to the Prime Minister.

It was clear that the ring would have to be caught quickly

before disastrous security damage was done. But the ring had to be caught intact. So there then happened a strange and splendid thing. A vast spy army to watch every movement of the suspects was needed quickly. The "Moonraker" and his skilled and energetic assistant, another Smith, moustached Detective Chief Inspector Ferguson Smith, held a conference. "I'm sure they'd do it," said Chief Inspector Ferguson Smith. "You've met most of them. They're a grand and loyal crowd."

So to keep up the massive watch, extending at a moment's notice to any part of London and the south and west of England, the Special Branch and MI5 recruited a Housewives' Army. Detectives' wives who left the children with a neighbour or relative for a couple of days each week and joined the watching rota. Carrying shopping bags, and sometimes wearing headscarves, the wives trailed Lonsdale through the busy streets of Soho, in the suburbs, on his calls on behalf of the London Master Switch Company. Some could not find anyone to look after the children so they brought the children too. A few little boys and girls now know they had the thrill of actually helping to catch a spy, although they did not know it at the time.

Never at any time did Lonsdale realise he was being followed and these splendid women lost the trail only a few times—and then when they would have risked discovery to continue. They couldn't be put on the official payroll. So at the end of their duty, some were given a little present in cash "to buy a new hat". Others who would not accept cash were given a box of chocolates. They didn't really want anything at all. It was the "kick" of their lives.

At about the same time a Special Branch man walked into the Falcon public house in Wardour Street, overlooking the estate agent's office which Lonsdale used to visit, and asked for a quiet word with "The Guv'nor", former Guards Major Bryan Mattocks. He told him that detectives wanted to watch the window opposite and there seemed to be a very convenient window above. Could they use it? "Of course you can," said the Major. "You'll have to give us time to move the furniture and so on, though. It's my son's bedroom...." Eleven-year-old Scot Mattocks was sworn to secrecy and next morning the two Special Branch detectives arrived—two very pretty girls. They brought with them two pairs of powerful binoculars and a short-wave radio. They reported every visit by Lonsdale to the office where it was now known, of course, that Lonsdale was a spy. And

when he left he was followed by other agents—and the Housewives' Army.

By this time Houghton and Gee were being watched day and night. Every telephone conversation was tapped. Eyes were upon them in the office. Scotland Yard even has a record of the number of goodnight kisses Harry Houghton gave to Ethel Gee on any one night.

But the "Moonraker" was becoming impatient. "I'm sure we haven't got the whole picture," he said for the hundredth time. But delay could be dangerous. Then came the break he had been waiting for. The break which led him to the heart of the ring, to the spy headquarters. It happened on November 4. Once again Houghton's comment in the Elm Tree at Langton Herring to landlord Jimmy Crouch that he was "off to London in the morning" was noted. On November 5 at 1 p.m. Houghton set off from Portland by car. He bowled along the A31 to Ringwood where he stopped at the St Leonard's Hotel and went into the saloon bar just before closing time. He did not know that he was being followed by a relay of cars and vans each equipped with a radio which overtook the one in front at intervals to avoid recognition. While Houghton was having his pint an MI5 man looked in his car and saw a cardboard box about 15 inches square and a leather briefcase. Houghton came out of the bar and continued his drive towards London. He called at an address, 39, Aylward Road, South-west London, at 5 p.m. and left 55 minutes later. Then he parked near the Maypole public house, in Ditton Road, Tolworth, and walked up and down outside. At 6.27 Lonsdale appeared ... carrying a briefcase. Lonsdale had parked his car half a mile away and he got into Houghton's car and they both drove off as if looking for somewhere to park and talk. They stopped in a dark portion of Southborough Road and remained there for nearly three-quarters of an hour—until 7.10 p.m.

Then they drove back to the Maypole and went inside. A Special Branch and a MI5 agent followed them and watched them sitting at a table together. They stayed there, until 7.55 p.m. Lonsdale was carrying a black documents case which he did not have when he arrived. They again got into Houghton's car and drove off. Houghton dropped Lonsdale half a mile away near his blue Studebaker. Houghton drove off in one direction, Lonsdale in another.

For more than an hour Lonsdale drove through the night and the rain, the worst conditions in which to spot whether you are

being followed. And he wasn't making for the White House. He drove north. The Studebaker drove into Ruislip, then pulled up into Willow Gardens. Two agents watched Lonsdale get out, then cut through a footpath to Cranley Drive. He knocked at No. 45 and was immediately admitted by Mrs Kroger. The watching men kept up the vigil into the early hours. Lonsdale was staying the night and his car remained in Willow Gardens most of the next day. The Krogers and Lonsdale were more than casual acquaintances. Was this the spy headquarters, the centre of the hub, from which Britain's secrets could be flashed to Moscow?

A Special Branch detective called at the door of the semi-detached home of blond artist Mrs Ruth Search and her husband on the corner of Courtfield Gardens, overlooking No. 45. He asked if detectives could have temporary use of a bedroom. "It's very important, madam," he said. "Of course," said Mrs Search. "We'll be glad to help." Two detectives moved in complete with radio.

Meanwhile Lonsdale's business was booming. He was also collecting pocketfuls of secrets. The Krogers' transmitter was working overtime. Lonsdale did not confine all his activities to Portland. He was working in many directions, mixing with scientists he met casually, to try to piece together, by clever questioning, the story of the West's latest nuclear achievements. So great did the flow of information grow that auxiliary postboxes had to be organised in case mail in foreign countries was being watched and in case parcels were seen going too frequently to the same address on the Continent. The G R U organised some postboxes as far afield as South Africa and South America. His army of girl friends grew, too. Gordon Arnold Lonsdale, Red Army Lieutenant Colonel, was being a success—in all fields. His big Studebaker, his expensive clothes, generous ways and natural charm brought him a clutch of beautiful girls. Superintendent Smith's Special Branch men spent hours trailing them on evening drives through beauty spots. They now wore diamonds. And the latest girls had mink stoles loosely thrown around their shoulders. Lonsdale even began to frequent the cocktail bar of the Savoy. But he did not know that one of his favourite girl-friends, a beautiful red-haired Hungarian, worked for MI5.

At six different points in the country GPO men, briefed by the Special Branch, tuned in day and night to a range of frequencies on which it was felt the Krogers might operate a short-

wave radio. Superintendent Smith had to get the evidence. And in the meanwhile, yet another meeting took place between Lonsdale and Houghton and this time Gee. Once more Houghton and Gee had travelled to London and were tailed. Now they were followed from Waterloo into a public house near the modernistic Festival Hall on the south bank of the Thames.

It was a Saturday, December 10, and soft music drifted quietly from the radio behind the bar. The lights were subdued and couples held hands as they talked. Lonsdale and Houghton sat in the corner with Ethel Gee. The two men looked admiringly at two pretty, laughing girls standing a few yards away whose lithe figures were so disturbingly revealed in silhouette against the soft lights of the bar. It could have been an evening for romance. For some it was. But for the two men and the woman at the table in the corner it was an evening for a menacing move.

The man drinking his beer next to them saw Lonsdale hand a squarish box to Houghton. He could not afford to be distracted by female attractions, either. "D'you think you can manage with it?" he heard Lonsdale ask. Houghton replied that he thought he could. Then Lonsdale talked to Ethel Gee about a camera and made a remark to Houghton about "photographing some stuff".

Constantly and unfailingly the watcher's eyes glanced over the rim of his pint of draught beer. Later that evening Lonsdale's blue Studebaker purred again towards Ruislip. He had made several visits there during the last month. The front door of 45, Cranley Drive was immediately opened as if his approach had been watched.

In six parts of Britain General Post Office engineers listened again for the mysterious broadcasts coming from abroad. Now the call-sign, dot-dot-dash-dash, came again on a frequency of 17080 kilocycles. The listeners went into instant action. Together they got a "fix", a bearing, on the transmission. It was taking place in Russia, in the area of Moscow. At 45, Cranley Drive, three figures crouched over the radio in the kitchen. And just after midnight that night radio engineers in an innocent-looking, apparently empty, furniture van parked a few hundred yards from 45, Cranley Drive, whipped into alertness. Their immensely-sensitive apparatus, finely tuned to the frequency of 17080 kilocycles, vibrated at the sudden transmission of coded morse being signalled at great strength. It struck the sense like

a needle jab after hours of pent-up waiting. The engineers lifted away their earphones in anguish and nearly deafened. The transmission lasted only a few seconds. But the last link had been confirmed beyond all doubt. The sensitive direction-finding equipment showed the transmission came from the spot occupied by 45, Cranley Drive.

"Blimey," said the Post Office engineer rubbing his sore ear. "And the files show they haven't even got a bloody wireless licence!"

Within minutes they were on the telephone to the "Moonraker".

Secretly the Krogers had been photographed with a telescopic lens camera and three weeks later a Special Branch man going through the lists and photographs of wanted, known spies spotted the "flier" and photographs sent out by the FBI in 1951 and 1957. "These people look like the Cohens, from America," he said. "I think that's who they are...."

The phone buzzed between London and New York. Yes, it was them. "They're dedicated, skilled spies and technicians," said the FBI. "They're not small fry. They would only be used on vitally important assignments. They would only be after something really big."

The affair started by the swastika and the man who was spending too much on drink at Portland had suddenly assumed an international importance.

From Portland came the news that January 7 was to be the date of the next meeting. "The "Moonraker" code-named the operation the Last Act. On the evening of January 6, 1961, his number two, Detective Chief Superintendent Ferguson Smith drove to Weymouth in a "Q" car, a disguised police car equipped with radio. And the next morning at 5.45 Superintendent George Smith arrived at the Yard to brief 35 detectives. By 8.30 a.m. each knew his position in the area of Waterloo Station and Waterloo Road.

At 7.50 a.m. came a flash from Weymouth that Houghton was getting his car out. At 8.2 that he was driving towards Ethel Gee's home. At 8.27 that he had arrived in Hambro Road and was just leaving with Ethel Gee. The roads were icy and treacherous and Houghton had to concentrate on his driving that morning. Even so, he would probably not have spotted the relay of disguised Yard vehicles following him in relays. This time Houghton took the A354 to London. But the ice on the roads

forced a change in his plans. At Salisbury he suddenly pulled up at the railway station, parked and walked with Ethel Gee on to the platform.

The police radios crackled: "Suspects on London train. Detective Inspector Ferguson Smith also on train—the 12.32, arriving Waterloo 3.20." Houghton and Gee went into the restaurant car. But although they left their coats in their compartment, Houghton carried the blue carrier bag with him. There was every good reason. Inside were photographs of the plans of the *Dreadnought* and other vital papers.

Despite the weather the train arrived on time and at 3.21, the Admiralty clerks, Inspector Ferguson Smith close behind, passed through the ticket barrier.

Now there were eyes all around. All the power of the waiting net was ready. A fake taxi in which to follow them, a powerful Mark 9 Jaguar, three vans. Houghton and Gee walked to the exit—and caught a bus to Walworth. "Two threepennies, please," said Houghton to the conductress. "A threepenny, please," said a housewife sitting behind them. They got out at the noisy street market in East Street, Walworth. Little Ethel Gee bought an 8d tin of soup and a 6d tin of beans to put in the bag on top of the secrets.

Then they got on a bus back to Waterloo Road, opposite the Old Vic. Three cars were following Gordon Arnold Lonsdale from his White House flat. Quietly, he parked his Studebaker a quarter of a mile away, then walked to Waterloo Road. Houghton and Gee were strolling down a road called Lower Marsh. Lonsdale followed them down the road, caught up with them and walked between them for thirty-six paces. Lonsdale took the shopping bag from Ethel Gee. It was 4.30 p.m. Across the road at the Old Vic the curtain was about to fall at the end of the performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It was the end of the Last Act. The "Moonraker" stepped forward and reached his right hand out to Lonsdale's shoulder as his men closed in all around. With his left hand he took the shopping bag of secrets. Then he delivered the final words that ended the masquerade: "Scotland Yard for you, boy."

It only remained for the curtain call. The curtain call at the Krogers. The previous night a plain-clothes policeman had placed a jemmy mark on the front-door. The Krogers with so much to hide, were alarmed. The "Moonraker" appeared at their door with a plain-clothes inspector. "Good evening, sir. Sorry to

trouble you," he said in his disarming way. "We're making enquiries into burglaries in this area."

"Oh, come in," said Peter Kroger, relieved. Superintendent Smith knew that this was the only way to get into the heavily-guarded house before the Krogers had a chance to destroy vital evidence and papers.

Joyce Kroger came in from the kitchen, untying her apron. "These gentlemen are police officers," said Peter Kroger, who, with his wife, had for sixteen years beaten the police of a dozen countries.

Joyce Kroger smiled a welcome.

"That's right," said Superintendent Smith evenly. "From Scotland Yard.... You're under arrest. You'd better come quietly."

CHAPTER TEN

LETTERS FROM THE CELL

THE three men and two women reacted in different ways when they were arrested. What were their words when the sudden blow fell?

Lonsdale, the tried, professional spy-master, looked straight at Superintendent Smith and grated: "To any question you may ask me my answer is 'No', so you need not bother to ask."

Houghton said: "I've been a bloody fool."

Gee said: "I have done nothing wrong."

Peter Kroger said: "All right."

It was Joyce Kroger who made the odd comment: "Can I stoke the boiler?" There was a very good reason.

Before actually arresting them Superintendent Smith asked the Krogers for the address of the man who came to stay with them each weekend and particularly on the first Saturday of each month.

Peter Kroger said: "We have lots of friends." Superintendent Smith said: "Would you name them?" Kroger reeled off a list of names—but did not mention Lonsdale.

It was George Smith's chance to arrest them—at least for "harbouring" Lonsdale. It was then that Joyce Kroger asked to

stoke the boiler. George Smith did not object. She would be closely watched. Then she said: "I would like to get my coat and handbag." She was escorted to her bedroom and she took an overcoat from her wardrobe and picked up a handbag.

"Now I'll stoke the boiler," she said. Superintendent Smith reached his hand forward. "Of course," he said. "But first I would like to see what is in your handbag."

Joyce Kroger held on to it tightly, but George Smith whipped it from her grasp. He opened it and inside was a plain, white envelope.

Superintendent Smith took out the contents and spread out the sheets of paper. It was a six-page handwritten letter—in Russian! There was also a single sheet of paper with a block of typed numbers on it—a message in cypher or a code. Then there was another piece of paper containing the names of streets and map references, which was obviously a record of meeting places. And, lastly, he found a piece of glass with three microdots in it.

"I think you had both better come with me," said the Superintendent, for by now two Yard cars had slewed to a halt outside the house. "But you can stoke the boiler now, if you like," he said with a slight smile. But now Joyce Kroger said: "It doesn't matter. . . ."

The three men and two women were walked to the waiting police cars at the two different points of arrest and driven to the grey headquarters of Scotland Yard. After the five had been charged each was invited to sign the charge sheet showing the property found on them. Superintendent Smith slid the sheet across the table at which Joyce Kroger was sitting. She looked at the list of property, then pointed to the item mentioning the white envelope and its contents and said: "I am not going to sign anything. You have an envelope I know nothing about."

The charge was then read to all five: That between June, 1960, and January, 1961, they conspired together and with other persons unknown to commit breaches of Section One of the Official Secrets Act, 1911. This was the period during which a watch was kept on the movements of one or more of the accused.

In the meticulous and correct way of Scotland Yard and the requirements of British law they were charged as Gordon Arnold Lonsdale, aged 37, company director, of the White House, Albany Street, N.W. Henry Frederick Houghton, aged 55, civil servant, of Meadow View Road, Broadway, Weymouth, Dorset;

Peter John Kroger, aged 50, bookseller, of Cranley Drive, Ruislip, Middlesex; his wife, Helen Joyce Kroger, aged 47, of the same address; and Miss Ethel Elizabeth Gee, aged 46, civil servant, of Hambro Road, Portland, Dorset.

Superintendent Smith then gently asked the accused if they would mind having their fingerprints taken, for, under British law, no-one can be forced to give their fingerprints unless a magistrate orders them to do so in the interests of justice.

Houghton and Gee raised no objection. But neither Lonsdale or Kroger would co-operate. "All right," said George Smith, crisply, "we'll apply for a court order. It's all the same to me."

But the operation code-named *The Last Act* was by no means finished. While the five suspects were held at Scotland Yard, four police cars swooped down to Mark Brown's wharf, beside Tower Bridge, and halted before the infamous 3,219-ton spy-smuggling Polish cargo boat the *Jaroslaw Dabrowski*, which just happened to be discharging a mixed cargo at the time, under powerful arclights.

The police stood by as navy-blue uniformed Customs officers ran up the gang-plank. "We're searching the ship," said the senior officer to the Captain. "Stand aside."

Finally, after a thorough search, the *Jaroslaw Dabrowski* which had figured in so many spy-incidents during the previous nine years and which I boarded during the Kuznetsov case in 1952, turned her bows into the Thames.

At the same time another Russian ship, the 2,686-ton *Ukraina* was leaving for Murmansk. The *Ukraina* arrived in the Thames a week previously and stayed in the river for two days before berthing in Surrey Docks.

She had only 145 tons of cargo—described as "expedition goods" including 50 cases of vodka.

Two other Russian ships were searched at Surrey Docks, the 3,559-ton *Kowel* and the 2,568-ton *Pravda*. A third, the 3,549-ton *Otto Schmidt*, was checked at Gravesend Reach.

And at the Krogers' home in Cranley Drive, Lonsdale's flat at the White House, Houghton's cottage in Meadow View Road, Weymouth, and Ethel Gee's home in Hambro Road, Portland, the police started the plank by plank search which yielded the mass of evidence and secrets.

At the Krogers, police worked for three days finding photographic equipment disguised as everyday objects, the hollowed-out talcum powder tin, the table lighter which contained codes.

It took two days to find the polythene bag containing 2,563 American dollar bills, American travellers' cheques worth 230 dollars and £10 in British travellers' cheques. It was all hidden in a brown paper bag under the glass fibre insulating material laid between the joist in the loft. Elsewhere there were 6,000 dollars in 20-dollar notes. Various papers were found between leaves of a book titled "Book of Auction Records, Volume 40".

Gradually they found the microdot readers, the cameras, and the hidden codes. They linked the radiogram with the morse keying device. Finally, after three days and three nights of searching, they found the radio transmitter hidden below the kitchen floor under the Prestcold fridge. A Yard man plugged it in and switched it on. He gave the dot-dot-dash-dash call sign. Back from Moscow came the anxious acknowledging sign. The detective picked up the tiny, hand-microphone and spoke what must have been the most disturbing message ever received by the dedicated operators at the spy radio centre in Dzirzhinski Street, Moscow: "Scotland Yard here. Don't worry, your boys are in good hands."

But the most interesting find was still to be made. In a wall of the lounge was discovered a cavity and in it a hidden, silver locket. It contained a picture of three children and a microdot which, when enlarged, showed an American newspaper cutting of the trial of the Kroger's friend, the Russian spy-master in America, Colonel Rudolf Ivanovich Abel. The Krogers' reading included books titled "Epitaph for a Spy", "Downfall of the German Secret Service," "Codes and Ciphers" and "Cryptography".

And later discovered were the wooden bookends which contained another wad of notes.

At Lonsdale's flat Superintendent Smith and his team found a powder tin with a cavity. In the cavity was a microdot reader and three pieces of film negative showing signal plans. Two Chinese scrolls were examined. They both had secret cavities in the bottom roller. In one hanging above the bed was found a bundle of 1,000 dollars. And in a belt, removed from a pair of trousers, were found more dollar bills. A deedbox contained Lonsdale's faked Canadian passport and a birth certificate.

And then in a desk, were found the bundle of love-letters from Lonsdale's admiring girl friends—some of them, unopened, and then the sheaf of their photographs.

In Houghton's cottage were discovered the Exacta camera,

various Admiralty documents, the false-bottomed match box and the hidden money. At Ethel Gee's home there were found other large sums of money, 18 Test Paper reference numbers and the questionnaire which asked about various underwater devices.

Meanwhile microdot letters which had passed between Lonsdale and his wife back in Russia had been enlarged and read.

Although he had travelled to Prague only a few months previously to see his wife, Galyshia again, and his children, the visit had made his wife more discontented, not less. Lonsdale was missing his native Russia, too. Perhaps that was why he sought the company of other girls.

At first when he returned his wife had written lovingly and understandingly. She wrote:

"It was so wonderful to see your strong handsome features again. You are working and this is your duty and you love your work.... It is impossible for you to come home before the appointed time."

But now the letters had become sad. They were not without feelings, even majesty. One of the six pages written by Lonsdale to his wife, his "beloved Galyshia" on January 7, 1961, declared as if in explanation:

"I hope you don't think I am an entirely hard-hearted man who gives no thought to anybody. All I am going to say is I myself have only one life, a not entirely easy one at that. I want to spend my life so that later on there is no shame to look back on if possible.

I do know what loneliness is. From the age of ten during the past 29 years, I have spent only ten years with my own people....

"I did not wish it and I did not seek it but so it turned out to be. It did not depend on me, I have thought very much about it, why all this?

"The answer is it all started as far back as 1932 when Mother decided to despatch me to the nether regions. At that time she could not imagine of course all the consequences of this step. I do not blame her.

Another letter said:

"You wrote that seven October anniversaries were cele-

brated without me. This is so, of course. But I have to celebrate them without you and without the children and my people. When you were in 'P' I tried to explain everything to you...."

On Monday, January 9, two days after their arrest, the accused men and women appeared at Bow Street magistrates' court to be remanded in custody while the police made further enquiries.

Superintendent Smith asked for an order to be made enabling him to take Lonsdale's and the Krogers' fingerprints and this was granted. The Krogers' matched those of the Cohens' sent over from America by the FBI.

Meanwhile, each, including Lonsdale, had had a medical examination. Height, weight and any special features were noted.

A letter from Lonsdale to Galyshia had revealed that he was not 36, which was the real Lonsdale's age, based on his birth certificate, but 39. And at last the real Lonsdale's father, Jack Emmanuel Lonsdale, the half-Cree Indian was found in Toronto. He clinched the deception with one personal fact: his son, the real Lonsdale, had been circumcised. The imposter had not.

And over in Brussels Surete agent Denise Pepyers recognised the photographs in the newspapers of the man who had aroused her doubts. She was able to fill in many of his movements on the Continent. She confessed: "I am married and have two children. But if it had not been for that and also that I was doing a job of work, it would have been easy to fall in love with him. He was the most dynamic and attractive man I have met for a long time. . . ."

In Russia there appeared in the Russian official newspaper *Izvestia*, an attack by the two defected American cipher clerks, William Martin and Bernon Mitchell, on the "West's undercover spying activities and warlike policies".

And Nikita Krushchev was still roaring and shouting about the American U2 bomber which flew over Russia "spying" and because of which he wrecked the earlier Paris "Summit" conference.

Meanwhile Harry Houghton had assumed a new identity. He was now prisoner-on-remand 522 Houghton H., in Brixton Jail. And from jail he wrote a series of letters to a friend, Mr. John O'Connor, who lives at Battersea, London. They are fascinating documents.

"I had sent some fruit and cigarettes to Mr Houghton, as a former Royal Navy man," grey-haired Mr O'Connor said. "At first he did not seem to be unduly depressed. I was surprised to get a long letter back, from him. (*See photographs of extracts in illustrations.*) [not in paper original]

Mr O'Connor recalled the first letter of January 15, just after his arrest:

Many thanks indeed for the letter, cigs and stamps I received from you yesterday. As for the stamps you have the first one!

"Next week will be a busy week commencing Tuesday, at least we will hear what they have against us or think they have against us I should say! As no doubt you have read in the newspapers the Police Court hearing will take at least three days.

"I shall apply for bail at the end, but the police will oppose it as a matter of course, but the final decision as to whether or not we get bail rests entirely with the Magistrate. If bail is granted I'm afraid that I will not be able to pop round and see you, as there are so many things waiting for my attention at home and I must get there if possible to attend to them. The cottage is my own property and as it was given a good search by the police it's bound to be in a state, and will want a good deal of attention if I let it. If the worst should happen I have a tenant for it until such time as I can decide on its ultimate disposal.

"As you may have gathered from previous correspondence, I have an open mind as to the results of it all. It was extremely kind of you regarding your offer of cash, I really do appreciate it, but I think that my solicitor in Weymouth is getting hold of some I have at home, but thank you again very much.

"Miss Gee was quite 'perky' the last time I saw her.

"Thanking you again for your good wishes and kindness shown

Yours very sincerely

Harry F. Houghton."

Again, Houghton was fairly cheerful when he wrote to Mr O'Connor on February 1:

'I can only hope for the best. Anyhow we never know our luck—good or bad.... Strange not being able to nip out to the corner shop and get things for one's self, I received two evening papers on Tuesday morning without a clue where they were from—were they from you? It is surprising the number of old friends also 'Old Ships' who I have not had news from for years who have written and sent their best wishes.... I suppose you read in the Press that as soon as this lot is over I'm marrying—I don't know where they got that news from.

'I was demobbed in 1946 and the Andrew seems a long time ago now. As you remark it will be some time yet before we go up for the final—a lot of things can happen before then.

Yours sincerely,

Harry F. Houghton."

Jail must have been an ironic experience for former Master-at-Arms Harry Houghton, for that naval rank carries the responsibilities of looking after the detention quarters of the ship in which service is being done.

Time and time again Superintendent Smith had asked himself: If Houghton is a spy, what makes a man give away the secrets of his own country? I put the same question to the eminent London psychologist who commented earlier in this book on the bizarre behaviour of Spy-Master Gordon Lonsdale. He wrote:

The psychological basis of spying raises some interesting problems. The spy subconsciously experiences and enjoys all the emotions of man's earlier days in the jungle.

The connecting link in relation between human beings and their later adult behaviour seems to be human infancy where the child may feel that it is under hostile surveillance by its mother—at least when things have gone wrong between mother and child.

Tracing our origins back to the jungle we can observe such a situation in the relationship of the hunter to the hunted.

The mother animal (or Boss, whether GRU or employer) is the protector and guide. When the mother-animal provides or brings food for her young, they have to be on their

best behaviour. If the young step out of line, she often kills them and eats them.

So the mother-child (or employer-employee) relationship can be reversed in the twinkling of an eye . . .

Should this happen in the jungle, the drama comes to an abrupt end with the disappearance of the rebellious young one. With humans the equivalent method is infanticide. This provides as clean cut a solution as that employed by the mother animal. Authority does the same with its servants. Trouble comes because it hasn't the same finality. If Authority fires a servant because of bad behaviour (the most it can usually do) the victim may well develop paranoid tendencies, a feeling of being persecuted.

Although later "forgiven" and reinstated, such a person cannot forget the "injustice" of his past punishment. He is convinced beyond all doubt that he is being persecuted, perhaps that he would have got much farther in life if it had not been for the original "injustice". No argument or discussion can alter this conviction. The time has long passed for such influences to alter his way of thought and all that he is aware of is the lust for revenge.

To his own mind he seems to have been unfairly persecuted by those in Authority—his mother/Authority—and he feels completely justified in any action he takes to level the account.

Such a man is ripe material for any competent organisation to exploit his bitterness and feelings of injustice and use him against his own country. Just as some children who feel rightly or wrongly that they have been badly treated turn against their mother.

It should not be thought, of course, that paranoia has always these malignant and intense qualities. Paranoid mechanisms range from everyday conviction that "it always rains when I go on holiday" and "when my car draws up, the lights always turn red" to a more advanced stage when it appears to the sufferer that the world is full of lurking foes and persecutors intent only on his damnation and ultimate destruction.

The drama of the trial and the defence of the five accused opened at Bow Street Magistrates' Court on February 7, 1961. The Attorney-General himself, big, pipe-smoking Sir Reginald

Manningham-Buller, Q.C., went to the court to prosecute and to ask that the five should stand their trial at the most famous criminal court in the world, the Old Bailey. And for three days during this preliminary hearing the Attorney-General presented the Crown's case against them.

It must have been for the Red Army Lieutenant Colonel, charged in the name of Lonsdale and who sought the Royal Navy's secrets, an interesting commentary upon British and Western justice. He was represented by an eminent counsel, Mr W. M. F. Hudson, grandson of a British Navy Admiral and the son of a Royal Navy officer killed during the war. He would be at his top form cross-examining naval witnesses on Lonsdale's behalf.

The "Big Name" among the defence counsel was Mr Victor Durand, Q.C., defending the Krogers. Vastly experienced, able and 53, he was in the top criminal lawyer bracket.

But both these lawyers were later to be handicapped in their advocacy for the accused by the eventual decision of Lonsdale and the Krogers not to go into the witness box to face cross-examination.

The big, legal battle on the defence side was to be waged by two top-class young counsel, incisive, vital James Dunlop, just 35, for Gee, and bespectacled, serious-looking Harold Palmer, 33, for Houghton. Wiry, black-haired James Dunlop, with his ready shafts, and studious, wavy-haired Harold Palmer, with his careful, studious advocacy, were both to win the admiration of their older colleagues.

The preliminary hearing at Bow Street was before Mr K. J. P. Barraclough. And the pattern of the defence began to unfold before a tense and expectant court.

The public, who had got no inkling of the true identity of Lonsdale, the spy-master, and the Krogers, was astonished to hear that "the man who calls himself Lonsdale" was, in fact, a Russian. And, later, that the Krogers were really called Cohen and that they were American citizens.

The Attorney-General dramatically faced the magistrate and said of 45, Cranley Drive: "This little suburban house was the communication centre of this spy ring, no doubt getting instructions from Moscow and supplying information by wireless or the use of microdots."

He went on: "When the evidence has been heard, there should be no doubt that all the accused were generally engaged in spying

in this country, obtaining information likely to be of use to a potential enemy and of passing that information to a potential enemy."

Gee and Houghton, he said, obtained the information which was handed over to Lonsdale, who was "something considerably more than a go-between", and this information was then taken to Cranley Drive to be transmitted by the Krogers.

"Gee and Houghton," said the Attorney-General, "are undoubtedly English and they clearly sold the secrets of their country for money."

Then Sir Reginald unfolded the fantastic story of secret meetings, hollowed out batteries, the hidden radio transmitter, microdot equipment, false passports and a fortune in hidden currency in the Krogers attic and Lonsdale's Chinese scroll. Then he told of the finds at Houghton and Gee's homes, of the hundreds of pounds in the Snowcem tin and of the thousands of pounds in Gee's bedroom and of the Admiralty secrets. He said that among the secret material found in the possession of the accused were Admiralty pamphlets, test pamphlets, film containing photographs of 212 pages from a secret publication, "Particulars of War Vessels," photographs of drawings of some of the equipment for some of the Navy's latest vessels and 58 pages of Admiralty fleet orders—all of value to the enemy. In addition, a request was discovered in Gee's possession, for information which if obtained would have given a complete picture of any secret anti-submarine sets and of the research and development into future sets.

The Attorney-General said that Gee had been employed in the Admiralty underwater weapons establishment at Portland since October, 1950, and that when beginning her employment there she had signed a declaration that her attention had been drawn to the provisions of the Official Secrets Act.

"It is true to say," he continued, "that highly secret work goes on in that establishment at Portland and that Gee was employed in the drawing office records section since January, 1955."

Gee, said Sir Reginald, had access to drawings and pamphlets that were of the most secret character and she held a position of trust.

Houghton was responsible for the acceptance, distribution and filing of all papers dealing with the unit and he had access to fleet orders and drawings and in particular to one book—the

secret publication "Particulars of War Vessels". His salary had been £741 a year.

For reasons which the Attorney-General said he had no need to disclose, it was decided to keep a watch on Houghton and on July 9, 1960, he was seen in the Cumberland Hotel at Marble Arch, W.

He spoke of the various meetings between Houghton, Gee and Lonsdale and Lonsdale and the Krogers. Then he told of their arrest. Speaking of the letter and microdot taken from Mrs Kroger's handbag Sir Reginald said, "I would submit that it is pretty clear that the writer of the manuscript letter was a Russian and that the microdots were sent to and received by a Russian."

He said that the code message found in the envelope appeared to have been typed on a typewriter found in Lonsdale's flat, and if this was right it would seem that the man who called himself Lonsdale was in fact a Russian. Microdots, he continued, were a very useful way of sending information. You could send them by sticking them underneath a postage stamp or hidden in an article of clothing, but you had to have some equipment to make them, and other equipment to enlarge and read them.

The Attorney-General then described the finds in the various homes.

At Houghton's home pieces of paper were found in the living room on which figures and words were written in a certain order. The numbers were those of test pamphlets used in the underwater detection establishment and some of them related to the pamphlets found in the basket which Lonsdale had taken from Gee outside Waterloo Station.

The Attorney-General said that while one of the pamphlets alone would be of limited value to an enemy, together they would give information which would be of very great use. Also in Houghton's home were found three navigational charts with pencil marks showing a submarine exercise area and an area used for secret trials. These would be of great use to an enemy.

Sir Reginald then revealed the first glimpse of the pattern of the defence. He disclosed that Houghton and Gee had both made statements to the police that they had quite thought that the man, Lonsdale, with his trans-Atlantic accent and manner, was in fact an American, and that they thought they were assisting a Western ally.

The Attorney-General said that Houghton had made a state-

ment to Superintendent Smith explaining that he wanted to save Gee because he had drawn her into it. In the statement Houghton said that in June last year he had received a visitor at his home in Weymouth who had described himself as a Commander Alexander Johnson of the United States Navy. Johnson said that he knew a friend of his in Warsaw and that this friend had asked him to trace Houghton. The statement continued that he and Gee had met Commander Johnson at a later date in London. He said that the Americans were very anxious to know whether or not information supplied by them to Britain was being acted upon.

"I thought this matter over and foolishly could see no wrong in complying with his request to obtain this information," said Houghton in his statement. At a later meeting at a hotel the commander suggested that if he supplied Houghton with a camera he might be able to persuade Gee to get some of the documents appertaining to the asdic sets.

Houghton's statement continued to the effect that he had told Johnson: "This is rather risky." And Johnson had said, "We are all working towards a common goal."

In a statement made on January 10, said Sir Reginald, Gee said she had met Houghton about five years ago and that they had begun to meet socially in 1958. He took her to work in his car and they had gone to London together. On one occasion they met Houghton's American friend, who was the man she now knew to be Lonsdale. Houghton asked her to obtain information about the asdic sets so that he could discuss the subject with Johnson without looking a fool.

The Attorney-General looked up from the sheaf of papers in his hand and said of the statements: "They are certainly not the whole truth and not wholly true."

A succession of prosecution witnesses who were not named, but referred to as Mr A, Mr I, Mr D, Mr F, and so on, were then called to give evidence. They could not be named and journalists were asked not to report their descriptions because they were Scotland Yard and MI5 secret agents. They gave evidence of meetings and alleged overheard conversation between Houghton, Lonsdale and Gee and of seeing Lonsdale several times drive to the Krogers after the meetings.

Then came the moment for "Moonraker" Smith himself to step into the witness-box. He personally described his searches of the Krogers' home, of Lonsdale's flat and the finds. Chief

Inspector Ferguson Smith told of his watch on Houghton and Gee and how he followed them from Weymouth to London on January 7. And Sergeant Leonard Burt, of the Dorset Constabulary, told of his search, with Superintendent "Bertie" Smith, of the homes of Houghton and Gee and the discoveries made there.

On the last day of the preliminary hearing, evidence was heard in camera for 50 minutes while witnesses gave details of secret Admiralty documents concerned in the case.

There was a little mild cross-examination and then the charges were read over to the accused, who were told they should plead guilty or not guilty to the charge. Lonsdale, Houghton and Gee pleaded not guilty and reserved their defence. The Krogers merely stated through their counsel that they wished to reserve their defence.

Mr K. J. P. Barraclough, the magistrate, said he was not prepared to grant any defendant bail. He ordered all five to be detained in custody and committed them for trial at the Old Bailey. The real drama—and the sensations—were yet to come.

And Houghton's next letter to Mr O'Connor reflected the shock of the evidence. Among several, Mr O'Connor recalled these two from Brixton Prison:

February 14, 1961.

Dear John,

As you remarked, it certainly was a hell of an ordeal at Bow Street. You will appreciate that all the talk about secret wireless transmitters, codes etc was just as astonishing to Miss Gee and myself as it was to the rest of the world. It made me wonder what they would bring out next, but as neither of us know anything about wireless and the highly technical apparatus the other parties had—well we are not worried on that score. We were dumbfounded to say the least, but nevertheless we can only hope.

It was exceedingly good of you to offer to stand bail. You may have noticed that I did not ask for bail when I had heard the full story, although no one likes to stay in a prison all this time. I considered it best to remain here.... As regards the cottage, whether found guilty or not I can never live there again, for reasons I can't go into.

I remain yours sincerely

Harry F. Houghton.

And another letter, dated March 4, 1961, is recalled by Mr O'Connor:

Dear John,

Thank you very much for your letter. I've only been able to get down to reading in the evening as most of the time I've been busy preparing my defence . . .

I will be glad when Monday week comes, I would not like to forecast the result—all I can do is to keep my fingers crossed and hope for the best, any how.

Yours sincerely,

Harry Houghton.

Meanwhile, Ethel "Bunty" Gee was No. 13490 Gee, E., at Holloway Prison, London's prison for women. Houghton had mentioned his friend John O'Connor to her and on March 1, 1961, she, too, wrote a poignant letter from jail.

Mr O'Connor recalled she said:

Dear Mr O'Connor,

. . . When this affair is over, they can't keep us here for ever (it only seems like it) I would love to meet you, I'm sure you and Harry would have much to talk over, just lately I have heard from him very often, and he seems more cheerful I'm pleased to say. Just now I'm only waiting for the 13th, both longing for it and dreading it.

Yours sincerely,

Bunty Gee.

"Longing for it and dreading it" seemed an apt phrase.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE BIG TRIAL

ONE by one the five accused spies stepped up from the cells of the Old Bailey into the great oak and glass-walled dock of the Number One Court. Before them had stepped thousands of murderers, frauds and traitors and spies. The heavy old oak walls, with a high reredos behind the judges' green, gold-crested chairs,

had echoed, more perhaps, than any other court in the world, the tales of treachery, agony and terror.

Now beneath the Old Bailey's great dome and the gold figure of Justice, scales and sword in her hands, shimmering in the spring sunshine, the three men and two women took their places. The Big Spy Trial was about to begin. It was March 13.

Lonsdale, in his light-weight, light grey suit looked chunky, self-reliant and fit. His wide, Slav forehead and open features made him look strong and essentially friendly. He toyed with a paper-back book on English law.

White-haired Peter Kroger looked distinguished, fanatical. Joyce Kroger seemed a typical, upper middle-class housewife, self-confident and proud of her husband's ability.

There was Houghton, small, wiry with thin lips. And Ethel Gee, plump, tidy, wearing a sensible royal blue dress.

The jury took their places. The defence objected to fourteen of them, one after another. They objected to all the women and any man who looked expensively dressed. The final twelve sat down. Then for a moment, beneath the white, corniced roof, the court waited. An usher motioned to everyone to stand and from a side door at the top of the court quickly walked 60-year-old bespectacled Lord Parker, the Lord Chief Justice, the highest judge of the land, to preside.

The Lord Chief Justice clutched briefly at his black and scarlet robes and took his seat. The trial—and the ordeal—began. A Canadian "Mountie" and an officer of the FBI slipped into court. And soon the court heard that Henry Houghton had tried to do a deal and turn Queen's Evidence against the rest of the accused.

The Attorney-General opened the prosecution by saying there were two matters he should mention to the jury.

"The first relates to proof of a conspiracy. People who engage in a conspiracy do it in secret. They are not likely to be overheard, and proof is generally a matter of inference drawn from the acts of the parties accused. The other matter is this: When you have heard the evidence you may be satisfied of the association of Gee, Houghton and Lonsdale and of the association with Mr and Mrs Kroger.

"You may want to know whether Gee and Houghton can be guilty on those charges as well as the Krogers, if they did not know each other. The answer to that was well put by a judge in a famous trial some 80 years ago.

"He said: 'If from their acts as established by the evidence, you are driven to the conclusion that, even if they did not know each other, they were nonetheless engaged in accomplishing the same common object alleged in the indictment, then you would be entitled to find them guilty of the charge.'"

Sir Reginald went on: "Miss Gee was entrusted with the operation of part of the security system. She had to see that documents did not go astray, that they went to the person authorised to get them and only to such persons. Miss Gee was in a position of responsibility and trust, although she was only a minor cog in the security system.

"The evidence you will hear should satisfy you that Miss Gee, far from being an honest civil servant maintaining the high traditions of the service was, in fact, engaged in obtaining information and communicating information which might be directly or indirectly useful to an enemy."

Turning to Houghton, Sir Reginald said he was responsible for the acceptance, distribution, and filing of all the units' papers.

He said: "When you have heard the evidence you will come to the conclusion that they were jointly engaged in selling the secrets of their country. You may think their offence is akin to treason."

Sir Reginald again read Houghton's statement to the police in which he declared that until the day of his arrest when the Admiralty documents were discovered the only information he had given to Johnson was what he could have read in the newspapers.

Sir Reginald said: "Knowing what we know of Lonsdale is it really credible he should have gone to all this trouble of meeting Houghton to get from him information that he could have well read in the newspapers?"

Houghton's statement continued: "I used every power of persuasion on Miss Gee and, although she didn't like doing it, I eventually dragged her into it and she obtained the files."

Then the first of the faceless ones, the secret agents whose names were not given, only an identifying initial, gave evidence. Mr C said that on August 6 he saw Lonsdale and Houghton go to a telephone kiosk in Bayliss Road, Waterloo.

Lonsdale held open the door of the kiosk while Houghton entered. Houghton took something from the external compartment of his briefcase. Lonsdale handed him a newspaper and

Houghton put the object in the newspaper before handing it back to Lonsdale. They left the kiosk, neither having made a telephone call.

The agent known as Mr D said that he and another agent followed Lonsdale and Houghton into Steve's Restaurant on August 6. He entered a few seconds after they did and took a seat at a table with his back to Lonsdale, almost touching him. "I saw Lonsdale looking at a newspaper cutting."

Mr Griffith-Jones, assisting the Attorney-General — Had you seen who it was produced the newspaper cutting? — No.

Did you hear either of the two men say anything? — Lonsdale said to Houghton: "I wonder if this story is correct." Houghton replied: "Yes. I am sure they went over."

Mr D. said he could not see the cutting to read it but after those two sentences he heard a conversation which he believed to be about two American mathematicians who had earlier defected to Russia, and there was a further conversation about arranging meetings.

Up jumped quizzical-looking Mr Harold Palmer for Houghton: I am suggesting it was extremely difficult to hear what was being said, apart from anything else, because of the noise — No. It was quite easy to hear at times.

Mr D. agreed that he was often not able to hear whole sentences but from the odd words had been able to build up a picture of what was being said.

Mr Palmer — I suggest that all the conversation about meetings you said you overheard is completely inaccurate ... and that what was in fact said was that Lonsdale told Houghton that he would be going away in September and October. You heard two months being mentioned and drew conclusions from that about meetings. — No.

Pointing out that at the committal proceedings Mr D.'s evidence had been that Houghton had produced the newspaper cutting, Mr Palmer asked: "Why did you say in answer to a direct question today that you did not see who produced it?" — It was a mistake.

Mr Palmer. — That is what I suggest about the whole of your record of this conversation, that you are mistaken. Have you made other mistakes? — No.

The Attorney-General re-examined Mr D. — It was suggested that your evidence was so inaccurate as to be completely worthless, and that you had engaged in wishful thinking. Was it your

duty to make a note of anything you might have overheard? — Yes.

Did you do your best to discharge that duty? — Yes.

It was suggested that it was pure supposition on your part that they had something in the café. Did you see them pay for something? — They paid at the desk.

Then one of the pretty secret agents who had watched Lonsdale in Wardour Street from young Scot Mattock's bedroom and had watched 45, Cranley Drive from Mrs. Ruth Search's home, stepped into the box. Referred to in court as Miss K. she said that she had kept the Krogers' house at 45, Cranley Drive, Ruislip, under observation since November, and had been keeping Lonsdale under observation at his office in Wardour Street since August. She had been keeping observation at Ruislip on most days of the week. She had seen Lonsdale at the Krogers' house only on one occasion, Sunday, December 11, but had seen him previously in the Ruislip area.

The "Moonraker" went into the witness-box to tell of the arrests in the Waterloo Road. He said Lonsdale followed Houghton and Gee along the road, caught up with them, then went to the side on which Gee was walking and took from her a basket which contained a parcel.

Superintendent Smith said he immediately hurried past them, turned round and confronted them and said: "You are under arrest." All three were taken to Scotland Yard, where he examined the basket and the two parcels it contained. In one parcel he found four test pamphlets. In the other was a tin sealed with adhesive tape. The tin had inside it an undeveloped film. This was the film which showed 230 pages of the secret book "Particulars of War Vessels" to which Houghton had access and which included drawings of the nuclear Dreadnought.

Superintendent Smith said that on January 8, in response to a message from Houghton, he went to Scotland Yard, where Houghton said he had decided to make a statement telling what he had done, and that he was doing this to save Miss Gee, because he had "dragged her into this mess".

Mr Dunlop, for Gee. — When you made your arrest, it was all very sudden and rather dramatic, was it not? — Yes, it was really.

The superintendent agreed that, to all intents and purposes, Lonsdale appeared to be passing himself off as a Canadian. Mr Dunlop. — Did he have certain transatlantic characteristics,

such as chewing gum? — I found chewing-gum in his pocket.

Even by the cut of his suit, he appeared to have a transatlantic manner about him? — No, I wouldn't go as far as that.

Cross-examined by Mr Palmer for Houghton, Superintendent Smith agreed that Houghton had asked: "Who is Lonsdale?" He had replied: "Your guess is as good as mine."

Mr Palmer. — Didn't Houghton say to you: "He is a Yank and his name is Commander Johnson"? — Not until he made his statement did he tell me he thought he was Captain Alex Johnson.

And was your reply. "Yank, my foot! He is a Russian"? — I did not say that. I just shook my head.

Superintendent Smith also said that Houghton sent him a message asking him to go to Brixton Prison and Houghton said that if he brought photographs of certain people there he would help him to identify them, and he wanted to make a statement. But when he got to the prison, Houghton decided he could not help.

The answer to the next question from Mr Palmer caused a flurry of surprise in the court. Asked by Mr Palmer if Houghton had changed his mind when told that any statement he made would have to be served also on the other defendants, Superintendent Smith replied firmly: "No, it was not that. He wanted to strike a bargain with me not to appear here, but to turn Queen's evidence. I told him I could not have that."

Mr Palmer. — Is it within your knowledge that in matters like the ones you were investigating, there are certain influences and pressures which can be brought to bear on people in this country from persons outside the country? — I don't think so.

Re-examined by the Attorney-General, Superintendent Smith said that Houghton, after making a statement, asked him for an interview and asked him to bring some photographs.

The Attorney-General. — Did Houghton, when you saw him, give you any indication of what type of photographs he wanted to see? — He wanted to see photographs of Russians and Poles who had been attached to this country through one of the embassies both present and past.

Did he say for what purpose he wanted to see those photographs? — He said he would endeavour to identify some of those with whom he had made contact.

About the phrase "striking a bargain" Superintendent Smith said: "Houghton wanted to give information that I could place

before the proper authorities whereby instead of standing his trial here he could give evidence against the other four prisoners."

The Attorney-General. — Did he ask for any photographs of Canadians or Americans? — He did not.

Chief Inspector Ferguson Smith described the search of the Krogers' home. Mr Durand asked: The 49½ feet of flex were a convenient length, as it happens, for it to be used in the loft to turn over or look at the rotten apples? — It depends where you plug it in.

I suggest it was used to look at apples, not to walk about — I was not looking at the apples. The reply brought a burst of laughter from the court.

Chief Inspector Smith did not agree that access to the hole and radio transmitter had not taken place for a long time, although the trap door had been there for several years.

Mr Holbrooke-Bowers, a company director, revealed the astonishing discovery at the Krogers' of the hollow bookends. He told the court he had been employed by a firm of solicitors to sort the Krogers' personal effects. He discovered two bookends. Concealed in one of them were 4,000 American dollars.

Next came the experts to pile up the evidence for the prosecution. Mr James Adam, a qualified electrical officer with 32 years service in the Royal Navy said that the transmitter-receiver found at the Krogers' was not of British manufacture.

Mr Jacob Lyonson, a civil servant with an expert knowledge of the Russian language, said he had produced a translation of the headings of the columns of a signal plan said to have been found in Lonsdale's Yardley's powder tin. Above these were two main headings, one meaning "transmission blind" and "transmissions on orders of centre". Words shown in the call sign column were names of rivers in the Soviet Union and of Russian towns, flowers, planets, and a girl's name. Words appearing in another column were certain days of the week. Against the figure 1 were the words Wednesday and Saturday, and against figure 2, Tuesday and Friday. The signal plans found in the Krogers' Ronson lighter and Lonsdale's Ronson lighter were identical and the headings were the same.

Answering Mr Harold Palmer, Commander Stewart Irskine Crewe-Read, the security officer at Portland, said he knew that in 1959 Houghton asked him for a reference when applying for a job as Harbourmaster at Bridport, a picturesque Dorset seaside town.

Captain George Osborne Symonds, a director of the Under-surface Water Division of the Naval Staff at the Admiralty entered the witness-box and said he was responsible for advising the Admiralty on all matters of underwater warfare, and was concerned in the direction of work at the A U W E Portland.

Answering Mr Griffith-Jones, he said that seven numbers of pamphlets found in Houghton's house all referred to one particular British designed anti-submarine set. One pamphlet, marked "Confidential", would be of marked value to a potential enemy. The remaining pamphlets, taken individually, would be of limited value, but collectively they were of undoubted marked value.

Another document found in Gee's bedroom gave 18 numbers of test pamphlets all of which referred to another British-designed anti-submarine set. Four were marked "Secret" and would be of undoubted value individually to a potential enemy. The others taken individually would be of limited value, but as a whole they would be of very marked value.

Examining a chart of the Portland district, found at Houghton's house, he said that its markings of Admiralty property would possibly pinpoint targets for sabotage.

Asked about the value to a potential enemy of the answers to the questionnaire found in Gee's home, he declared: "The answers to these questions would be of extreme value to a potential enemy in that they would paint a picture of all our current anti-submarine equipment and our future anti-submarine development."

Asked about the film said to have been found in a shopping bag handed over at a meeting of Houghton, Gee, and Lonsdale, Captain Symonds said the photographs were of roughly the whole of the last half of the secret book "Particulars of War Vessels", of Admiralty Fleet orders, and of a drawing of H.M.S. *Dreadnought*, the Navy's first nuclear-powered submarine. All would be of value to a potential enemy.

Mr Palmer. — Is it not right that many sailors have charts and plans in their possession? — They might have charts, which they can buy on the open market, but this document is Admiralty property and there is, therefore, no reason why any rating, serving or otherwise, should have it in his possession.

Questioned about the photographs of pages of "Particulars of War Vessels". Captain Symonds agreed that they were out of focus and were extremely difficult to read. However if placed

under an epidiascope probably 90 per cent of what was photographed could be deciphered.

The big drama started on the fourth day. Dark-haired Ethel Gee, now wearing a tweed suit and spectacles, was the first of the accused to go into the witness-box.

She said she thought Lonsdale was an American. She knew him as Alex Johnson. This she said, was how it all came about: "One morning on my way to work with Harry"—she smiled across at Harry Houghton, who returned her smile from the dock—"he said he had a visit the night before from Johnson.

"Harry said he was an American and was connected with the United States Navy.

"Harry did not appear worried. He is always pleased to meet people. He said that when we were next in London he would probably introduce me to him. He was connected with the U.S. Navy."

She did not regard this news as anything unusual. After a short pause she added—"Except that I am rather a shy person and I don't look forward to meeting people."

She said that when at work she often wrote notes down on scraps of paper. She did not feel any obligation to destroy them. She often wrote information down so she could remember it for when "trying customers" came into the office.

She said she knew Houghton was to pick up a camera from "Johnson" in December. She heard "Johnson" tell Houghton he might help by "photographing some stuff".

Mr Dunlop. — When you heard that being said, what did you think? — I thought it was rather ridiculous but I did not see anything criminal in it.

Why did you think it was ridiculous? — I could not see what purpose it would serve to get a picture of any one asdic set. I would not know where to begin or where to stop.

Did you understand that you were to be concerned in this? — Yes.

What had been said and by whom that gave you the impression? — I said that maybe some of these test pamphlets would be useful. Alex said he did not know, not having seen them, and I think I said they would not show drawings. There are no drawings in them other than "wiring", I think they call them.

Asked when she implemented the suggestion that she should obtain some test pamphlets she said January 6, the day before she was arrested. On December 11, the day after Houghton

obtained the camera, she saw the instrument at Houghton's place. There was no conversation about what was to be photographed but Houghton showed her the questionnaire. While Houghton was out of the room getting ready for work she made a copy. Asked why she answered: "Because I thought it was so ridiculous. When he came back I put the sheet on the fire, keeping the copy I had made."

Mr Dunlop. — If you thought it was so ridiculous why was it you saw fit to make a copy? — Because it intrigued me.

If you had wanted this document would it have been possible to have taken the original typewritten one? — I expect so but I burnt it as a sign of how ridiculous I thought it was. She added that Houghton saw it burnt and that she did not intend him to know she had a copy. In her spare time she tried to make sense of it.

She admitted she got some documents out of the files in the office. She said she had never received any money from "Johnson". She had *inherited* much of her money and invested it in shares and National Savings etc. She did not know any secrets were in her shopping basket when arrested.

Next came Henry Frederick Houghton to tell his version of the story. He admitted his black market deals in Poland and said more than £4,000 had been paid to him through a Swiss bank as a result.

He told of his first meeting in January, 1957 with a Pole who had said he had information about Christina his girl-friend in Poland.

The man said Christina could not leave Poland and then he said: "You work at the Naval base at Portland. Do you know anything of what goes on there? Can you give me any snippets of naval information?"

Mr Palmer. — You said it was your duty to report the matter. Was anything else said? — He said words to the effect that it would go bad with me if I did and also with my wife.

Whatever the words used did you regard this as a serious threat? — Indeed I did. Very serious.

He said he suspected that the man was a Pole. Mr. Palmer. — From being in Poland did you know anything of the way that the Polish secret service operated? — Yes, I do ... I believed it was a serious threat that could be carried out in this country.

Did you make any arrangements there with this man to meet him again? — I had no alternative.... Houghton said the man

then gave him £8 to cover the expense of travelling up from Weymouth.

He said that in the autumn of 1957 he received a message and went to London to see the Pole.

He added: "He asked me if I had brought him anything. I gave him some Hampshire Telegraph Post newspapers and some things I had copied out from the Weymouth newspaper which covers Portland. "I did not take any information from any restricted source."

Houghton said that when the Pole threatened him with a beating-up he answered: "Such things cannot happen in this country." Said Houghton: "I believed what the man said.... I even thought I might lose my life."

Coldly, Lord Parker, the Lord Chief Justice, looked down over his glasses at Houghton and asked: "And you say you are an ex-master-at-arms of the Royal Navy?"

Houghton said the next time a brochure came he ignored it.

He was then badly beaten up—"the biggest hammering of my life"—in his caravan at Weymouth, Dorset, by two London thugs who said: "Perhaps this will help you to remember."

He said they also threatened to attack his wife. "She will get it as well if you are not careful," they said.

Houghton went on: "I didn't tell anyone else about that episode.

"I couldn't have told a doctor ... I wasn't prepared to go to the police ... I just couldn't tell anyone else about it."

Lord Parker: "What about Miss Gee?"

"I didn't tell Miss Gee to save worrying her."

Houghton said no money had been paid him for providing information. None of it, he said, was of any importance.

Houghton declared to the jury that since 1957 his life had been "like living on top of a volcano. You don't know when it is going up," and waving his arms, he added: "If a parcel came through the post...."

He said he had been twice beaten up for not co-operating with three agents who had threatened his life and violence against his ex-wife and his fiancée, Miss Gee.

Houghton told the Judge and jury that at a later meeting the agent he knew as "Nikki" said they weren't very subtle. "There were such things as a booby-trap on your gate, or a parcel which went up when you opened it."

"A veiled threat was there all the time," Houghton added.

Then Houghton said he had been asked about homing torpedoes and also about a "noise deviating device". He said he never gave any information about the device or the torpedo. Asked why he did not tell the police, Houghton replied: "I had already been threatened. I had been assaulted very severely and there were threats against my former wife. I could look after myself, but she couldn't. I tried to play it out my way."

Almost a year later a vacuum cleaner brochure was posted to his home—the signal, said Houghton, that the agent wanted to meet him again. He took up to London some newspapers and periodicals containing non-secret information. Nikki was not satisfied and suggested Houghton was "going to get the works again" if he didn't get better information.

In January 1960 another summons came which he ignored. Then one night two men arrived at his home and asked why he hadn't answered the summons.

"We'll see you do go in future," he was told. Then they beat him on the body with their fists and feet. "They were careful not to hit me on the face," said Houghton, "but they knocked me unconscious."

During the beating up one of the men said: "Ah, you've got a friend Bunty (Miss Gee) now. If you don't come over, she'll be the next one."

Houghton said he did not report the attack because he feared for Bunty's safety. He was so afraid of what might happen to her that at one time he suggested breaking off their relationship. He had also tried to get another job.

In April 1960, "out of fear" he answered another call to a meeting at the Maypole public house, Tolworth, and met the agent "John".

The agent pressed him for better information, and added: "Perhaps one day when you are having a cup of tea there will be poison in it."

Houghton then told of the night in June, 1960, when Lonsdale visited him at his cottage. Later, he said, he realised that the man was associated with the other agents. When he called he said his name was Alex Johnson, and that he was an American naval attaché and had been to Portland on duty.

Later in the evening Houghton thought he was not an American. "The penny dropped," he said. "He was talking as though he knew all about the American Navy, and the subject got around to asdic sets. It was not a direct question. 'Did I know anything

about asdic sets?" but it was in a negative way. He was trying to convince me that I knew about asdic sets and submarines."

No arrangement was made to provide Johnson with naval information, and the conversation later turned to music and ballet, Houghton mentioning that he and Miss Gee would like to see the Bolshoi Ballet if they could get tickets. Johnson said he thought he could get tickets, and arrangements were made to go to London on July 9. Houghton said he told Miss Gee about Johnson, but did not mention his suspicions, and she had no reason to think Johnson was other than an American naval commander.

Mr Palmer referred to the evidence of agents who had previously given evidence. He asked Houghton about references to a packet that looked "fat". He said: "I had a briefcase with me there was a packet in it."

Was that package visible at any stage when talking in the café? — No.

He did not recall any reference to a lot of work to be done that night. Any reference to paying at the meeting at Steve's café could only have concerned the bill for the tea. No money was ever mentioned.

"I certainly did not say 'I don't want paying yet'," said Houghton. "Johnson never gave me any payment whatever. He had no reason to give me payment."

The Judge — I thought Nikki and somebody else had paid your expenses in the past for producing some newspapers. — Well, he had already given me a couple of seats for the Bolshoi. He got them for me. I came up now for purely private business and did not ask him for any money, nor did he ask me." He thought the ballet tickets cost about 27s. each.

After leaving the café about 4.30 p.m., they went to a telephone kiosk where Houghton said, he adjusted the elastic of his trousers which were slipping, at the same time handing Johnson the package of newspapers. They made no call from the kiosk.

Then dramatically, came various admissions from Houghton.

About the test pamphlets found in Gee's shopping basket when the three were arrested on January 7, he said: "I pressed Miss Gee very hard to get me some test pamphlets. I said I wanted to discuss matters with Johnson.... I was on to her for nearly a month until eventually I broke down her resistance and she gave them to me ... on January 6."

He intended to take them to London for Lonsdale to look at, but as seven would have made a bulky parcel he took only four. He had suspected for a long time, and almost knew, that Johnson was not an American. "I took those pamphlets because—it sounds silly standing here—but because I was afraid. I was given a camera and told to get things, and I was afraid not for myself but for Miss Gee."

He admitted: "I knew in my mind that he was connected with other people, and I had fears."

Test pamphlets did not pass through his hands, and those he arranged to hand to Johnson he thought were of no value to a potential enemy. Only one of the seven was classified.

He admitted that the roll of undeveloped film found in Gee's shopping basket when they were arrested had been exposed by him. He knew that a number of Admiralty fleet orders would be of extreme value to an enemy but he had photographed only those he had felt to be of least value. Asked why he left out the important ones he said: "For obvious reasons. I did not want to give them more than was necessary, to stop anything building up and to keep Miss Gee out of it."

About the photographs of pages of the secret book, "Particulars of War Vessels", Houghton said he had deliberately photographed them with the camera out of focus so that it would be impossible to read important details in small print. He had similarly tried to make useless the photographs he took of the drawings of the *Dreadnought*. "There were 30 shots of this drawing, and each shot I made so that it would not intermarry and form a composite picture." His intention was that the photographs should be a jigsaw puzzle that no one could put together.

Mr Palmer asked: "Do you regard yourself as a patriotic Englishman?" Houghton replied hesitantly: "I did."

With Houghton's various admissions and explanations before him, the Attorney-General turned his whole massive frame to Houghton and smashed his cross-examination home like a gun-fire barrage. He asked: When did you cease to regard yourself as a patriotic Englishman? — When I got mixed up in this.

What date? — January, 1957.

Whether or not you did it for reward or from fear, you did agree to provide information about the Royal Navy to persons you knew to be foreigners? — Yes.

On your own admission you were intending to supply such information on January 7? — Yes.

You know you are charged with conspiring with Lonsdale, Gee and others, to communicate information to other persons which might be useful to a potential enemy? — Yes.

That is what you did? — Yes.

Why are you pleading Not Guilty? — Because I wanted an opportunity to state what the cause of it was.

You are guilty of the charge preferred against you? — In the way that it was forced out of me.

Whether it was forced out or not you are guilty of conspiring with others to communicate information which might be useful to a potential enemy? — I did not conspire with the Krogers because I do not know them.

You conspired with Lonsdale? — Yes.

You conspired with him to supply him with information about the Navy? — Yes.

Questioned about his meeting with a nameless person outside the Dulwich Art Gallery in January, 1957, he said he never discovered the man's name.

This complete stranger asks you for snippets of naval information. With your experience and long service in the Navy you had no doubt that it was your duty to report that sort of approach at the earliest possible moment? — Yes.

You told us he said it would go bad with you. Did you not consider it possible that you could get adequate protection from the police and the authorities against this kind of threat? — No, in view of what the man told me. He said, "You are only small meat. They cannot look after you day and night."

Asked whether on January 7, when he had 310 photographs and four test pamphlets with him in London, he was hoping for payment, Houghton said: "I was wondering. I did not know whether it would be payment by results. If so we would not have got anything ever because the photographs were out of focus. I was just wondering. I was just curious."

Later, in cross-examination, after being shown a statement of his bank account which showed that no cheques, except one for the Halifax Building Society, were drawn between October, 1959, and June, 1960, Houghton said he had been persuaded by Gee to begin living off the money he had hidden in the Snowcem tin.

The Attorney-General said the obvious reason why Houghton stopped drawing cheques was that he was selling information for money, to which Houghton replied: I was not selling

information.... Previous to January 7, I want the jury to believe me, they never had anything from me. I cannot speak any stronger or plainer than that.

After the Attorney-General's cross-examination of Houghton, counsel for Lonsdale and the Krogers said that they had decided to take advantage of their right not to go into the witness-box, give their evidence on oath and face cross-examination. Instead, they would make statements from the dock. Lonsdale was to make a dramatic plea.

But the big shock was to come from the Lord Chief Justice.

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE SPY-MASTER SPEAKS AT LAST

THE Red Army Lieutenant-Colonel spy-master rose from his seat in the dock of the Old Bailey. The court was hushed. No-one had yet heard the man from Moscow speak.

What would he say? Would he deliver a Kruschev-like tirade? Would he seek to blame the others? No, he didn't look the type. It was a poignant moment for him as he looked at the most senior judge of this, to him, a foreign land, to address to him and a foreign jury, in the foreign tongue of the country he had been caught trying to subvert.

He knew that he had no defence for his actions—except that he had been serving his own country according to his own lights. And according to the rules of the G R U he could not try to justify or explain.

He spoke only on behalf of his American Communist Party colleagues, the Krogers. He made no mention of Houghton and Gee. He made no mention of Russia, gave nothing away. But speaking on behalf of the Krogers he sought to take all the blame—with a series of transparent, blistering, unbelievable lies.

In a gruff voice which had only the veneer of a trans-Atlantic accent he said "I am making this statement because I am anxious that Mr and Mrs Kroger should not suffer for what I have done—by putting my property in their home."

He said he had known the Krogers since 1955 and he often visited them. Because Mr Kroger had valuable books in the house

he often stayed weekends at the house as an unofficial guardian when the Krogers were away. He had only a small flat to which several members of the staff had keys and therefore he used the opportunity of the friendship with the Krogers to keep several articles, cameras and photographic equipment at the bungalow.

He had given Mr Kroger the hollowed out cigarette lighter and the hollow bookends and this was a very convenient place to keep his secret documents.

He went on: "I want to make it quite clear that the following exhibits belonged to me or were given by me to the Krogers: the Ronson lighter, the microscope, the flask, the flashlight, the tin of talcum powder, several pieces of paper and the 2,563 American dollars found in the attic."

While at the Krogers' home he sometimes used their typewriter which explained incriminating documents produced in court. Lonsdale went on with the thin story: "At one time when the Krogers were away I constructed the hiding place found in the foundation of the house and deposited there for long-term storage the radio transmitter and Other articles. I knew that if the contents of the hiding place were found it would mean serious trouble for the Krogers. I decided to obtain false passports which could be used by the Krogers if such an event took place."

He took some photographs of the Krogers and put them in the passports and then hid them in the concealed compartments of the writing pad. He explained away the microdots and letter in Russian found in Mrs Kroger's handbag by saying that on Saturday, January 7, he had been out shopping with Mrs Kroger and during the expedition he gave her a large envelope which he asked her to look after because he did not want to take it to a party that night. It contained "important business".

It all sounded like a misguided attempt to be noble. It was too fantastic to be believed. It was in the same category of exhibitionist bravado as an unrecorded whisper I caught when a prosecution witness was asked if the transmitting set would get very hot if used for a long time. Lonsdale could not resist the temptation of leaning over to his counsel and cracking: "It all depended how hot the secrets were!"

It was all too fantastic a claim to be taken seriously with the exhibits table piled with spying equipment and looking like prizes in a TV quiz show.

The Krogers followed the same line. Peter Kroger painted a homely picture of how he was immersed in his business, knew

nothing about spying or anything to do with it, and in any case, didn't have any time for it.

He and his dear wife had met Lonsdale in Paris in 1955. They sincerely believed that he was a company director. "Neither I nor my wife was engaged in spying or any activity which might be thought irregular," he said. When questioned by the police about a young man who visited them regularly and when they reeled off a list of names omitting Lonsdale, they had racked their brains to think of anyone else. "We answered the police as straightforwardly as possible."

Then Mrs Kroger said she wanted to make a statement. She, too, painted a homely picture of the Red spy-master, explaining *how* they had no suspicion at all as to his real work. She explained their friendship—and reluctance to be associated with the white envelope found in her handbag and which she had seemed to want to destroy. She said: "I met Lonsdale about five years ago. Lonsdale has been a good friend of mine for over five years. I always found him helpful in the house—bringing in the coal, helping me with the dishes and even going shopping. On several occasions he helped me with my photography."

On Saturday, January 7, before their arrest she went out shopping with him. "At about 1 p.m. we had lunch. After lunch Lonsdale walked with me towards where my car was parked and just as I opened the door Lonsdale drew out a large envelope from his coat pocket, handed it to me and said, 'Will you please hold these letters until I see you?' I answered 'O.K.' put the envelope in my handbag and drove home. I arrived home, threw my handbag on a chair, threw on an apron and prepared a late lunch for my husband. When Superintendent Smith asked about a man who spent every weekend with us, especially the first Saturday of each month, Lonsdale would have been the last person I could think of being in trouble with the police. Had I not seen him carefree and happy just three hours ago? Lonsdale came to our house at various times. There were periods when he did not come for months.

"At Bow Street Superintendent Smith showed me a list and said: 'Sign for your property'. I looked at the list, pointed to the envelope and said: 'This is not my property'. Had he said: 'Sign for the things found in your possession,' I would have signed."

Some of the chemicals found in the loft were bought in Ruislip Manor and the length of flex was purchased more than four

years ago. It was used originally when she was insulating the loft with glass fibre and later to inspect apples in the loft.

The Ronson lighter was used by dozens of friends and she never noticed anything strange about it. She saw the trapdoor used only once—when a plumber went down to install pipes for central heating.

She concluded: "I help my husband with his business and look after my home. I know nothing of spying and never had anything to do with such things."

But neither Lonsdale nor the Krogers dared step into the witness box to be cross-examined on these statements. The three statements sounded so ridiculous that one felt that the speakers had lost dignity in making them and it seemed a pity that they had been made. But the years of running, treachery and deceit had, perhaps, been a drain on such qualities. Nevertheless, if they were not going to defend themselves one felt that it would have been better if they had remained silent, noble martyrs of their cause instead of mouthing clear untruths.

All the accused had now had their say. And now Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller rose for his final address to the jury. The Attorney-General said that Gee and Houghton each admitted their guilt in the clearest terms and the evidence against each of the other accused was overwhelming.

It was clear beyond any doubt that Gee was a party to the conspiracy charged in the indictment against her. If the agreement was made, as she swore, on December 10, to supply information to Lonsdale—information which clearly might be useful to a potential enemy—it was clear she did that for a purpose prejudicial to the safety and interest of the state.

The only possible explanation was money. Earning an average of £9 18s. a week, she gave, she said, £3 a week to her mother. Her account with the bank showed cash receipts of £1,322 since May, 1957.

Houghton had not put forward any defence to the charge. He had on oath admitted his guilt. What he had tried to do was to minimize the gravity of his offence.

The prosecution's evidence showed that Houghton had four meetings with Lonsdale between July, 1960, and January 1961, and no meeting with anyone else, no meeting with the nameless Pole. The evidence showed that all those four meetings were furtive in character. "Does not the evidence of those meetings, coupled with the fact that at least after two of them it was clear

that Lonsdale went straight to 45, Cranley Drive, suggest that on each of those occasions Houghton gave information and not just copies of newspapers which could be ordered from any news-agent and bought from any bookstall?" Sir Reginald asked.

The final pleas for the defendants were then made by counsel. Mr James Dunlop, for Gee, asked the jury to discard completely the suggestion that Gee had been selling information for money.

"The case quite shortly for Miss Gee," he added, "is that she was wholly deceived and duped, and that this deception was wholly intentional on the part of others; intentional for the proper work of this espionage organisation, if such there is."

Houghton came into her life, and the association developed, and gradually became cemented. "It is my serious submission that this is a case where, infatuation having come in, reason to a large extent, had gone out. When she was doing anything for Houghton at his behest, at his suggestion and at his plea, she was doing it to please him without asking for a reason why."

It was now Mr Palmer's turn on behalf of Houghton, his case was that Houghton was acting as a result of pressure, in this particular case, a pressure imposed by fear.

The jury now knew that for about four years Houghton had been involved in one way or another in meeting people who he believed to be connected with a foreign power of the eastern bloc.

Houghton made the gravest possible mistake in not reporting to the police his first meeting with the man who asked him for naval information at Dulwich Art Gallery. To go back a second time to meet the man now seemed unbelievable stupidity. Houghton's third mistake was when he decided to "play it out" his own way.

Referring to the assaults which Houghton alleged were made on him, Mr Palmer said: "It is not so easy in this court, surrounded by the trappings of justice, to imagine this small cottage in which Mr. Houghton lived on his own ... these threats were very real to this middle-aged man living alone." There were no money or ideological motives for his actions, he said, only fear.

Mr. W. M. F. Hudson, for Lonsdale, said: "It is said by the Crown in this case that my client is a Russian. Whatever one's feelings, suspicions, or prejudices, one thing that you as a jury of Englishmen will, without any direction, keep well in mind is that the essence of this trial is that suspicion should be turned

into proof. I am going to submit to you, on behalf of Lonsdale, that there is not that degree of proof."

Lonsdale had not gone into the witness box, but that was his right because the essence of our legal system was that the Crown had to prove their case. There might be many reasons why a person did not go into the witness box. It did not mean essentially that he was guilty. There was not a single instance of anything higher than an association between the Krogers and Lonsdale.

For the Krogers, Mr Durand, addressing the jury, said the case had turned into a panoramic view of the forces at work between East and West, and the focal point of that view was now the Central Criminal Court. It must have come as a painful revelation to the jury that even on their doorsteps there had been activities designed to take away from them the secrets for which they paid to give protection to their homes and land.

The Krogers' house was chock-a-block with material that fulfilled the highest expectation of the fiction writer in spying matters.

Might it not be that Lonsdale had introduced these articles and that the Krogers, presented with Lonsdale's command of the English language with the personality he had so projected in court that day and with his origin in Canada, went cheerfully on?

The Krogers' had exercised their right in law to make a statement from the dock. The value of what they said was not as high, in the circumstances, because it had not the power to be tested, but the jury could not ignore it....

This, then, was British justice at work, dealing with The War Within. The hearing had lasted nine days. Nine days in which glimpses of the great Red network which we have been examining in this book frequently emerged.

How had the evidence gone? How would the Lord Chief Justice address the jury about this look-in-fine-focus at one typical part of it, so symptomatic of the whole?

Lord Parker first put it in its true perspective. Turning to the jury, he said: "This case is of considerable importance, not only to the prisoners concerned, but to the State."

He went on: "This has been a case which by its very nature has been full of intrigue," he went on, "You may say it has the characteristics of what is called a thriller! There is a great temptation to all of us to speculate about the number of ends which are left untied and to turn ourselves into amateur detectives.

Members of the jury, do not do that. Keep your feet firmly on the ground and consider only the evidence before you, and do not enter into the realm of speculation."

Dealing first with Lonsdale he said he undoubtedly made visits to 45, Cranley Drive and there were striking similarities between the finds there and those at his flat—not only striking in methods of concealment but in the articles themselves.

Lonsdale, it was said, was in the matter with the Krogers up to the hilt, and the jury might well think that he was the directing mind, that the information he was seeking from the outset was of great value to a potential enemy and could only be for a purpose prejudicial to this country's safety.

It did not matter whether Lonsdale was a Russian, a Canadian, or anyone else. The question was: what was he doing?

Lord Parker went on:—"The picture is sought to be given of Mr K.—Mr Kroger—immersed in his books and of Mrs Kroger on her domestic duties, utterly ignorant and no party to anything that Lonsdale was doing. Can you give this any real credence?

"Lonsdale had sought to take all the blame and said from the dock that he planted those things there so that they would be available for the Krogers if anything went wrong. What use would those false passports and that 4,000 dollars be to the Krogers, if they did not know it was there?

"You may think that in this small house, with all the equipment there—a microscope in the bedroom, other things in the lounge, and the trap door under the kitchen—is it really conceivable that the Krogers did not know anything about it, or, indeed that they knew about it but were not in any way parties to what was going on?" Was it not rather that the Krogers were both in this and knew full well what was going on?

After almost every meeting with Houghton and Gee, Lonsdale went to 45, Cranley Drive. There was no suggestion that on each of those occasions the Krogers were away. He went having got, it might be thought information from Houghton which involved "work". Was it really conceivable that the Krogers did not know what was going on in their own house, or were not assisting in it?

Under the British legal system a prisoner was not bound to prove his innocence. He could always say, in effect, to the prosecution: "Prove that I am guilty." But they were by no means bound to accept any statement made from the dock at its face

value. The jury might think that the only three people who could tell exactly what went on at 45, Cranley Drive—Lonsdale and the Krogers—did not go into the witness box, although they were entitled not to. The jury were entitled to say they had been deprived of the opportunity of hearing any explanation and cross-examination, and that in those circumstances the prosecution's evidence, if accepted, remained unchallenged.

Then Lord Parker dealt with Houghton. He said: there was no suggestion that Houghton ever met, corresponded with or knew the Krogers. That was not necessary.

Houghton would have them believe that, except on the day of his arrest, he had only handed over to Lonsdale all the newspapers and periodicals, or information that was valueless. They might think that was very unlikely—that it was a curious coincidence if it was only on the occasion of his arrest that he had information that was of real value.

Houghton undoubtedly admitted that he agreed to supply information about the Navy to a person whom he suspected or knew was a foreigner. The sole question in Houghton's case was whether the communication he was agreeing to make was for a purpose prejudicial to the safety and interest of the state.

This man was an established civil servant. He knew all about the Official Secrets Act, about classified information, and that any communication regarding classified material concerning underwater detection or a new submarine would be of use to a potential enemy or to a person who he suspected was a member of the Eastern bloc. Houghton had got the book "Particulars of War Vessels" out of a safe, and the jury might think he must have realized and intended what would follow from his action, namely, the possibility of injury to the State.

His defence was twofold. He said his purpose was merely to supply valueless information—newspapers and things which people could buy at a bookstall—and that only on the last occasion did he supply any which could have been of value, and in that case he deliberately made it valueless. Could the jury really consider that as a possibility? Did they think that Lonsdale or any of the other contacts would have been satisfied with these old newspapers?

Did they think Houghton was really going to the trouble of keeping "Particulars of War Vessels" book out to make bad photographs of it?

Secondly, Houghton had said that at no time was he acting

voluntarily, and that he was merely doing what he did because he was deprived of any volition by physical fear. His long account of his contacts in the past was relevant only to show what sort of man he was.

Lord Parker went on: "There may clearly be cases where some compelling fear could be said to deprive a man of his volition.

"But do we get anywhere near that in the present case? Here we have an ex-master-at-arms in the Royal Navy, with long service, a good war record, an established civil servant, settled in his own house in his own country, with all the protection that the state can give him. Is it really said that he was acting under the compelling motive of fear? Of course once you do something wrong, and do not report it, it becomes more and more difficult in the future to report it . . . but that is not the sort of fear we are considering here."

If the jury felt that money must have played its part in this, they might feel added ground for saying that Houghton was not acting under some compelling force of fear. They might be driven to the conclusion that he was acting or agreeing to act, for a purpose prejudicial to the State. If they were sure of that they would convict.

Coming to Miss Gee, Lord Parker said again there was no suggestion that she knew the Krogers or communicated with them or knew of their existence, and that was not necessary.

She was clearly intimate with Houghton and in close contact with him and Lonsdale. The jury might think that Houghton, both in his statement and in his evidence, had been at pains to minimize Miss Gee's part in this whole affair, but one thing was clear—that at the meeting in the public house on December 10 she did agree to produce test pamphlets for Houghton to photograph intending that the test pamphlets or knowledge of their contents should be communicated to Lonsdale. That they were of value to a potential enemy the jury again might have no doubt, having regard to the evidence of Captain Symonds.

Her case was that she honestly thought that Lonsdale was a commander in the United States Navy, that he was, as it was put, an honest, upright American who wanted some of this information merely for his own personal interest, that she suspected nothing sinister and that she thought the information required was all rather silly and of no value.

"A lot of this turns on what you thought of Miss Gee. Do you think she is quite so dim-witted as she and her counsel

would have you believe, this woman dabbling apparently successfully with her stocks and shares?" She was an established civil servant in charge of the distribution of test pamphlets and she had knowledge of, and had made a declaration in connexion with, the Official Secrets Act. She knew all about the various classifications.

Did she really know nothing of Houghton's history, his contacts and his suspicions?

About the "furtive meetings in London" Lord Parker said Gee's evidence was that she saw nothing sinister; but why these meetings at Waterloo? Why these extraordinary roundabout trips? "Do you really think she thought there was nothing sinister about all this?"

On the question of money, Lord Parker said it was no part of the offence that it was done for money or for gain, but if money passed, the jury might think it a very good motive. "You may think that this woman with her modest salary was rather full of money.

"Finally, what do you think about her apart from whether she is clever or dim-witted? Do you think she is an honest person on whose word you can rely? She clearly knew she was doing wrong. She said so, although she claimed she did not know she was guilty of this offence. But you may think it rather significant that in her statement, the statement she asked to make, she made no reference whatever to this incident of the camera being handed over, or to her knowledge that photographs would be taken and given to Lonsdale, or of her volunteering test pamphlets and all the rest of it. Not a word of that and yet when asked, 'It is something you could not forget?' she said: 'I certainly could not'."

The jury took less than an hour-and-a-half to make up their minds. When they filed back into the court there came their considered verdict on all five accused, as their names were called out in turn: Guilty. Guilty. Guilty. Guilty. Guilty.

In a speech in mitigation for Gee, Mr. James Dunlop said that some influence had been at work to induce her co-operation, and at the outset her co-operation was not necessarily wholly free and voluntary. The influence might well have been that of Houghton, and he had reason to believe that Houghton's protestations regarding Miss Gee were sincere.

Mr Henry Palmer, for Houghton, appealed to Lord Parker to deal with him "more as a fool than as a knave". Houghton bitterly

regretted the part he had played not only for the danger to the State, but also for having involved Miss Gee in it. There were certain matters which did not appear in evidence, which might be of use to the authorities and one of these was the identification of photographs. "If these photographs are brought to him now," said Mr Palmer, "he is only too anxious to assist the authorities and co-operate in every way with regard to the disclosure of information."

Mr William Hudson, for Lonsdale, said the Crown had contended that he was a Russian and had written the letters exhibited. Some indication of the man was set out in these, and from the letters it appeared that his time was nearly finished. "At least it can be said of this man that he was not a traitor to his country," said Mr Hudson. "When eventually the time comes when his sentence expires he is not likely to remain within the domain of Her Majesty."

Speaking on behalf of the Krogers, Mr Durand said Peter Kroger left his native land of the United States, "Where he expressed most liberal thoughts which fell foul of that witch-hunt known as Macarthyism."

Kroger and his wife had left secure jobs because they knew it was their turn next. With that enforced departure and removal from the circle of left wingers, sympathizers and fellow travellers, they had gone upon their travels, and, as a result, had turned towards those whose tendencies they favoured.

The Lord Chief Justice nodded his head, then turned to the accused to deliver sentence upon them.

He said: "You have been found guilty of the offence on the clearest possible evidence. You must each of you know full well the gravity of the offence and, for peace time, this must be one of the most disgraceful cases that has come before the courts."

Dealing first with 39-year-old Lonsdale, Lord Parker said: "You are clearly a professional spy. It is a dangerous career and one in which you must be prepared, as you no doubt are, to suffer if and when you are caught." Lonsdale gave a slight smile. Lord Parker went on: "Moreover I take the view in this case that yours so far as the activities of the five of you are concerned, was the directing mind.

"The offence for which you have been found Guilty is a common law misdemeanour and for such an offence there is no maximum sentence provided, always subject to this, that no sentence given by the court must in the circumstances be an inordinate

sentence. I am satisfied that this conspiracy lasted over a matter of months and related to more than one communication."

Lord Parker said he took the view that he could not distinguish between 50-year-old Peter Kroger and his 47-year-old wife Joyce Kroger. He said: "You are both in this up to the hilt. You are both professional spies. The only distinction I can see between you and Lonsdale is that, if I am right, yours was not the directing mind or minds and you are older than he is."

He said of Houghton: "Houghton's conduct was in many ways the most culpable. He betrayed the secrets of his own country, communicating secret information about Her Majesty's navy." He looked at Houghton and said: "I have considered long what to do with you. You are, however, now 56—not a very young 56—and it is against all our principles that a sentence should be given which might involve your dying in prison. But for that I would give you a longer sentence,"

Lord Parker said he had reluctantly come to the conclusion that he could not distinguish between Houghton and 46-year-old Ethel Gee, "Gee," he said, "was in a position of trust, upon which all security depended, and it was because people thought she was honest and trustworthy that she was in that position. He looked at her and said, "You betrayed that trust."

"I am quite unable to think it a possibility that you did what you did out of some blind infatuation for Houghton. Having heard you, and having watched your demeanour in the dock and in the witness-box, I am inclined to think yours was the stronger character of the two. I think you acted for greed."

As the accused stood, the Lord Chief Justice showed the seriousness with which he regarded the case. The court gasped as he pronounced sentence: Lonsdale, alias the Red Army Lieutenant-Colonel spy-master, 25 years jail; Peter Kroger, alias Morris Cohen, 20 years; Joyce Kroger, alias Lona Cohen, 20 years; Henry Houghton, 15 years; and Ethel Gee, 15 years. A total of 95 years. For each of them nearly the rest of their lives in jail. It was the Old Bailey's biggest collective sentence in peacetime history.

In addition the Lord Chief Justice ordered the Krogers to pay £1,000 between them, and Lonsdale, Houghton and Gee £1,000 each towards the costs of the prosecution, which were stated to be £5,100.

Then he rapped: "Take the prisoners away." The time,

5.2 p.m., March 23. The Great Spy Trial was over. The lies and the treachery had been stripped bare.

The spies themselves all later decided to appeal against the length of their sentences and Houghton against his conviction.

But the inquest was to come. The immensity of the Russian spy network, as revealed in this examination ... the continued coded transmission from Moscow of short-wave messages on the spy wavelength which could only be to other agents in Britain ... the apparent lack of security liaison between Government departments.... All these things symptomatic of the problem of the Red spy net throughout the West, worried Britain and Western security chiefs.

It was a concern immediately reflected in Parliament, and the day after the sentences the Prime Minister, Mr Harold Macmillan rose to announce a sweeping Committee of Inquiry into Admiralty security which immediately got down to work.

The Prime Minister said: "Immediately after the arrests on January 7, security experts made a thorough investigation into the workings of the security system at that establishment. As the Lord Chief Justice said:

'Ultimate security depends, and must depend, on the honesty of those put in a position of trust, and if a person suddenly and for gain becomes dishonest, no security measures can prevent it, and prevention becomes a matter of great difficulty.'

"All Admiralty establishments have been directed to review immediately the operation of security systems in their own establishments."

He said the Inquiry would find out what security weaknesses existed at the Admiralty Underwater Weapons Establishment, and would determine where responsibility lay for such breaches of security as occurred, so that the First Lord could consider the disciplinary aspects of the whole matter.

The opposition leader, grave-faced, wavy-haired Mr Hugh Gaitskell, spoke: "The disclosure made at this espionage trial, and statements made since, have caused a great shock and surprise among the public generally, because they appear to reveal very grave deficiencies in our security arrangements."

He declared: "This is not a matter which can be treated as something which is exclusively the affair of the Admiralty. What has transpired shows a lack of coordination between our security services and those of the United States, between the Foreign Office and the Admiralty. Is it not clear that, as the Minister

responsible for counter-espionage himself, the Prime Minister also is involved in this? In all these circumstances does he not feel that the whole situation merits a much wider inquiry than the one contemplated, possibly the convening of a Privy Counsellors' committee on security, so that the whole matter can be gone into, and the country given greater assurance than it possesses at the moment?"

Mr Gaitskell demanded that two key questions should be answered: "How was it that two of these members of the spy ring were allowed to come from the United States, where they were suspected of being spies, without our people being informed?"

How was it that Houghton was allowed to be employed at the Admiralty without any adequate check, despite the fact that he was obviously a bad security risk, and this must have been plain to our ambassador in Warsaw. He declared: "It is not enough to have this simple limited domestic inquiry, with the Admiralty inquiring into their own affairs."

Mr Deedes, the M.P. for Ashford, put his finger on one aspect of the problem. He asked: "Is it not a little hard on the security services now to be charged with lack of vigilance for failing to take precautions which, at other times and in other circumstances are sometimes castigated as witch-hunting and victimization?"

Mr Macmillan leaned forward and said gravely: "That is one of the great problems ... I agree that there is a tremendous burden of responsibility on me. I am not going to try to run away from it. I have been through this all once when I was Foreign Secretary. Naturally, this has been a great blow to me, and to all our friends, but I do not want to be hurried too much.

"An event of this kind is a terrible blow. Having learned in the last two or three years the extraordinary degree to which espionage goes on in every country, or some countries—where you cannot speak, not only in the house but almost in the open air—the problems that are set to counter-espionage are of a greater degree than ever in the past."

Mr F. M. Bennet M.P. for Torquay cracked: "In view of Mr Krushchev's violent repudiation of all forms of espionage between peaceful nations after the U2 incident, can we expect an apology and a promise not to repeat this behaviour in the future?" For the first time M.P.s laughed.

Mr Macmillan replied: "I think we would be rather hopeful if we expected that."

Bluff Opposition heavyweight George Brown rammed home the Big Worry. He declared: "The very size of the catastrophe that has happened to our counter-espionage and security agencies really does not seem to have been matched before. I do not wish to exaggerate, but on the other hand we cannot acquiesce in whitewash being applied which might lead to us not seeking out what is wrong and putting it right.

"We are not considering only Houghton and Gee but the Krogers and Lonsdale—and all the other Krogers and Lonsdales who have not been brought into the net and about whose operations there appears to be a good deal of evidence. A professional spy ring of a very high order moved into Britain some years ago; those who came in 1954-55 were caught. Those who came before were not known and it looks as if Houghton had been in touch with a ring before them."

He lambasted: "There has been a complete administrative failure. The effectiveness of the intelligence agencies, their liaisons between themselves and our allies is the big issue involved and there has been a complete breakdown."

The Inquiry Tribunal—headed by Sir Charles Romer, former Lord Justice of Appeal with Sir Harold Emerson, former Permanent Secretary at the Ministry of Labour and Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey Thistleton-Smith—started immediate work and during May called witnesses from several parts of the world so that a quick report could be made to the Prime Minister.

And a warning letter went out from Sir Norman Brook, the Cabinet Secretary, on behalf of the Prime Minister, to all Government departments, heavily underlining the need for security.

In London a Russian diplomat, Vasili Dozhdlev, Second Secretary of the Russian Embassy, believed also to be a senior representative in Britain of the G R U spy organisation, slipped home to Russia "on leave" to report to Moscow.

He returned to a Moscow jubilant over her sending on April 13 of the first man, Major Yuri Gagarin, into space. It was an achievement, like many Russian achievements, which had been helped by the wholesale theft of nuclear and other secrets from the West to aid Russian research. An achievement not unconnected with the work of men like the Red spy-master caught in Britain.

Yes, the man who posed as Canadian Gordon Arnold Lonsdale, could afford his smile of smugness. He knows that in

Britain and in the West there are thousands of others like him, still stealing and betraying for the greater glory of Russia.

And in Ottawa, to where he had then moved, tears ran down the cheeks of an old man, his face and hands worn by work and pain. Jack Emmanuel Lonsdale's dark eyes glistened through his tears and said: "I often wondered what happened to my little boy. We hadn't much of a home, but we were happy . . . I loved that little boy...."

And somewhere today in the vast wastes of Russia there may still be a Canadian, the real Gordon Arnold Lonsdale. If so, he will for ever be a prisoner within its boundaries. The only man in that part of the vast melodrama of the War Within which ended at the Old Bailey, who does not know the part he played.

The only man who will never know....

END

THE WAR WITHIN



COMER CLARKE

*author of "Eichmann,
The Savage Truth"*

Comer Clarke's "Eichmann, The Savage Truth" was the first book to appear dealing with his life, after the capture of the former Nazi. It has been generally accepted as a most definitive work, and as a consequence has enjoyed enormous success throughout the world.

Possibly no-one writing today commands such energy in the field of research as does Comer Clarke. For that reason, his new book, "The War Within" is the most powerful exposition yet written of how Russian espionage is operating in the West today. Keyed to 1961's sensational spy trial at the Old Bailey, it reveals facts which will shock readers throughout the Western World.